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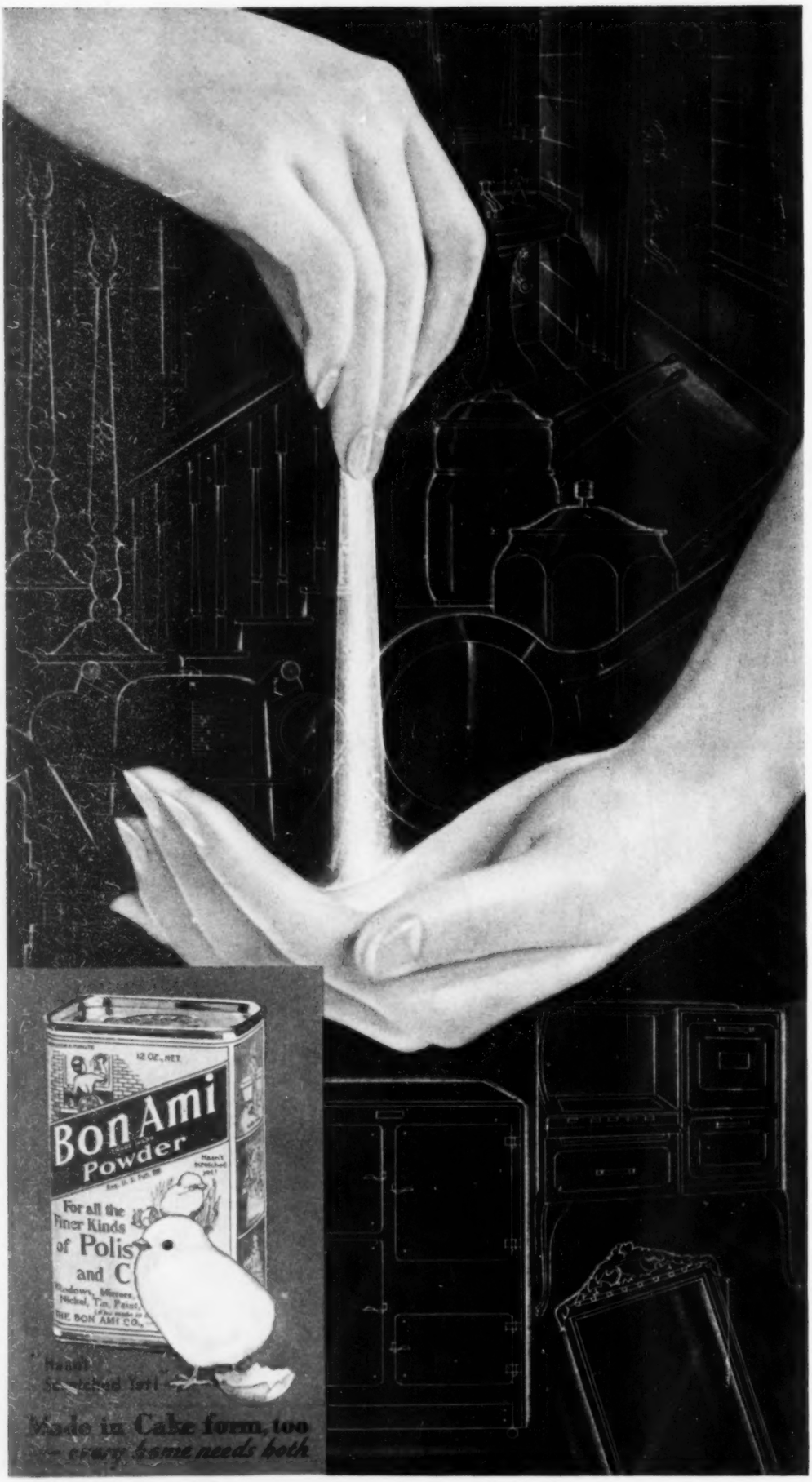
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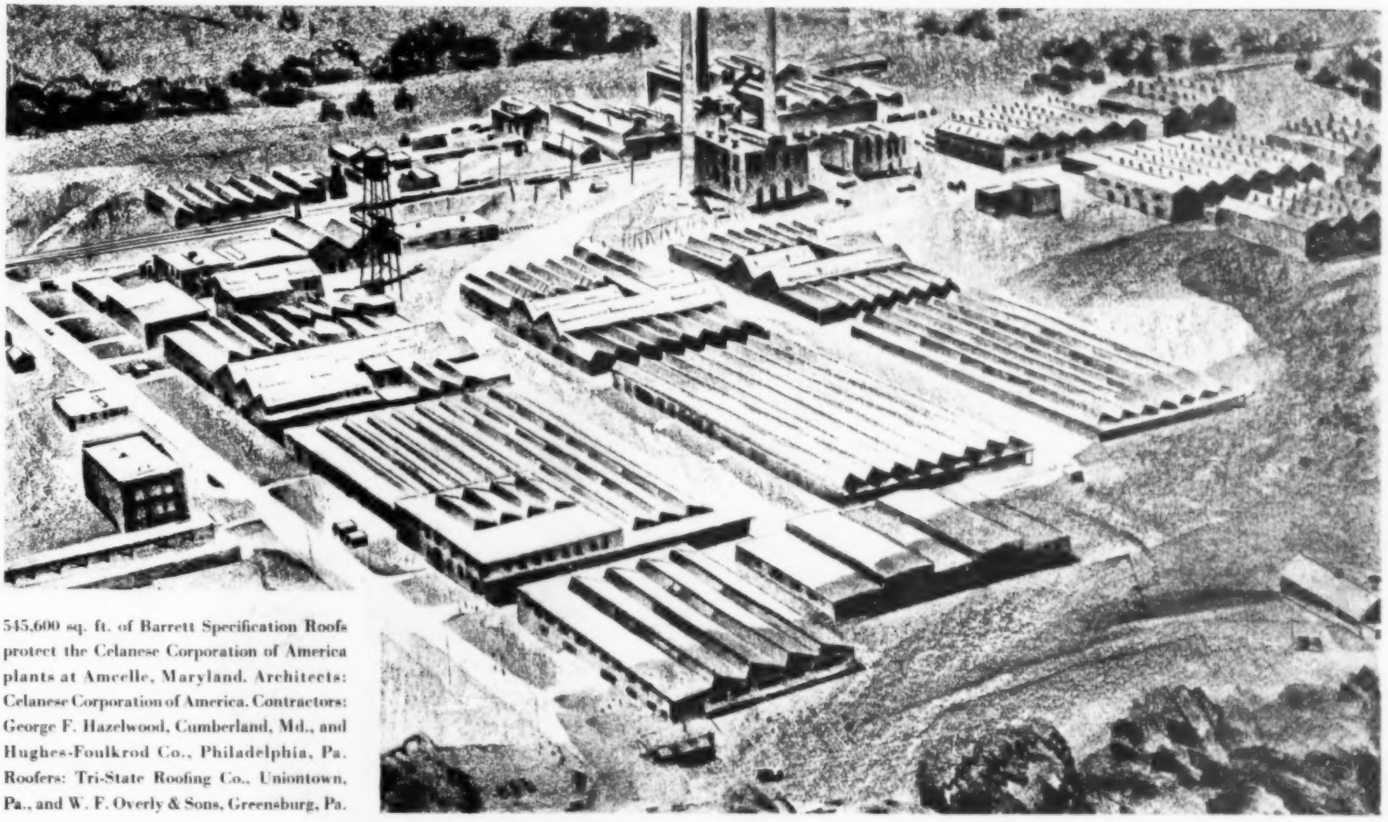

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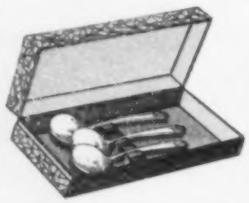

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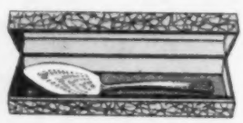

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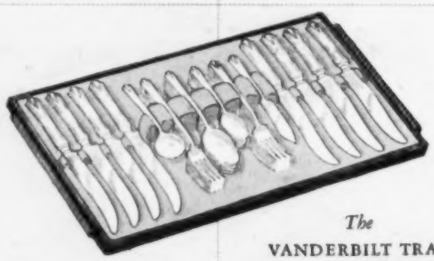

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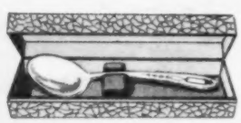

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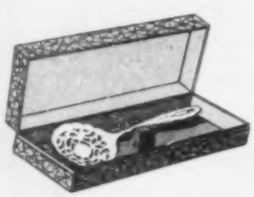

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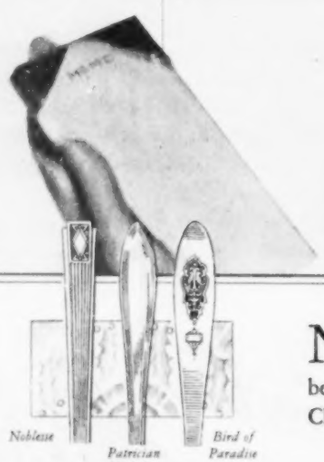

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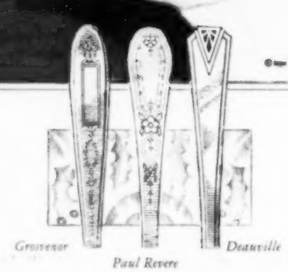

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POINT ARGENT

Jonson Had, Privately, Another Glance at Mrs. Savile. His Appreciation of Her Intellectual Qualities Deserted Him

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

JONSON BALEY stood by the desk of the Point Argent Hotel and regarded himself satirically. Here he was, he proceeded, the last thing in the world he would have selected or had hoped to be—a house detective. He was attached in that capacity to the Point Argent Hotel. He, Jonson Baley, was a dick! But at that, he supposed, he was lucky. Work was almost impossible to find, and what opportunities had been available he was unfitted for. The war in Europe had pinned that on him. Seven months of fighting, and seven years, practically, in hospitals with a wound that would not heal. It was, however, healed now, but there was a long, puckered scar on his left side. Washington Roseample, the principal owner of the hotel, had suggested his present position to Jonson in Baltimore. It was, Mr. Roseample said, a very peaceful business. Most of the time, Jonson Baley could sleep on the beach or in his room. Martin Harris, his assistant manager, would arrange the necessary formalities with the local authorities. Nothing, Washington Roseample had added, ever happened at the Point Argent Hotel. It was admirably conducted for the most admirable people in the East—people who lived, and drank, with dignity. In other words, an aristocratic establishment.

It was now past the middle of July. Jonson had arrived early in May; and, sure enough, nothing had happened. He had slept on the beach through long mornings, he had slept in his room through equally long afternoons, and nothing disturbed the nights. Nothing, he concluded, would. He was not satirical about the actualities of his occupation; it was the fact he mocked at.

In a Very Few Days Weld Had Spoken To, Bathed With or Sat Beside Almost Every Woman in the Point Argent Hotel

The collapse of all his planning. Jonson had, just before the war, made up his mind to be a lawyer; he'd study in Chicago, where, at the same time, he could find a small necessary means of support; and then he discovered himself to be in the Army. The regular Army. Drilling and a transport, trenches and mud and more noise than the sky could hold, the iron fragment of a shell, then hospitals in France and America.

Sometime in the leaden months, the years, of hospitals, the ambition to study law had perished. It had died and the rest of him lived. And now, as a result of that, he was a detective in an ornamental and harmless hotel. He did not know what would come next. He didn't, the truth was, care. Jonson possessed only enough energy to laugh, without conspicuous humor, at himself. A dick! If a girl lost a diamond bar pin dancing at the beach club, he consulted solemnly with her; he assumed a dark air of mystery and reassurance. If an irritable and elderly individual in expensive rooms missed a quart of gin from a closet, he became responsible for the secret acts of the hundred Negroes and more connected with the hotel. He swiftly studied unknown couples for the purpose of guessing what legal right they had to a name in common. Jonson Baley intimidated the more than a hundred Negroes with his authority and the flat automatic pistol strapped under an arm. There were, he realized, legends about him—spread, Jonson was certain, by Martin Harris: Mr. Roseample had sent him to the Point Argent Hotel because he had killed more Germans than any other American in France. He'd rather kill a man than sit down to a plate of soft-shelled crabs. He was deadly, fatal, with his pistol right across the big dining room.

He hadn't, in reality, killed a German; he shot wretchedly with anything. The explosion of even a pistol shocked and upset him. Jonson laughed at that, too—the difference between his appearance and fact. It was like all of life—bluff and pretense, hypocrisy and lies. Nobody what he seemed. No decency, no safety, anywhere. It came to this—the people with money had an easy time, a life of pleasure. The others had little or nothing; their work hardly supported them from day to day; they were the slaves of mean and hopeless circumstances. Jonson Baley wasn't indignant; indignation, as well, had vanished after long pain; he couldn't do anything about it. He had lost the power to kid himself, and that ability was necessary to all accomplishment. It was kidding yourself to believe that you were wise or important, or that any living being actually cared for you. It was kidding to think that you could be useful or correct injustice, improve life. In order to get along, you had to be fooled by conceit and ignorance; when you knew what was what—especially about yourself—it was impossible to lift a finger. Love was a myth. The only thing you could count on, the only certainty, was death.

Jonson Baley glanced at the service watch fastened with an olive-drab strap to his wrist; its face was protected by a film of celluloid so dull that he could scarcely see the figures. It was after four; the hotel corridor was deserted and Jonson went up to his room. It was, although small, cheerful. The walls were a pleasant cream white; the furniture, painted coolly green, was covered with gay chintz; his bath an immaculate affair of bright metal and enamel and tiles. All this comfort was his through accident and pretense. He wasn't actually worth any part of it. He hadn't earned as much as a chintz flower. Jonson took off his clothes, carefully folding white flannel trousers in their creases and laying them on the bed; he put his pistol with its case and straps on a chest of drawers. His scar, as it never failed to do, frightened him by its brutal ugliness. He stood in a cold shower and, drying his body with a luxurious, rough towel, he lay down naked and relaxed and still thoughtful.

In 1917 he had been twenty-two years old; now he was past thirty. He would never, Jonson realized, return to Seattle, where he had been born. There was no reason for it—his father was dead; his mother married again to a lumberman and living in the Klamath River district of California; his sisters were married into a dull, penniless existence; he disliked his two brothers as wholly as they resented and disliked him. They had always laughed at his pretensions, his airs and necessity of superiority; he dismissed them from his mind with contempt. He wouldn't annoy them with pretensions now. He was at last, in an important way, like his brothers—ambition no longer troubled him. His fingers automatically touched and followed the drawn course of his wound. It was a reminder of what his body was like—flimsy and temporary. The scar at once terrified and fascinated him; he couldn't keep his fingers and his thoughts away from it. Not for long. If he drank more whisky than usual and grew comparatively cheerful; if, on a sunny and serene day, contentment overcame him, the hard, ragged tear in his side brought him back to reality. He became once more conscious of the flat odors of corruption in hospitals; he heard in memory the loud or faint sounds of unbearable agonies. He recalled, then, what life was.

In 1917, when he went to war, he had been twenty-two, young and hard and confident. Capable, he had thought, of anything. Never tired. He had worked in copper and silver mines; in the holds of steamers with the heat a hundred and thirty, and a pool of sweat wherever he stood; on the plains harvesting wheat; firing locomotives and tending coke furnaces; and, at last, shipping clerk for a firm of publishers in Chicago. That marked an enormous improvement in his affairs and standing; but it was nothing, he felt, to what must follow. He selected the law as the best course for his endless advancement. Jonson Baley stirred uneasily on his bed in the Point Argent Hotel. It was all very funny. Faced by that recognition, he managed again to fall asleep.

When he woke, the light in his room was indefinite; he turned to his watch and found that it was time to dress for dinner and the evening. Jonson took another shower bath; he resumed his underclothes, put on a fresh shirt and thrust his legs into the white flannel trousers. "I'll wear the green tie," he decided, choosing it from a collection of four. A pair of tan shoes was beautifully polished. William China had seen to that. China was the head bell captain and

the best Nigger Jonson Baley had ever encountered. He took better care of Jonson than he did of any millionaire lavish with money.

The Point Argent Hotel was an impressive structure of brick in the Georgian order, modified by the influences of the vicinity and the practical necessities of its purpose. It was surrounded by smooth terraces of grass and brick and brilliantly green lawns; walks led down to silver dunes of sand, low sturdy scrub bushes and the sea; a beach club, with a half-circular dance floor and painted iron tables and chairs, gay sun umbrellas, and two banks of cabanes with equally gay awnings, was directly at the water's edge. It was, as Washington Roseample had told Jonson Baley in Baltimore, an orderly and engaging, an eminently well-conducted, establishment. Jonson sat alone at a small table against a wall of the principal dining room. Dinner with its long variety of courses brought him a sense of luxury together with a slight variety of his constant contempt for all living—so many dishes, so much service, all the time it wasted, was a piece of unnecessary foolishness. Half the people didn't eat half the food they ordered. Why didn't the Niggers put a reasonable selection of things on the tables and let it go at that? He was interrupted by Martin Harris, impressive in manner and evening dress.

"I'd like you to come out and see Sims Lewes," Harris said. "He's just arrived from his estate on the James River with his tutor and a valet. You ought to know who he is or find out pretty quick. Don't you remember—his father, Gardner Lewes, and his wife were killed in a plane two years ago? North Africa. This was their only child and there was better than fifty millions." Jonson Baley vaguely remembered the accident, the people, Harris referred to. "Well, young Lewes is with us, like I said," Harris went on; "and I want everything to go right, see? Washington Roseample was tickled to death he was coming. Have a look at Sims, Jonson; get a quick load of the tutor and servant. That's all you need to do now."

Sims Lewes, it was instantly apparent to Jonson, was, in spite of all his millions, a very nice boy, carefully but plainly dressed. He was, Jonson Baley decided, about fourteen years old; small, fragile rather than not; with gray eyes, a serious mouth, on a sunburned face. Sims had good manners. The valet's face, like most valets' faces, was blank and pale; he had black, curling hair and long, thin white hands. The tutor was a solid-looking young man with an air of recent college athletics. A chauffeur in a white dust coat with a black collar, William China and a few bell boys stood by a pile of luggage in canvas covers. The small procession disappeared into an elevator, and, shortly after, China and the bell boys returned, obviously satisfied by all their rewards. Sims Lewes and the tutor, it developed, would like dinner in their sitting room, and—the Point Argent Hotel was exclusively American in plan—although the dining room was closed, waiters were dispatched immediately to them.

Later the tutor appeared at the desk; he asked about the beach club. Jonson heard him and explained who he was: "My name is Baley; I'm the house detective. As a rule, you must get a card for the beach club here, but I'm going down, and if you want to walk with me, it will be all right."

The tutor said his name was Charlton Weld. Weld urged Jonson Baley to sit with him: "Here's a table and a waiter. What do you want—ginger ale or charged water? I have a flask of Scotch—real Scotch—Lewes Scotch. You'll be surprised."

Jonson thanked him. "Not right here," he explained; "in public like this. Sometime, perhaps, in my room. No reason for that to stop you." Their table was at the railing against the beach and sea; Charlton Weld made himself a drink and gazed at the dancers.

"Do you know any of the women?" he demanded. "There are two or three I might learn to love."

"I know some to speak to," Jonson admitted, "but that's about all. It's better for me to keep away from the guests. In my position you never know which foot you're on with them. Specially the women."

He ought to get over that idea, Weld told him. "Women like a man. They don't care about the rest. What he happens to be doing. You wouldn't believe my experiences with Sims. The best will fall for you. Take young Mrs. Blare, from Alexandria—the one whose husband lives at horse shows."

Jonson Baley didn't want to take Mrs. Blare or hear any part of Weld's experience with her. "How long," he asked, "have you been with the Lewes boy?"

"Since right after the accident in Africa," Charlton Weld replied. "Old Emily—that's Miss Millard, Sims' aunt—picked me the week I graduated from Yale. She wanted Sims Lewes to have a normal influence around him, and, boy, he got it, and how. Maybe I was out of luck when that happened! Everything you want whenever you want it—yachts and tennis courts with a restaurant and bar attached, and ball boys. Certainly not; you don't have to pick up the tennis balls.

"You ought to understand me—you're not doing too much—when I say I wasn't looking for hard work. There is nothing I have to prove. I want to push along the softest road possible. I like to read Theocritus and drink ale—Scotch when I can't get that. What I have now is perfect. Sims is all right. The family is right. Miss Millard doesn't bother me. Sims has an uncle, too—Persifer Lewes—but I have never seen him. He lives in China. Professor of philosophy at the University of Canton.

"There is another branch you never hear about. Gardner's father, Marion Lewes, married twice. His second wife was from Virginia, and a swell number—that is how Sims came into Locust Bank, on the James River—but the first was different. Quite a baby! She divoreed him, for a nice little consideration, and kept their child, a girl, who married a doctor named Fencible—Jules Fencible. She is dead now, and I understand he lives in Brooklyn with a daughter. We wouldn't know anything about that.

(Continued on Page 57)

A Very Short, Black, Velvet Coat Emphasized the Stillness of Her Countenance. Her Mere Walk Was More Graceful Than the Measures of a Dance

GOVERNMENT INTERFERENCE

By Isaac F. Marcosson

THE word "surplus" will loom large in the annals of these troubled times. Nor is it weighted principally by politics, nationalism, population, legislation, or that other and now familiar anxiety which is peculiarly ours—namely, international obligations.

What presses the hardest, because it touches practically every producer and every consumer, is the unprecedented glut in raw materials. To paraphrase a famous saying of the late J. P. Morgan, Sr., the whole universe is suffering from an acute attack of undigested commodities. The impasse has reached the point where there has been serious talk of reviving the primitive barter plan, through which one country would exchange its products for the output of another.

When you discuss this abnormal state of affairs with a European, especially a Frenchman, he almost invariably replies that the war debts are responsible, in face of the fact that France today has a $2,000,000,000 gold reserve, the second largest in the world. The Latin-American lays it to the American tariff. These aliens quite forget that their own countries are also playing the tariff game, with new prohibitions and restrictions that cramp our export style at every turn. The war-debt argument, which has come to life again through the possibility of a moratorium on the Young Plan, as you will presently see, is merely revived effort to bring about revision of the funding arrangements.

The real cause of the widespread malproduction—for such it is—lies largely in uneconomic and, therefore, unsound governmental stimulation of output, which includes the aforesaid propaganda devised to force Uncle Sam to reverse his position on the Allied-debt settlements. The artificial impetus to actual production brought rubber to 7⅜ cents a pound; Rio coffee to 6¾ cents a pound; raw sugar to 1 cent a pound; silk to $2.95 a pound; and copper to 9½ cents a pound. These prices reflect the widespread depression in commodities.

The Case Against Intrusion

THE importance of commodity-price movements is obvious. The entire trade of the world, whether it be production, manufacture or distribution, requires the ownership of commodities in some degree by all phases of industry. A sustained fall in prices means that every business along the whole vast chain of enterprise may find the value of its goods and inventories lower with each passing month. If continued over a long period, there is constant drain on capital resources, which, in turn, undermines credit and stifles the spirit of constructive initiative.

The intrusion of government into business, whether through subsidy, control, so-called defense or purchase of grain for the purpose of participation, stimulation or repression, disrupts the orderly progress of economic events. The case against it was best stated by Julius H. Barnes, chairman of the National Business Survey Conference. In commenting on the commodity-price collapse, he said:

"One may reason that these declines were inevitable because of the accumulating surpluses in many lines. But it is interesting and significant to analyze briefly the stimulation to production, and to study the time element by which so many surpluses fell upon the world's trade structure at the same time. In such a study it is impressive that in so many instances acts of government set in motion these destructive processes. It is beside the question that these acts were in their origin aimed to be helpful. It is compelling that their cumulative effect, timed under an evil star of destiny, resulted in the prostration of the entire trade area of the world.

"Business men instinctively, by reason, by observation and by experience, oppose the entrance of government into the economic field. They know that national treasuries and public authority may postpone, but cannot deflect entirely, economic law. They have learned that the one safe equalizer of supply and demand—the only prevention against cumulative destructive surpluses—is the control through the influence of free play of price, representing the informed and flexible individual judgments of the world, made effective through trade.

"Throughout the long period of price influence by government resources and government authority there were periods in which there was apparent success, but through all this time the forces of final disintegration were at work. The resentment of the world's millions of consumers; the resistance of other governments intrusted with the defense of the free opportunity of their own peoples; the errors of judgment by which price levels, temporarily maintained, stimulated competitive production without the corrective of free price play—all these culminated finally in the debacle of last year, which has contributed not a little to the general collapse of world commodity prices, and the resultant distress of all nations."

The effects of government interference with business extend far beyond the pocketbooks of producers. Analyze, for example, the 1930 series of revolutions south of Panama and you find that they are not rooted in the chronic Latin-American volcano of political disturbance, but in economic causes. Brazil is a case in point.

As everybody knows, through the so-called valorization scheme, the Brazilian Government kept millions of bags of the coffee bean out of the market to maintain a high price. What happened when coffee was released by the monopoly is the inevitable penalty of government control. Prices tell the whole story. In 1929 Santos coffee sold at 21½ cents a pound and Rio at 15½ cents, having previously stood at eighteen cents. When this article was written, which was early November, Santos had dropped to 12½ cents a pound and Rio to 8¾ cents. A few weeks before, Rio was down to 6¾ cents.

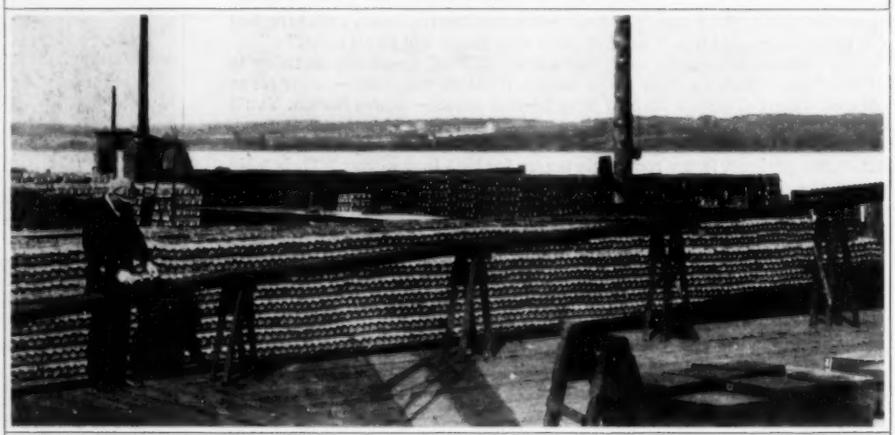
This price slump, and the attendant economic hardship on the producer, were merely part of the picture. The state of São Paulo, which comprises the Brazilian coffee empire, monopolized the fruits of the valorization scheme. Naturally, every other state resented these special favors. In a dispatch to the New York Times, Dr. Oswaldo Aranha, Secretary of State for the state of Rio Grande do Sul—the cradle of the latest revolt—gave seven reasons for the revolution which overthrew the Washington Luis régime. Two of them bear directly upon the business of government interference with production and its undesirable by-products. They were:

"The government, in its commercial policy, centered its support upon the production of coffee, the chief item of export, to the detriment of other products of the country. The stabilization of the coffee trade favored only the state of São Paulo, which, for this reason, stood with the federal government at the outset of the revolution in other states."

What was true of coffee in Brazil was also true to a lesser degree of sugar in the Dominican Republic, where the February rebellion registered a protest against the government for its part in the slump; in Bolivia, where the decrease in the price of tin was a factor in fomenting upheaval; in Argentina, where

PUBLISHERS PHOTO SERVICE, N. Y. C.

Cutting Sugar Cane in the Cane Fields, Porto Rico



PHOTO, BY ERING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

Piles of Copper Bars Awaiting Shipment at Calumet, Michigan

the general trade decline was laid to maladministration, and in Peru, where a drop in exports complicated a government-ridden economic structure. To recapitulate, it was not political autocracies as such, but unsound economic procedure expressed through nationalistic control and otherwise, that undermined the dictatorship. Here, as elsewhere, the urge is for economic freedom.

Although it is running a little ahead of the story, we may just as well have a look right now at petroleum and diagnose its plight. Because of its universal need and the fixed limitations in the matter of supply, it is a big factor in the international economic situation. That producers the globe over are alive to the causes back of the dislocation, due to overproduction in the United States, is evident from the movement now gaining momentum to effect international conservation. This objective cannot be realized until relief is obtained from a variety of so-called governmental remedies which have aggravated rather than cured the world-wide malady of oversupply of raw materials.

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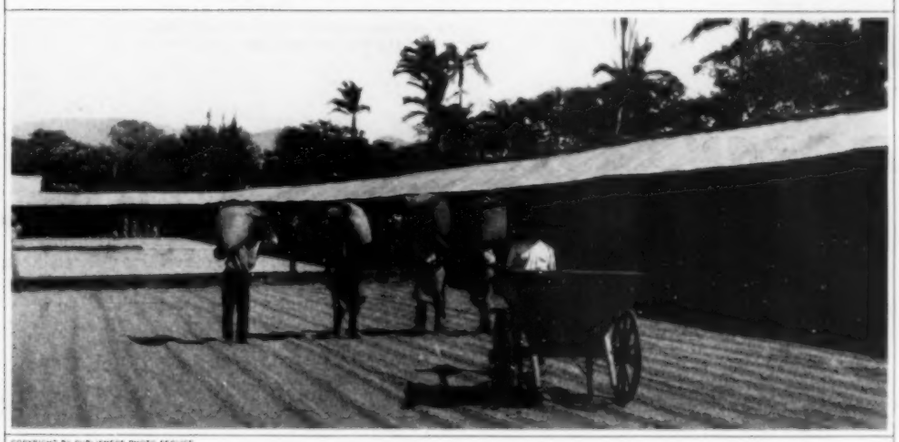
Wheat Fields in the Vicinity of Bozeman, Montana



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The Drying Flats of a Coffee Hacienda

Each commercial nation has been trying to dodge the consequences of a famine in market outlets at the expense of its neighbors. Under the pressure of unemployment and unprofitable capital, governments are turning to new tariff regulations and to subsidies designed to help their own nationals while restricting competition from others. Unfortunately, each new tariff or control not only offsets the objects aimed at by the others but forges a new link in the chain that shackles world trade. The ultimate prosperity of any nation depends upon its exchange of commodities with the outside world. When it cannot export its own goods and crops, it loses its power to absorb the surplus goods of others. Thus a period of world-wide depression is begun or intensified.

It may be argued that since we import more than half of the indispensable raw materials that we consume, the existing state of commodity affairs is a rare opportunity to lay up stocks against the inevitable return to something like normalcy. This would be a godsend if we were a 100 per cent self-sufficient people. It so happens that, although our exports comprise only about 10 per cent of output, they make all the difference today between profit and loss because of our expanded productive machine. With coffee, sugar and rubber at distress prices, the countries that produce them lack the purchasing power with which to buy our merchandise. You have only to look at the decline in our exports to areas like Brazil, Cuba and the Middle East—during the first six months of this year they fell off 13 per cent in value as compared with the first half of 1928, which was a normal year—to see that abnormally low commodity prices work hardship at every stage of the business cycle.

With a group of commodities that affect all consumers, I can show how government interference with production plays havoc with market stability. We will begin with rubber, the most demoralized, perhaps, of all the essential raw materials and a big factor in our industrial scheme.

Three years of overproduction, with large stocks in London, brought the price down to fourteen cents a pound in 1921. This was below the cost of output. The planter growers faced ruin, because, unlike conditions in wheat or corn cultivation, where nonplanting could effectively meet such a situation, plantation investment and overhead costs go on just the same. Following failure to bring about voluntary curtailment of exports, the British Government enforced restriction with the Stevenson scheme. The object of regulation was to stabilize the price of crude at roughly thirty-six cents a pound through an export release dependent upon the market price. In plain language, it meant restraint of trade enforced by government decree.

With depletion of stocks, together with an unprecedented demand for rubber in the United States, the inevitable thing happened. In 1925, as most people will recall, the price of crude soared to $1.20 a pound in a runaway market which also put rubber securities to dizzy heights. London became the center of a frenzied speculation in both the crude and the shares of the companies that produced it. As usual, the public rushed in to buy at the top rate.

Another inevitable thing happened. The Dutch grow nearly 30 per cent of the Middle East output. The Malayans and other natives are also large producers of the crude. In formulating their restriction scheme the British took no cognizance of the competing supply. When it reached the market, prices began to drop, with the result that on November 1, 1930, crude rubber sold at 7⅜ cents a pound, the lowest price ever recorded. The total rubber production for 1929 was 863,410 long tons, as compared with 649,674 tons for 1928. The stock of rubber in the three main centers—United States, United Kingdom and Singapore—aggregated 331,616 long tons, as compared with 218,591 tons at the close of 1929. The world stock on September 1, 1930, was 472,100 tons, while at the close of 1929 it was 371,425 tons.

These figures show that despite declining prices and the abrogation of the Stevenson Act in 1928, stocks of crude have steadily increased. Voluntary curtailment by producers would have helped to stave off disaster. Last summer the British sought to induce the Dutch to restrict growing exports to 75 per cent of the 1929 output, but the endeavor failed because of the inability to swing the natives into line. The real reason was that, thanks to the British governmental regulation of exports and the temporary and therefore artificial stimulation of price, every Middle East producer increased his planting areas. The vicious circle that government interference created goes on apace.

Tales of Curtailment

THE rubber debacle will serve to show how government control invariably reacts. The inflexibility of control and the skyrocket price of 1925 set the forces of replacement in motion. Used tires that we had formerly thrown into the scrap heap were salvaged. Mixed with fresh crude, they appeared on the market to compete with products made of 100 per cent crude. This habit of economy, which had persisted in the face of reduced prices, cumulatively restricted importation from the crude production centers. Furthermore, as always develops in similar circumstances, new competitive areas are opened up. The Brazilian rubber domain has taken on a new lease of life, due to American stimulation. Liberia has been added to the map of production.

There is no substitute for rubber. With silk a different tale is unfolded. When Japanese Government meddling with raw silk, through the establishment of the Imperial Silk Company, forced the price to nine dollars a pound, rayon, the substitute, began to have its great day. In consequence, raw silk at the time I write is down to $2.95 a pound.

Because it deals with a little-known example of government participation in business, I will show what has happened in copper, a metal of universal necessity. The output of 3,832,942,000 pounds in 1928 increased to 4,272,810,000 pounds in 1929. This overproduction, which was in line with excess in other commodities, naturally provoked a price decline. Curtailment became the order in the United States, and in Chile and Peru, where the mines are American-owned.

This reduction is failing of its purpose because it must meet increasing output in the great Katanga fields of the Belgian Congo. The Belgian Government controls the ownership of this rich deposit, which contributes more than 10 per cent of the world's supply. Notwithstanding the fact that copper went to 9½ cents a pound, the lowest registered in thirty-eight years, the Katanga production has been steadily expanded under government stimulation. In this instance, private industry competes with government in business, government ownership of transport, government freedom from taxation, government disregard of the red or black figures of the balance sheet, and government disregard of the economic consequences of overproduction, because

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THE LONG RIFLE

For a Moment She Sat Tense and Upright, Then Dropped the Piece Across Her Lap. "It Was the Will of the Lord," Said She Softly

THE GRANDMOTHER

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

ON A ROCK by a roadside sat Andrew Burnett. The season was early spring—that time when the snow water is but just draining away, the red-winged blackbirds are new arrived in melody, and the wide, washed sky is ahum with the vigor of fresh joy in the world. Nevertheless, the lad's expression was somber, his eyes smoldered with a sullen resentment well emphasized by his straight black eyebrows that almost met over the bridge of his nose. He was thinking what a hard time he was having in life, and how downtrodden he was, and what—in the somewhat hazy future—he was going to do about it. This was not an unusual state of mind for his age, which was nineteen.

He was entirely absorbed. He did not hear the liquid-voiced blackbirds and meadow larks. He did not see the red squirrel that chirked and jerked toward him along the rails of the zigzag snake fence. He was even wholly unaware of a horseman galloping recklessly through the puddles, until a shower of mud brought him to his feet. He flared into furious resentment; unreasonable, for it was self-evident the horseman was innocent of intention, but natural as the leap of his discontent toward an outlet.

"Look what you're doing, you dirty whelp!" he shouted.

The horse was thrown on its haunches, turned, walked slowly back, brought to a stand. The rider leaned forward in his saddle.

"What did you say?" he challenged softly.

His appearance further inflamed the other's anger. His clothing was of fine quality and in the height of prevailing fashion; his mount was self-evidently an animal of blood; the very expression of his finely featured, faintly disdainful face, the lift of his long, white hands, raised the bristles on the country boy's contempt for the city macaroni. The fact that the stranger was also a lad, apparently not far from his own age, helped not at all.

Andrew repeated his sentiment.

"You tom fool, how could I see you, sitting there like a bump on a log!" retorted the horseman.

This was not unreasonable, but Andrew was in no mood for reason. He expanded his original idea. The city boy leaped nimbly from his horse. They fought whole-heartedly. Andrew was obviously the stronger; the stranger's quickness and certainty of movement equalized matters. They inflicted some damage on each other, thrashed about considerably, finally locked and went to earth. The horse trotted away, his reins dangling.

The combatants struggled a moment or so without perceptible advantage to either, rolled down the low bank and plumped into a puddle. The icy shock of the water tore them apart. They arose dripping. Andrew, his dogged, slow spirit catching its fuel fully, was in dash to resume. But the other was laughing.

"We're a sweet pair!" he cried. "Now why in tarnation were we both so cross? I'm not usually a crotchety person. Are you?"

Andrew stopped, his mouth falling open. This was too abrupt for one of his disposition.

"Or are you?" inquired the other. "I don't believe you are. 'Tain't reasonable. I didn't see you, you know. And why should I go off at half cock? That ain't reasonable either. Of course you were startled. Don't blame you for that."

"I take back the 'dirty whelp,'" conceded Andrew gruffly.

"Never mind about the 'dirty,'" amended the other. He glanced down humorously at his dripping finery. "And I take back ——"

"Never mind the 'tom fool,'" interposed Andrew. "Reckon we're a pair of them."

"So that's all right. My name is Russell Braidwood. I live in Philadelphia."

"Mine is Andy Burnett. I live at the farm yonder, up the lane."

"Well, what made you so cross?" inquired Russell.

"I'm sick of the farm," replied Andy, falling somber again.

"The same with me."

"What?"

"I'm sick of Philadelphia."

They sat together on the rock. The warm spring sun steamed from their drenched garments. Overfield, the blackbirds and the meadow larks distilled its brightness into song. A first bobolink overflowed its rapture. Drop after rapid drop, small water tinklings drained away the last of winter from the world. The red squirrel curved the sweep of his tail over his back and clasped his little hands to his head in an ecstatic worship of the fresh flood of life in the springtime. Of these things, the two lads, absorbed in each other, had no consciousness, but now, in the new expansiveness of feeling, they flooded in.

Why was Andy sick of the farm? Well, there was his stepfather, who was harsh and stern in religion, and rigid in discipline and strong for the duty youth owed to those who had brought it into the world.

"Only he did not bring me into the world," interpolated Andy.

"Your mother?" asked Russell.

"My mother is dead," replied Andy briefly.

But that might be borne, and the hard, iron, grinding, endless work, and the lack of all amusement so necessary to youth. It was the future—the dull, gray, appalling future. The same thing over and over.

And for what? A living, hardly wrung. And at the end of life the acres still demanding, still grudging, and the bent back of age, and possibly resignation. Like iron walls pressing in closer and closer.

Why not break away from it?

"There's my grandmother. You do not know my grandmother. I can't desert her. And anyway, I'm not of age. He wouldn't let me go. I'm too valuable to him," said Andy bitterly. "The only reason I'm here now is because he's gone to town for the day. You don't know him either."

It was all very black. To youth, two years until the coming of age was forever. To youth, the inevitable passing away of age does not occur.

But Russell? How could he be sick of Philadelphia? A great city, leisure, amusement, money in his pocket, fine clothes, a horse to ride, position, family, the silver spoon in the mouth. This was difficult to understand.

Russell's bright face darkened. He brushed these things aside. How did they count when one is in prison? In prison to position. Doing the same things over and over. One sickens of them, no matter how they glitter. In prison all one's life; sitting inside a cage while the world flashes by outside.

"They are set on my going into the business. Won't hear of anything else!" he cried bitterly. "Great-grandfather started the bank, and the family have carried it on ever since. Sitting in an office at a desk. Just the same as being locked in by a jailer. I hate it! Next year—that's when my term begins!"

"Why don't you just break away?" Andy repeated the question that had been asked himself.

"I can't. There's the family. You don't know the family."

They contemplated their several hopelessnesses, and the world deepened to deep gloom in which the blackbirds and the meadow larks and the single bobolink and the sunshine and the little water tinklings were not. As for the red squirrel, he had gone away.

"Hullo!" cried Russell, making a belated discovery. "My horse is gone!"

"Oh, that's all right," Andy reassured him. "This is our lane to the barn. We'll find him at the gates. Come on up to the house and we'll catch him."

II

THEY trudged to the end of the lane, found the horse against the gates, led him through.

"You must come in to see my grandmother," urged Andy.

"I can't; I'm too filthy," objected Russell; then, seeing some urgency on the part of his new friend, he agreed. "All right. If she can stand it, I can."

They left the horse tied to a rail. The farmhouse was of the prosperous order, square, unornamented, relieved from being a box by six white columns that upheld a veranda roof above the second story. Its paint was old, but the structure was in repair. About it were remnants of what must have been a cherished garden, but these remnants were well attended. The picket fence was upright and intact. Before the front door stood two great locust trees. Behind the back door was an apple orchard and the long-armed sweep of a well. Russell's vivid imagination, darting

in the speculation it loved, brought him its findings—efficiency—tidy, careful efficiency—no thought of the ornamentation of life; only in the garden an awkward, fumbling effort to preserve the memory, as it were, of a beauty whose full body had followed its vanished creator. He stopped appreciatively at a lilac bush, touching with sensitive finger its new buds.

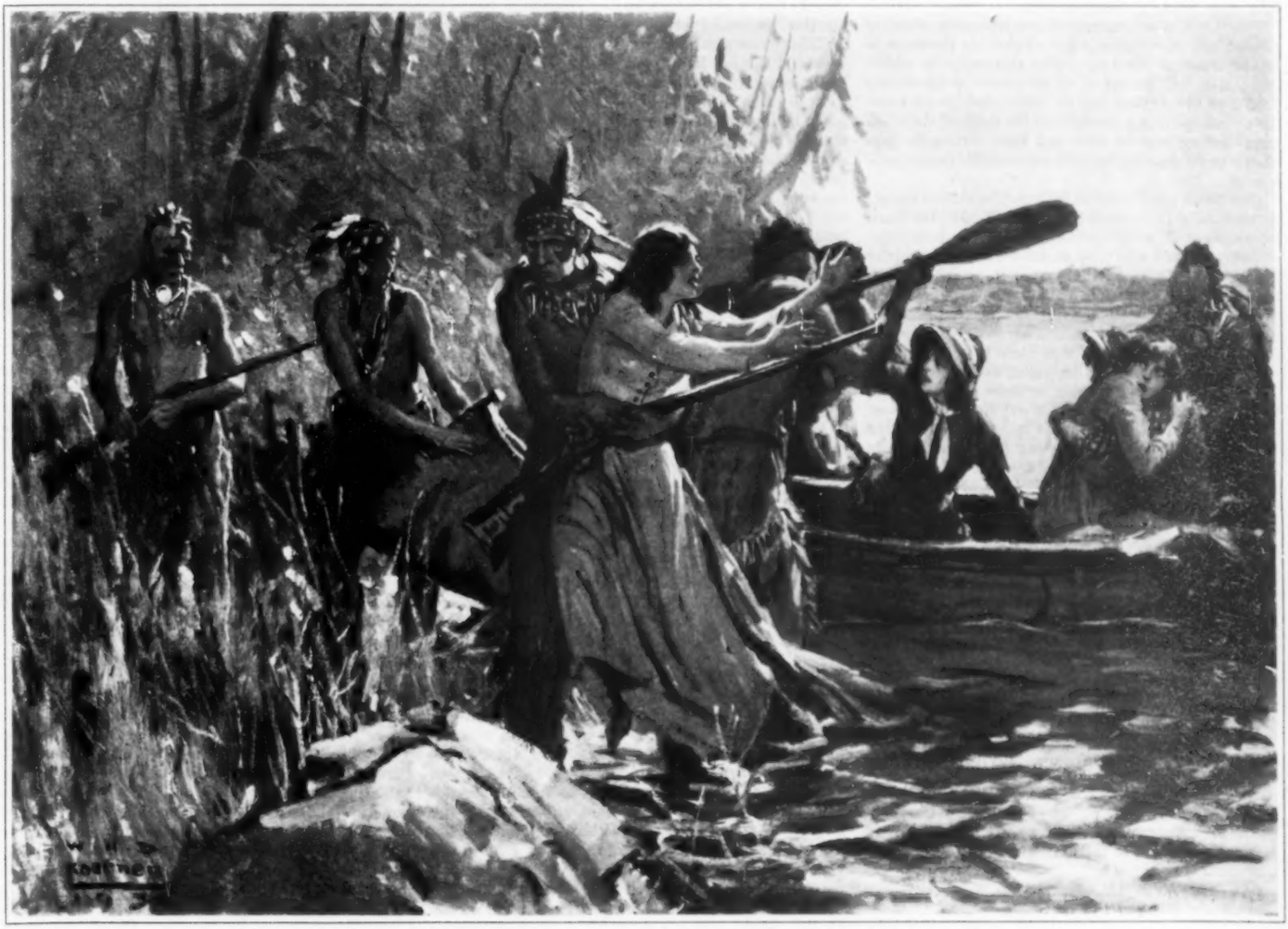
"I like the soft feel," he explained.

"It used to be a nice garden when my mother was alive," said Andy. "Most of the flowers are gone now. I work on it a little when I get time, but I can't do much. Grandmother likes it."

Russell raised his eyes and became aware of a little old lady in a rocking-chair behind a front window. He swept his hat from his head in the approved flourish of the period. A moment later he stood before her, bowing again, and conscious of an amused scrutiny under which, in spite of himself, he felt his color rising.

Though possessed of charmingly open qualities, and though nothing of a snob, Russell was, nevertheless, an aristocrat both by breeding and by the training of his day, which emphasized social differences even more strongly than is at present the case. That he should not find himself perfectly at ease in superiority before any old countrywoman was, in the harmless arrogance of his young conception, beyond his thought.

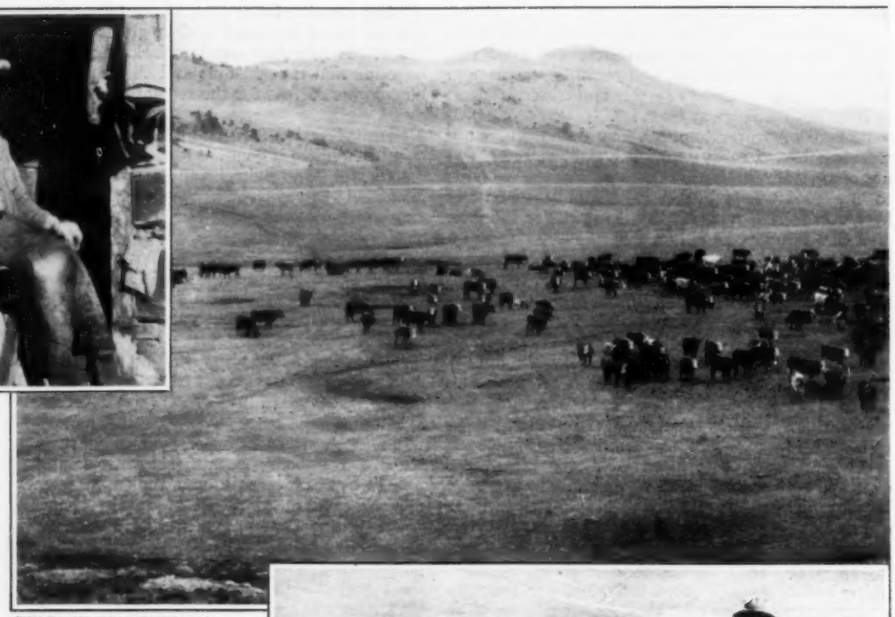
(Continued on Page 29)



Grandmother—At the Time Jemima Boone and Three Other Girls Were Carried Off by the Savages

THE HERALDRY OF THE

The Rawhide-Covered Chairs of Bunk Houses are Pretty Sure to Wear Old Brands



PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

PHOTO, SUPPLIED BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL, N. Y. C.

Bringing a Calf Up to the Branding Fire

THE other day a ranchman out in West Texas whose brand is T Half Circle announced that the United States Patent Office had registered it as a trade-mark. In as much as many cattle raisers nowadays sell their product by mail, the owner's brand on an animal being a guaranty of its standard breeding, other cowmen are likely to have their brands registered as trade-marks. A brand is just that—a trade-mark—though it is also much more, and to it is attached all the sentiment and connotation once borne by coats of arms.

Primarily, it is a means of identification, whether against thieves or among honest men, on the owner's home range or far away. The extremity to which some men will go out of respect for the ownership that a brand implies can be illustrated by an anecdote that has come down from the days of the open range before barbed wire had been strung to prevent—never absolutely, however—cattle from straying off.

One fall a stray steer came into the little Alsatian settlement of D'Hanis in Southwest Texas. He was a lawless animal, breaking into fields of corn and giving chase to anyone who tried to drive him out. A settler by the name of Batot finally shot the steer, skinned him, and then cut out of the hide the patch bearing a brand. This he placed on a rafter, which happened to be right over the bed in which his son slept. As was inevitable, bugs got into this piece of hide and fell on the sleeping youth. One night, awakened by the dropping of hair and insects, he arose angrily, seized the patch of hide and threw it out the door. When, some days later, the honest old father discovered the loss of the brand, he actually ran his son away from home. He was keeping that brand in order to find the owner it symbolized.

Whether the owner was ever identified and paid for his steer is immaterial. If names and addresses were not so long they would be branded on cattle. A brand is a seal that stands for a name, and somewhere, with name and address, every legal brand is recorded, just as with the purchaser's name are recorded the make and engine number of every automobile, somewhere.

The range is branded with brands, and branded deep. The knowledge of brands is a special knowledge, and the language expressing that knowledge is a special language, hieroglyphic as well as utilitarian; familiarity with it stamping ranch people far more genuinely than such purchasable equipment as boots and spurs.

At a one-teacher school out in the mesquite the Friday-afternoon session usually closed with recitations. A frequent recitation began with the well-known injunction to the little star:

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high
Like a diamond in the sky.

One of the school urchins was the son of a rancher who ran the Diamond P brand—◇P That was the only diamond the lad knew, and he confesses now that he used to study the stars by the hour, trying to catch one of them assuming the diamond shape so familiar to him on the sides of cows and at the hot end of a branding iron. He knew the language of brands better than he knew the language of jewels and poetry.

The brand fixes its language to everything pertaining to it. The chuck wagon of the Olmos—Elms—Ranch is seldom called the Olmos wagon, but is almost invariably referred to as the "A Dot wagon"; A being the ranch brand. The cow crowd working on the Withers range is customarily referred to not as the Withers outfit but as the "Pig Pen outfit"; the Pig Pen, made thus—#—being the Withers brand. A cowboy rides a "Double Circle horse," which is branded ◎. Another cowboy is "one of the Spur hands." A herd in the distance "looks like a Long L herd."

Cow-Country Banking

A RANCH may be named for its owner, as the Kokernot Ranch; it may be named after a creek or some other topographical unit on it, as the San Francisco Ranch; it may derive its name from some event in local history, as the Wagon Sheet Ranch, where a camper once drove off, absent-mindedly leaving his wagon sheet behind; or, as more often, a ranch may derive its name from something in Nature pertaining to the place of its location, as the Seven Oaks and the Cochina—Hog. The famous Jingle-Bob outfit took its name from an earmark—the jingle-bob—a deep split that left the lower half of the ear flopping down. But the greater number of ranches by far take their names simply from the ranch brand—the J A ranch—JA—the Pitchfork—Y—the Hundred and One—101.

The very owner of a ranch sometimes loses his name in his brand. There was W 6 Wright of the Nueces, who considered it a great joke when he found that he had signed the bond of a man indicted for stealing some W6 yearlings—Wright's own brand. There is Diamond and a Half Hud of the plains, who signs his checks as W. D. Hudson and gives 8 as his brand. There is the S M S Kid, who has not been a kid for forty years, but who is still helping to burn 2 on white-faced calves. Colonel B. H. Campbell, a prominent cowman of the Indian Territory who for a time managed the great X I T Ranch of Texas, gave for his brand BQ. It was read as "Barbeque," and "Barbeque Campbell" has been a household word all over the Southwest for half a century.

As a means of identification the brand envelops all things else on the range. An incident related by Walter Billingsley, of San Antonio, well illustrates this fact.

"In 1884," he says, "I took a herd of King Ranch steers from South Texas to Cheyenne, Wyoming. Everything went all right until we crossed the South Platte and reached Fort Sidney, Nebraska. While we held the herd a few miles out from town, I let a bunch of the boys go in to see the sights. Five of them laid out and did not report for work next morning. I rode in, found them, and fired them on the spot. I owed them $120 apiece. I had no money to pay them off, and I did not know a soul in Sidney.

"My first move was to see the banker. Says I to him: 'I'm trail boss for the King Ranch, owned by Capt. Richard King and known from Canada to the

RANGE—By J. Frank Dobie

Putting the Owner's Trade-Mark on the Stock at a Knox County, Texas, Ranch

PHOTO. SUPPLIED BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL, N. Y. C.

Rounding Up Two Stragglers

Rio Grande. I've fired five of the sorriest cowboys that ever rode out of Texas. They are due $600, and when they get it they will make you fine citizens and spend it all right here. I want to leave them with you, and I want to draw on Wright and Beverley at Dodge City for the $600. Will you cash my draft?'

"'Well,' says the banker, 'you look all right and I am satisfied you are all right, but can't you get somebody to identify you?'

"'I'm where I never was before and where I never expect to be again,' I replied, 'and I don't see a soul in town that I know.'

"The banker seemed awful anxious to accommodate me, and I sure did not want to hire those cowboys back just because I couldn't pay them off. I just wasn't going to give them the whip hand over me that way.

"'Suppose you look around a little and see if you can't strike somebody you know,' the banker concluded, 'and then come back.'

"I went out. My mind was made up. I rounded up the men I'd fired and said, 'Follow me and get your money.'

"We galloped to camp. 'Load up and hitch up,' I says to the cook, 'and follow me.'

"Then I called the horse wrangler. 'Drive up that *remuda* of saddle horses,' I says to him, 'and follow the chuck wagon.'

"When we were all ready we struck a high trot for town, and a sight we must have made—me in the lead, those five sorry cowboys swinging after me, then the chuck wagon with six mules hitched to it, and then 150 saddle horses with the *remudero* and a couple of other hands driving them. I drew up at the bank and the outfit halted.

"'Come here!' I yelled to the banker, who was already at the door. 'Come out here and look at my identification!'

"He came a-laughing.

"'Now,' says I, 'I guess you know what the King Ranch brand is—Running W on the side and K on the jaw. Well, there's 150 saddle horses branded K W. There's a wagon with K W branded on the side boards, branded on the chuck box, branded all over everything. Look at the cook's saddle on that near wheel mule, and you'll see K W on it. In fact, everything and everybody in this outfit is branded K W.'

"The banker was impressed all right. He shelled out the $600 right away. I paid off the quitters; they unsaddled right there, turned their horses into the *remuda*, took their bedding out of the wagon, and the Running W outfit rolled its tail on for Cheyenne."

The average cow hand is so conscious of brands that in season and out of season, appropriately and inappropriately, consciously and unconsciously, he brands whatever he comes across. He whittles brands on sticks; he burns them into the planks of branding chutes, on pasture gates, on the anchor posts of windmill towers. He smears them with axle grease across the doors of barns and garages. He paints them with charcoal on the rock walls of canyons in which he has made a camp fire. He carves them into his spur straps, leggings and saddle—above all, into his boot tops. "My pistol belt," says an old trail driver, "had brands on it representing ranges from Chihuahua to Montana." More pistols were etched with cattle brands than were ever notched for dead victims. Many a cook has stenciled the ranch coat of arms into the top crust of that gala-day treat—a wild-plum cobbler. Ranch boys are incorrigible when it comes to carving brands on their desks at school. They play ranch, and with baling wire for running irons brand oak balls, the sawed-off tips of horns, spools, and other objects used to represent cattle and horses.

Unconscious of or callous to any cruelty, cowboys will mark and brand a buck deer they have roped, a coyote, or anything else. Once, at least, some of them branded a catfish. This is the story:

Along in the early 80's Jeff Maltby and two other range men were reconnoitering in the Big Bend of Texas for the purpose of locating a new ranch. One evening they killed a fat black-tailed buck and shortly thereafter pitched camp beside the Rio Grande. They had an abundance of meat, but even after one of them had shot a wild goose and another had hooked some nice fish, the sight of an enormous catfish flouncing in the river provoked a desire for more game. The only tackle they had was a slender fishing line and a small hook.

A Cowman's Taste for Brands

JEFF MALTBY baited the hook and threw it in. Immediately almost the big catfish took it. He moved off and, without checking, broke the line. Maltby was determined to have that monster catfish. He chopped and trimmed one of the deer antlers until it resembled a huge fishhook. Then he baited it with about five pounds of venison, tied a stout rope to it, cast it in and staked the rope for the night. The next morning the catfish was on the rope.

He was the granddaddy of all the catfish in the Rio Grande. The men had fish already; they had a fat goose and more venison than they could carry. They really had no use for more meat.

"Boys," said Maltby, "it would be a shame to let the buzzards eat this critter. I'm going to turn him loose again in the big water, but first I'm going to slap my brand on him."

Thereupon Maltby removed his bridle bit from the headstall and reins, put it in the fire, heated it, and then neatly, but not deep, burned into the side of the leviathan. When released, according to Maltby, "He swam a few feet, turned down his head, threw up his tail and disappeared beneath the waters."

An old-time, dyed-in-the-wool cowman took pride in nothing more than in his memory for brands, and good cowmen still take the same pride. There are hotel clerks who never forget a face, scholars who never falter on a date, and automobile salesmen who hold in mind the engine number of every car sold or inspected. One must marvel with Mark Twain at the memory of a trained Mississippi River steamboat pilot. But the memory of a top brand man surpasses any other kind of memory I have ever met or heard of. It is more than memory; it is an instinct for cattle. Still riding the range are men who can count a hundred head of mixed cattle as they string along, and then from memory classify them and give every brand correctly.

(Continued on Page 79)

THE ALCHEMIST

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

We Stooped to Lift it, Hastily and Tenderly, and Straightened to See Doctor Celsus on the Threshold

I'M A LAWYER, and not a chemist or metallurgist, and I can't argue about alchemy in the abstract. That's for the experts. Some of them say, arguing from the fact—they say it's a fact—that helium is generated spontaneously from radium, that elements can be transmuted; some say they can't be. I don't pretend to know; my field is evidence.

Popular opinion weighs with me; all the people are wrong only sometimes. The fact that most of New York believes that Celsus made all that gold that so many of them went over to Amsterdam Avenue to see is to be considered.

But I don't believe that the evidence has ever been set out fully and fairly; in fact, I know that it hasn't.

You're surfeited with talk of Doctor Celsus and his gold, but let us, please, review the evidence once again, with additions that I can make, and perhaps we'll get somewhere. I'll put it in narrative form, as we do with evidence on appeal.

I'm the assistant district attorney that investigated Celsus, and reaped no particular laurels. Mr. Peter Brown brought the complaint to us. Brown's well authenticated. He's a reputable business man, an importer—nuts and dried fruits, I understand—and lives in his own brownstone front on West Seventy-eighth Street.

He was at home there, one evening about a year ago, sitting in the back parlor with Mrs. Brown, reading the newspaper and listening to the radio. He's a typical New York business man—plump, sallow, sophisticated, working all the time. Just then he was reading the Stock Exchange page; what he had to read of it to know all about it—Ancon Copper, Central Railroad, Greening Locomotive, Universal Motors, and a half dozen others. Mrs. Brown is a charming lady, a good bridge player, a member of book clubs, a patron of beauty shops, up to the minute and going to stay so.

"How is business, Peter?"

"Business," said Mr. Brown, reflectively and intimately, "is incredibly bad. It's hard to sell anything and harder to get people to pay for it. For goodness' sake, Mary, keep out of the stores; this is no time to spend money. The stock market made new lows for the year again. I don't know what's going to happen, but I'm going to see that it doesn't happen to me."

"What's Universal Motors?"

"Thirty-five. At that price it pays 15 per cent; and here's an announcement by the chairman of the board that the dividend won't be passed."

"Peter, why don't you buy it? You have money idle."

"And have it go down twenty points?"

"Oh, shucks! What would happen to all of us? Universal Motors is not going down any twenty points."

"It did, didn't it?" said Mr. Brown unanswerably. "Oh, no; I'm not buying anything—not until there's a real turn up."

"Sylvania Macarren bids you good evening," said the radio in an elderly contralto.

"We have fifty thousand dollars in the bank," said Mr. Brown, leaning back and looking evocatively at the picture molding, "and not a thing to do with it. And we're paying 5 per cent a year on the mortgage on this house. I'm going to pay that mortgage off."

"Sh-h-h!" warned Mrs. Brown, as if he had spoken in church.

"Tomorrow and Friday until six o'clock," said the radio, "will be very favorable for new business enterprises, and investments made on those days will be highly successful. If you have a party scheduled for those days, however, cancel it at once, as it is not a good time for amusements."

"Did you let that upstairs girl go yet, Mary? Sixty a month is altogether too much for an upstairs girl; you can get one for thirty, I'll wager. We won't have prosperity again till we deflate wages. Here's a governor of the Federal Reserve says the American people are living too high, and the way to restore business is to stop buying automobiles and radios and candy and—I don't think he meant candy, though, as I sell to the candy trade."

"Sh-h-h!"

"Operations performed on Friday or Saturday will be unsuccessful and may result in death. If you are contemplating a major operation, particularly of the stomach and abdomen, postpone it until next Tuesday, when the aspect is favorable."

"And, by George," said Mr. Brown decisively, "I'm going to take the balance of that fifty thousand dollars out of the bank and put it in the safe-deposit box! You can't tell me, Mary, that any bank is safe when a governor of the Federal Reserve ——"

"Sh-h-h."

"A young lady sends me her birth date and asks me should she accept a proposal of marriage next Sunday night. Yes, my dear, and the stars promise you every happiness. And here is a college professor asking if he will be successful in his profession. The answer is no; he should give it up and become a policeman."

"What bosh," said Mr. Brown. "I don't know what's come over you women these days. The idea of intelligent people ——"

"Peter!"

"And until this hour Monday night, Sylvania Macarren bids you good evening."

"I didn't get the half of it," snapped Mrs. Brown angrily.

Mr. Brown pursed his lips, pulled his nose and was tolerant.

"Mr. Landt calling," said a maid from the doorway.

"Let him come in, Jennie. . . . Hello, Mr. Landt. . . . Mary, you know Mr. Landt, the real-estate broker. . . . What is it, Mr. Landt?"

"Six months ago," said the broker cheerfully, "you said you'd pay forty thousand dollars for the house next door, but I couldn't get it for you. Good news now! The owner will sell for thirty if you act quick."

"Thirty," intoned Mr. Brown. "Cheap, no doubt. But I don't know now, Landt."

"Mr. Brown, it's a steal! There hasn't been a house sold in this block so cheap since the war. You know what that house is worth? It's worth fifty thousand dollars—every cent. Why, there was a plot sold across the street only a year ago ——"

Mr. Brown frowned and twisted in his chair. "Yes, I know. I guess it's cheap. But I think I'll let it hang."

"Mr. Brown, there's a twenty-five-thousand-dollar mortgage on it; you'd only have to put up five thousand dollars."

"Yes, I know. But I don't like mortgages."

"You can pay it off. But you don't want to do that. You're not going to take 5 per cent on your money in these times."

"Why is he trying to sell?" asked Mr. Brown acutely. "He must be going broke. I think I'll sit back and pick the house up at foreclosure."

"And you may get it," admitted the broker, rising disappointedly. "The market is full of bargains now, but there'll be better ones if everybody sits back and waits for the other fellow to go broke. Will you make an offer on it?"

"No," said Mr. Brown. "I'm going to sit tight."

"Five per cent a year, Peter?" said Mrs. Brown when the broker had dawdled off. "Is that all you will make if you pay the mortgage off? Then I wouldn't do it."

"Maybe you can tell me where I can get more."

"I certainly can," said Mrs. Brown vivaciously. "I can tell you where you can get 5 per cent a week. I guess that's more."

"Where, Mary?"

"From an alchemist down on Amsterdam Avenue."

"Hello. What's that?"

"It's a Doctor Celsus. He makes gold. Oh, of course. I knew you'd laugh at first, Peter, but there are lots of other things people laugh at when they first hear about them, and then they find out they're true. I've looked this up. Gold is one thing there's always a demand for, no matter how business is otherwise. This is a gold-standard country, and that means that the Government must buy all the gold you bring and pay you the full price, good times or bad."

"Mary," breathed Mr. Brown, subdued by astonishment, "have you been putting your money into some preposterous swindle?"

"A thousand dollars," said Mrs. Brown, her chin lifting. "I don't call it a swindle when Daisy Rogers and I went there and saw the gold being made with our own eyes. I was going to ask you about it, but you carried on so that time I bought Subterranean Oil that—Subterranean Oil never paid a dividend, please remember, and I've already had two from this Doctor Celsus. Fifty dollars a week!"

II

AND then Brown came down to the Criminal Courts Building and saw me. We had had already several anonymous complaints. He and I went up to Amsterdam Avenue to interview Doctor Celsus, going in the character of hard-headed investors who couldn't invest to advantage in such parlous times and would consider buying into a sound and worthwhile enterprise that was—above all—safe.

A burly Negro admitted us, after inspection—he seemed deaf and dumb—into a shabby little building whose windows had been sicklied o'er with paint, and went to get Celsus.

We were in a dingy but picturesquely furnished room about twelve feet square, poorly lighted, and heated—the month was February—by a coal fire in an open grate below a cracked and yellowed marble mantel. The furniture was old and battered, but by no means commonplace; I've been told since that the pieces were authentic antiques. A thin and silky Oriental rug was on the painted floor. Beside me a mummy case stood ajar and vacant, the tenant dispossessed from his narrow cell. On the walls hung paintings, darkened and crazed, in chipped frames of tarnished gilt. There were battered and rusting pieces of laboratory equipment with whose uses I was unfamiliar, but I was also unfamiliar with laboratories. And there were books—old books in pigskin as hard as metal, and in breaking calf and disintegrating sheep.

Celsus did not come at once, and we inspected our surroundings with sardonic amusement. The books won my attention; perhaps some of the titles—I jotted them down for whatever value they might have as evidence—are known to you, and perhaps the contents. There was a smartly dressed and new one called La Chimie au Moyen Âge, but most were reverently old. Passing over those in characters which, I believe, were Arabic—or Chinese, for all of me—there was one called Physica et Mystica, and another called Bibliotheca Chemica Curiosa; others were called Mappæ Clavicula, and De Artibus Romanorum, and Kitab-al-Fihrist. Perhaps these mean something to you; the Celsus affair developed in such a way that I had no occasion to bother more with the books.

"Mr. Curtin!" exclaimed Brown in a low and startled voice. He had found, lying there casually at his elbow, a roughly fashioned bar of metal—a sash weight, but of gleaming yellow.

"Gold?" I smiled, but with inevitable interest. Gold has its magic spell.

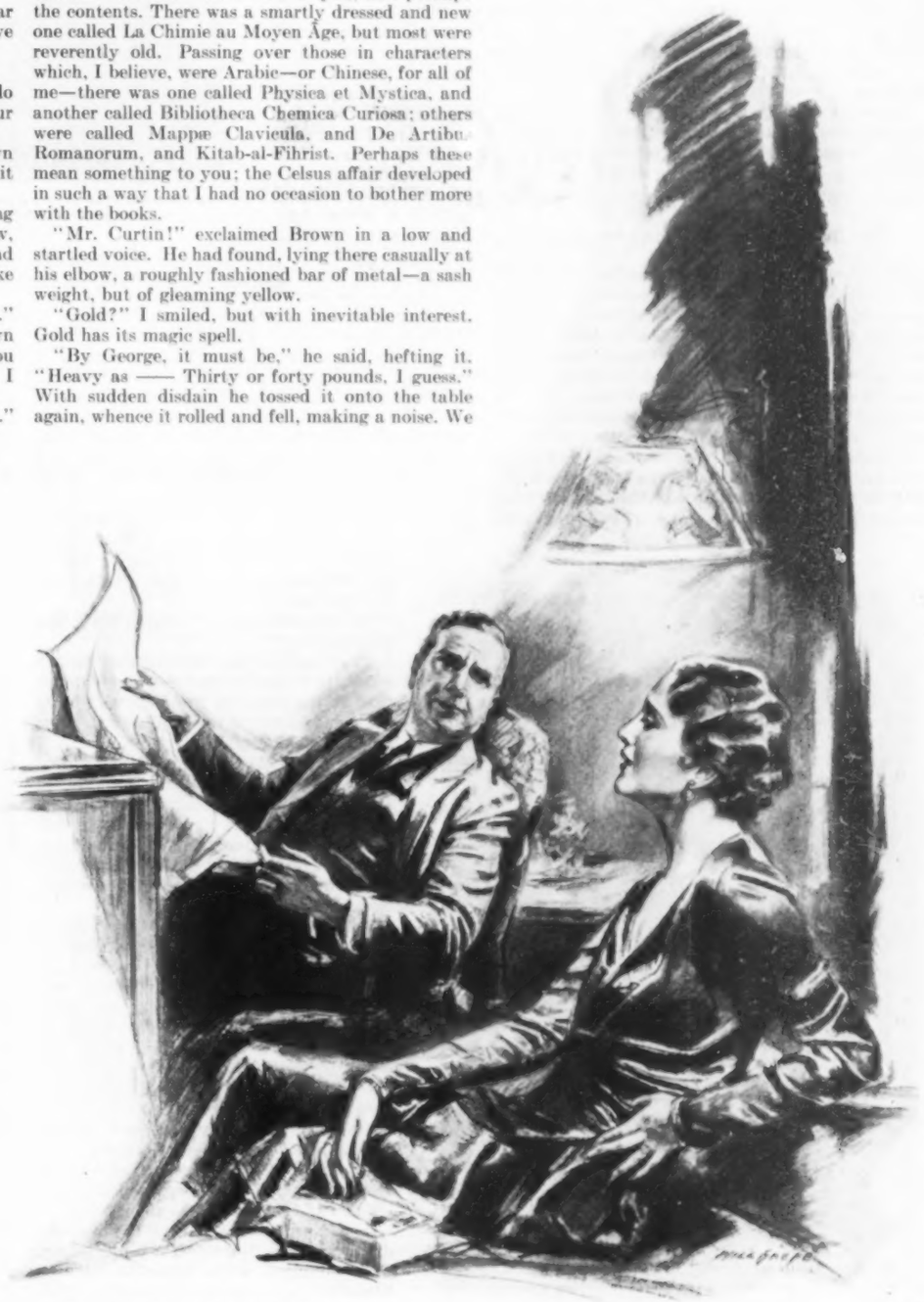
"By George, it must be," he said, hefting it. "Heavy as —— Thirty or forty pounds, I guess." With sudden disdain he tossed it onto the table again, whence it rolled and fell, making a noise. We stooped to lift it, hastily and tenderly, and straightened to see Doctor Celsus on the threshold:

You've seen Celsus, or his pictures; an odd fish, even in appearance. He was very plain, to use the feminine euphemism; he would never have done for a politician or confidence man, though his career crossed those strikingly dissimilar lines of endeavor, and as an indorser of a patent food or cosmetic, he would have sent nobody hurrying to the store.

He had evidently been in an accident once, perhaps when experimenting, and looked as if a quantity of some boiling substance had been discharged onto his head. It was bald and furrowed and discolored, and his eyes had been so affected that he had to force them open, wrinkling the big and square forehead to lift the lagging red lids. His tall and rangy body was clad in blue denim, like a railroad engineer's.

Yes, Celsus had been somebody somewhere; somewhere his star had had its setting before it rose again

(Continued on Page 82)



"What Bosh," Said Mr. Brown.
"I Don't Know What's Come Over You Women These Days. The Idea of Intelligent People ——"

The Secretary to the President

By EVERETT SANDERS

ONE morning the New York World printed an exclusive front-page story saying that I was to become Secretary to the President. This coming change had been kept secret from early December until the middle of January, 1925.

I had always thought that telephones were a great blessing, but by night I knew they could be a great nuisance sometimes. Telephone calls came from newspapermen, from cameramen, from friends. I had to hide out. I could not deny the story, for it was true; I could not confirm it unless and until it was announced at the White House. It was confirmed late that day, and I gave my first interview to George F. Authier, Washington correspondent for the World. I lived on K Street. George got the K as the middle initial of my name, and I haven't got rid of it yet.

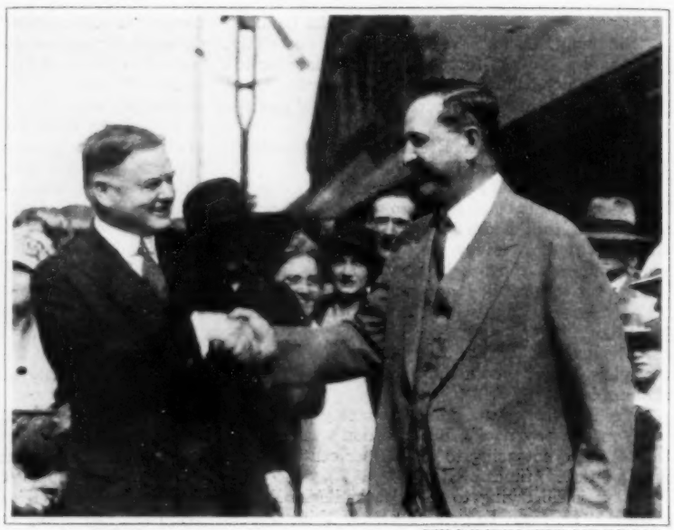
Next day Mrs. Sanders and I had five invitations for dinner; our pictures were in all the papers and we learned what it was to shine in reflected glory. As a member of Congress not trying to do society, our dinner engagements had numbered about two a week.

The Duties of the "Assistant President"

NEXT to the Vice President, the Secretary to the President is perhaps invited out most. And we went—big dinners, little dinners, state dinners, diplomatic dinners, receptions, dances, teas, benefit dances, charity balls, horse shows, coming-out parties for debutantes, weddings, wedding receptions, wedding breakfasts and pink teas. Most of them we enjoyed. Some of them we were too tired to enjoy.

President Coolidge had sent for me the day before Thanksgiving, 1924, and asked me to become Secretary to the President. He said C. Bascom Slemp intended to resign. I was taken entirely unawares. Serving my fourth term in Congress from Indiana, I had not sought reëlection and had arranged to return to the practice of law. The President talked to me about the duties of Secretary to the President, of its vast importance, and said the position should be called "assistant President."

We did not know each other very well. I had gone to Massachusetts and made two speeches for him when he was a candidate to succeed himself as governor. He probably had not even heard of that. We had met in a casual way when he was Vice President and I a member of Congress. I had been called by him to the White House with some other Republican leaders to discuss farm legislation.



PHOTO, BY GOVERNOR B. HOFFMAN, SUPERIOR TELEGRAM

The Author Welcoming Herbert Hoover, President-Elect of the United States, to the President's Summer Home on the Brule in Wisconsin

Although I was director of the Speakers' Bureau of the Republican National Committee in 1924, when he was elected, my contact with him during that campaign was slight. Just before I started for the Chicago headquarters, the President invited me to lunch. I expected a long conference, which would include instructions about the work of directing the speaking campaign. Mrs. Coolidge and their two sons were there. That was only a few days before Calvin, Jr.'s, fatal illness. Our Ambassador to Japan, the Honorable Cyrus E. Woods, was also present.

Time was slipping by, so I finally said: "Well, Mr. President, I am leaving tomorrow for Chicago to commence organizing the Speakers' Bureau."

To which he replied: "I think you'll find plenty to do."

That was the sum total of that conference. He evidently intended to devote his time to his duties as President and leave the management of the campaign to those selected for that task.

The President was right. I found plenty to do. Next to managing grand-opera stars, managing a number of prima-donna speakers is most trying. I had no further communication from the President during the entire campaign until the night of election, when he sent me a wire of appreciation for my help.

I did not want to remain longer in public life, but the President's offer pleased me very much and, after a few weeks, I accepted. He asked me to have a talk with Mr. Slemp as to the duties of the office. Bascom told me it was really not a hard job. It may not have been for him, but it was decidedly the hardest four years I ever had. The President said I could resign and come then, or wait for six weeks until the fifth of March, the end of my term in Congress. We decided I should finish my term.

I took Mr. Slemp's place at the Executive Offices during the mornings and attended sessions of Congress in the afternoons.

The Executive Offices are about one hundred yards directly west of the White House. The building is white and plain like the White House. My office adjoined the President's on the west, with the Cabinet room adjoining his on the east; the three offices forming the south part of the building. The public entered through reception rooms lying on the north.

It was the first time I had been on the buzzing end of a buzzer. I was on the pushing end of the buzzers for a staff of forty, but on the buzzing end of one in easy reach of the President of the United States. I was ill at ease. I tried to appear otherwise. I have no doubt the President wanted to help, but he had other things to do besides looking out for a new Secretary to the President.

Rudolph Forster saved my life. He is executive clerk at the White House. He knows everything, even how a letter should be worded from the President to some high and mighty foreign rulers congratulating them upon the birth of a princess. He knows whether a letter should be sent to the Navy Department for report or go directly to the President. He knows how to write a letter saying "No" in such gentle terms that the recipient is overjoyed and wants to write his thanks. He can discover an error in a message to Congress or a communication to the Senate almost by feeling the paper. The routine of official communications—a puzzle to a newcomer—to him is a simple matter. I had to sign the replies to the communications, but most of them passed over his desk.

President Coolidge was an exceptionally hard worker and did not let matters accumulate on his desk without attention. With such a great amount of work, this required constant diligence. Hundreds of times a day he signed his name; sometimes it was an important state paper requiring study, at other times it was an autograph on a photo or baseball or quilt block. The volume was great.

PHOTO, FROM HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

President Coolidge and His Attorney-General, John G. Sargent, at a Garden Party in the White House Grounds

On Guard Against Mistakes

IT WAS the business of his office to guard against mistakes. He had to move fast on matters which were frequently of great moment. For instance, a great many bills came to him during every session of Congress. If a bill were laid upon his desk and he signed it, that bill became the law of the land. If the department had recommended a veto, we attached a note in large red pencil: "Veto recommended." He rarely used the veto power without sending for the author of the bill and giving him a last argument.

The Cabinet member whose department was affected by legislation was usually asked by the committee of Congress to report on a proposed enactment. If the report were unfavorable, the bill frequently was not pressed, but sometimes the Congress would pass it anyway. Under such circumstances the head of the department usually recommended a veto.

However, President Coolidge used the veto power sparingly. If the department had urged its objections to the Congress, and the Congress had considered them and passed the law notwithstanding, he gave weight to the fact that it came to him as the deliberate action of the body having legislative power.

President and Mrs. Coolidge at Gettysburg on Decoration Day, 1925, Where He Delivered the Address

Everyone connected with the White House knows that he is not to make mistakes. I always protected my memory at the White House by making a note on a slip of paper on my desk of each of the hundreds of things I had to do each day. At night every slip had to be torn up and thrown into the wastebasket, showing the task was completed or passed into competent hands, so that it was not my next move. My desk was a clearing house for almost everything.

A New Baseball Precedent

HOWEVER, I never carried a notebook into the President's office. Sometimes the President would call me in and ask me to do something and then talk to me for ten or fifteen minutes about something else. That was always my trying hour. One busy day I went back to the President and said:

"Mr. President, you have told me to do something today which I have not done; I don't know what it is."

I do not know why I had that feeling of something missing. I felt like a person who had dressed to go to a party and left off his tie.

Mr. Coolidge thought for a minute and said: "Did you wire Mr. Wolfe [an Ohio publisher] that you hoped he would let you know when he was coming to Washington; that I wanted him to stay at the White House?"

That was the thing I had forgotten.

Of course, there were mistakes, but not many routine mistakes. However, I made a mistake out of this category which kept me awake all night. Mrs. Sanders and I went with the President and Mrs. Coolidge to a big baseball game in Washington. At the beginning of the first half of the seventh inning, I said:

"Well, I guess we will all have to stand up."

The President took my cue and rose. Everybody in his party got up. There were several murmurs: "This is the first half," but a large part of the crowd stood a moment and then sat down when the President took his seat. At the beginning of the second half of the seventh, without a signal, everybody got up, including the President.

I at once realized that I had led the President into a mistake before twenty-five or thirty thousand people who were there witnessing America's favorite sport. It was my business to know that this leg stretching was not before the first half.

You cannot undo mistakes you make for the President of the United States. He never mentioned it to me. No doubt he felt sorry for me. I got great consolation, however, when the papers next day said the President had established a new precedent at baseball games when he stood up in the first half of the seventh as a special courtesy to the visiting team when they went to bat.

I forgot to tell an artist that he was to come to White Court at Swampscott at nine one morning, and when the President inquired about it by phone, I could not remember for a moment that I had been asked to make the appointment. During my confusion the President assured me that it didn't matter at all—that he really did not desire to sit that morning.

Practically all the responsibilities of the President are shared in some degree by the secretary. I imagine the greatest worry which confronts any President is his relationship to Congress. It may be that every President would not admit this, perhaps he wouldn't even realize it, but I think it is true.

Frequently, as in the latter part of the Wilson Administration, the House or Senate may be in control of a party differing from the President. The country generally holds a President of the United States responsible for the success of the Government and for the prosperity of the people, particularly when his party is in control, or is supposed to be in control.

Joe Cook once said about a girl singer in one of his shows: "She can sing loud, but not so good." A President cannot say that about a radical or recalcitrant senator who helps to make up the party majority in the Congress, but votes anti-Administration. If there is a majority, the President is held responsible.

Whether there is a Republican or a Democratic Administration in power, the President is looked upon as the embodiment of the Administration. If the Congress turns out poor legislation, it is not the fault of Congress! It is lack of leadership!

"The President really tries hard. He is an honest man. I like him. It is just too bad he is not a leader." Thus the public tongue wags, regardless of who is President. Why that public psychology, no one knows.

The President's constitutional function with the Congress is to send messages urging legislation he would like to have passed and to veto bills which he thinks should not have been passed. However, under our two-party system, there have developed the terms "Republican Administration" and "Democratic Administration," and the responsible leader of that particular Administration is supposed to be the President of the United States. To carry out the responsibility of this leadership he does not content himself with his messages to the Congress and his use of the veto power, but undertakes to bring about an effective co-operation which will lead to the adoption of his policies and prevent the passage of legislation which would meet his veto. I am speaking of the Congress generally now and not of any relation between the President and the Senate.

The House originates all appropriation bills—sometimes under its claim that it is its constitutional right—but I have never been satisfied on this point. Also, by the express terms of the Constitution, it must originate all revenue matters—that is, tariff laws and tax laws. The two powerful committees in the House which have charge of this legislation are the Committee on Appropriations and the Committee on Ways and Means.

This is supposed to give the House of Representatives, which comes fresh from the people every two years, the control of the purse strings. The struggle is not limited to pulling the strings to keep it closed, but includes pulling at the puckering part to get the purse open; and the struggle commences at the beginning of every session of Congress and continues every day while Congress is in session.

The House usually has a very able chairman of the Appropriations Committee. It is the only chairmanship that does not always go by the rule of seniority. Every one of the chairmen whom I have known personally has become a watchdog of the Treasury. A congressman may have been fairly free to advocate the spending of Government money, but when he becomes chairman of the Appropriations Committee he usually rises to his responsibility and watches out carefully for Government expenditures. Practically all the actual appropriating power is in the hands of the Appropriations Committee.

However, many other committees with power to authorize but not make appropriations have tremendous responsibilities in passing on legislation which will later almost compel the Appropriations Committee to act.

Giving New Life to an Old Virtue

PRESIDENT Coolidge got on with Congress exceptionally well. His keynote was economy from the time he took the oath of office until he watched President Hoover sworn in on the fourth day of March, 1929. His accomplishments during his term of service were manifold, but the fruits of his financial policies were undoubtedly the most outstanding. To the public generally the appeal for economy was heard only in speeches—a very great many of them—in messages to Congress and in vetoes of bills which involved what he considered useless or extravagant expenditures of money.

An even greater contribution to the fight for economy was the innumerable conferences which he held

(Continued on Page 33)

PHOTOS, FROM HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

President Coolidge and Everett Sanders Leaving the Capitol After the Adjournment of Congress, May 29, 1928

The Greek Amphora

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"I'll Bet You the Complete Works of Professor Einstein Against a Small Donkey and Cart Complete That You are Married Within Six Months"

THE car ferry rolled sickeningly as great swells crowded themselves through the straits which separated Sicily from the mainland of Italy, and Caroline Luce clutched at the arm of Prof. Erasmus Orson Fox. The professor did not like the rolling himself, but he neglected to mention it; he did enjoy the clutch, which he neglected also to mention.

"Car ferries," he said didactically, "cross this bit of water many times daily. Obviously, there is no danger."

"I'm not worrying about danger," Caroline said snappishly. "I'm apprehensive of being inelegant. I forget what the books on etiquette say to do when you are seasick."

"You are not seasick," the professor said. "The idea is absurd."

"I'm not, eh? For two pins I'd show you how seasick I am. I'd fix it so you could write a thesis on seasickness from personal observation."

"Phœnician ships plied these waters," said the professor with his handsomest classroom manner. "Galleys of ancient Greece and of Carthage; triremes of Rome, and the swift craft of the Saracens! Dragon ships of the Northmen ——"

"And car ferries! Don't omit ferries bearing argosies of *mal de mer*. . . . What's that awful odor?"

The professor lifted his fine young nose to sniff the air that wafted to them from the approaching island. "Lemons," he said; "the lemon-laden air of Sicily."

"Awk!" said Miss Caroline.

"We are almost there, darling," said Mrs. Luce.

"I've a feeling it won't be soon enough," said her daughter. "Who thought up Sicily anyhow? What a train ride—and now this! I repeat—awk!"

"The most romantic, the most storied spot on earth," said the professor with what he used for enthusiasm. "The granary of the Mediterranean! Fought for and possessed by every conquering nation of antiquity. Presently we shall see the mountain under which Pluto imprisoned Proserpine."

"I hope he held it steady," said Caroline.

"We are practically there now, dear," said her mother.

"Practically isn't good enough."

"We shall see the temples of Girgenti and the theater of Syracuse; we shall walk where Pythagoras walked; and on the mainland the site of ancient Sybaris, from which we derive the word 'sybarite'——"

"There are times," said Caroline, "when I tolerate you; there are times when I dislike you and there are times when I positively hate you. Just mention Archimedes once and see what happens to you."

"Caroline!" expostulated Mrs. Luce.

The ferry ran into the smooth waters near the shore and presently bumped into its slip. Caroline sighed. Considerable confusion and pronounced jerkings got the train upon the land and it moved through rebuilt Messina along the shore toward the south—toward Taormina and Catania and Syracuse. Caroline showed a face less doleful.

"You guaranteed Sicily would be beautiful," she said. "Trot out some beauty."

"I admit the view of Messina was disappointing," he said lugubriously; "due, probably, to seismic disturbances and the rebuilding operations of relief committees."

"Relief committees run to kindness of heart," said Caroline, "but they give æsthetics a wide miss. Virtue and loveliness so seldom go hand in hand. What's this?"

"Taormina," said Mr. Luce briskly. "All ashore that's going ashore."

They stepped out upon the shabby platform of the little station and Caroline wrinkled her nose. "What," she demanded, "is the heavenly odor?"

"Lemons," said the professor.

"The same ones?" Caroline asked with interest.

"Indubitably."

"Never. Not ever. They've opened a fresh dozen. Pick out a bandit, dad, and let's go."

"The Timeo," directed Mr. Luce, and presently they were whirling up a road so steep and winding as to take away the breath—up and up and up until the turquoise sea lay far beneath them and the marvel of Etna's cone lifted far to the south. Sharp turns, villas protected by winding walls, lemon trees, gardens of rare beauty, and over everything an air of antiquity and of romance bathed in that luscious, pungent atmosphere to be found nowhere else upon our whirling planet.

Through a narrow archway they swung, past tiny shops displaying laces made by the busy hands of nuns and the children who were their charges, into a tangle of donkeys and ornate carts and chickens and pedestrians that crowded the Corso, and then sharply to the right and up the cobbled incline to the hospitable entrance garden of the Hotel Timeo, where the broad shoulders and great girth and splendid, rugged head of Andrea Zambo welcomed them in and took charge of their destinies.

Andrea Zambo is to all other concierges what Napoleon Bonaparte was to all other generals, Praxiteles to other sculptors, and green turtle is to all other soups. He is the Hotel Timeo. He is Sicily. And after he has taken charge of your life for a week or two weeks, you never can be the same again.

He showed them to their rooms, whose windows opened out upon the downward slope of the gardens, and indicated in a subtle but convincing way that Providence

When This Apparition Passed He Shook

had turned over to him all powers, privileges and abilities for that locality; so, if miracles were desired, one had but to give the word.

The party reassembled presently upon the terrace, where they sat awaiting luncheon. Other guests—English, German, American—strolled in from tramping the hills or visiting the shops, and Caroline looked them over with the intolerant eye of youth.

"What a collection!" she said, with lifted nose.

"Of which," her father said quizzically, "we are doubtless the gem."

"The finest Greek amphora in the world," said Erasmus Orson, "is in the museum at Syracuse. Also I am told that the papyrus of the ancient Egyptians grows wild there. Ah—the language of Sicily is ——"

"—— much less tiresome than the language of the classroom," Caroline finished for him.

After luncheon they walked down the incline past the Casino to the Corso, where, presently, Mr. Luce spied an antique shop operated by an Englishman, which he entered and introduced himself.

"Quite," said Mr. Nevil-Jones. "Quite. The art world is familiar with the name of Mr. Biddiford Luce. But I am afraid you come to me in vain. Fine pieces—yes. For the home, for the individual collector. But great *objets d'art*—no. I fear tourists come to me to buy souvenirs rather than art."

"I understand," said Mr. Luce. "I am in Sicily purely for pleasure. Of course, if some fine piece came along, I might be interested—but I am not searching."

Nevil-Jones smiled. "We have rumors only of fine pieces," he said. "But there is not a ready sale for rumors."

"Rumors? Meaning just what?"

"Oh, from time to time there come in stories of discoveries back in the hills, accidental finds in ruins left by our predecessors. When I was younger I used to investigate. Now I am less adventurous. The present rumor, which came to my ears only this morning, has to do with the finding of a Greek amphora over Randazzo way. A wonderful piece and a rival of the gem of the Syracuse collection."

As they emerged they met Andrea Zambo upon some errand, and he took possession of them. "You like crumpet? I b'lieve yes. So. When it is teatime you climb up those stair. For fine crumpet. It is an English food." He puckered up his broad face; then he frowned and his eyes narrowed as he watched the approach of a dapper youth with the long and extraordinarily bushy hair affected by young men of a certain fashion. When this apparition passed he shook his solid shoulders. "You see, eh? You look at heem? He is not good. Oh, no. He is ver' bad. From Palermo, him." He lowered his voice. "That man is *ricottaro*. Brigand of the city. I wish he do not come to Taormina. For no good he comes."

"Maffiuso?" asked Erasmus Orson.

Andrea became noncommittal at once. One did not speak of the Maffia to strangers. "Who knows?" he responded. Then, as Erasmus Orson seemed about to press his question, he excused himself abruptly.

"Undoubtedly," the professor said, "a member of the dregs of that society called the Maffia—itself in no sense a criminal organization." He settled back for a lecture upon the subject and launched forth upon a description of its origin under the Bourbons as an instrument for obtaining that justice between man and man which the corrupt courts refused. But Caroline halted him in full flight.

"I want to pet a donkey," she said firmly.

They walked the narrow, winding streets, drawing in with every breath the indolent charm of the place, listening to beggars playing upon shepherds' pipes, buying tiny red-clay statuettes for a few *soldi*, peeping over walls into gardens which were a blaze of richest blossoms. Then to the Englishwoman's for tea and crumpets, and a siesta at the hotel, sorely required by feet wearied by much climbing.

Taormina may be seen in a day; after a month one begins to appreciate it; after years of visits one commences to understand it. So the Luces and Professor Fox loitered and lazed and made acquaintances with men and donkeys and doorways and hillsides, and with the moon rising over Etna while the barbers' orchestra played in the ruins of the Greek theater. They were vastly pleasant days, and Caroline utilized them this way and that way to further the education of Prof. Erasmus Orson Fox.

But then, in the apt language of Miss Caroline, the family came down with father trouble.

Mr. Luce had been remarkably tractable; he had not arched his back and braced his legs stubbornly, nor had he gone shooting off on eccentric tangents; but now he developed what his daughter called a passion for donkeys. It might have been that, but whatever it was, it demanded frequent and unexplained absences—it meant lateness to tea; it meant flusterings and flurryings on the part of Mrs. Luce, who regarded any slight aberration from the normal as cataclysmic. In short, it made life uncertain.

"If," said Caroline, "he was somebody besides Mr. Biddiford Luce, well and favorably known to me, I would suspect a lady and a lattice. But not dad. It's an idea! When he gets an idea, it works this way on him."

"Indeed," said Erasmus Orson.

"I can spot love, even in the aged," said Caroline.

"How?" asked the professor.

"Instinct. It's a gift. For instance, you are in love."

"Nonsense."

"That's my story," said Caroline, "and I stick to it. Can you support a wife?"

"I could, but I have no intention of doing so."

"If you can afford a wife you can afford a bet. I'll bet you the complete works of Professor Einstein against a small donkey and cart complete that you are married within six months."

"Absurd."

"Is it a bet?"

"I accept the wager," said the professor.

It was the next morning that Mr. Luce disappeared. Andrea Zambo noted his early appearance and saw him walk down the cobbles toward the Corso. At noon he had not reappeared; he did not return for tea, and his chair at dinner was vacant. It was not until bedtime came that any serious apprehension was felt by any but Mrs. Luce. But as eleven o'clock came, Caroline drew Erasmus Orson out upon the terrace.

"Something," she said, "has gone cockeyed. Dad has his loony moments, but he wouldn't scare mother to death. He'd get word to her if he was detained some place. There's a monkey wrench in the machinery."

"I admit," said Erasmus, "to being seriously concerned."

"But I hate to raise an unnecessary fuss."

(Continued on Page 72)

His Solid Shoulders. "You See, Eh? You Look at Heem? He is Not Good. Oh, No. He is Ver' Bad. From Palermo, Him"

THE HOUSE OF DARKNESS

VI

By C. E. Scoggins

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

AT FIVE A.M. the beach was still in darkness, a warm, starless gloom in which the idling drone of the amphibian's twin engines was absorbed and muffled: Lois Maring, hearing it from a distance, hardly was conscious of it as a noise. She was surprised at the deafness that descended on her as they approached. A stubby man in oil-stained dungarees rose in the light of the cabin windows, shouting, "Say, don't it never get day here?" She knew he shouted, but his voice came faintly. She had never been so close to an airplane with its engine running. She was surprised to find how weak her knees felt, how the brute power of a machine could make her feel insignificant.

A few dim Indians stood about, stolid, incurious. The sea was a void of darkness. Only a few weak sparks of light showed in the stilted houses. A man's voice, drawling in Oxford English at her ear, startled her; he was so sharply clad in white that he seemed an apparition. This was a representative of officialdom, come to wish them luck. She answered nervously. She wasn't afraid exactly, but that drone of power in the dark was somehow soulless, insensate, ominous.

Then Captain Davison came down the beach, trim, brisk, assured and cheerful. She reacted instantly. This was the monster's master; he was as sure of it as she was sure of her small, noisy roadster. Even his voice was more clearly audible than other voices.

He patted her arm approvingly and said, "Good girl! I see you're not one of those Desperate Desdemonas who leap into breeches at the slightest excuse. I like to see women wear female clothes."

She patted her trim pongee skirt and laughed. "You'll be undeceived if we manage to land out there. I've got breeches under these; I've just lived too long among Latin Grundys to have the nerve to blossom till I get out of sight. No excuse, Your Honor."

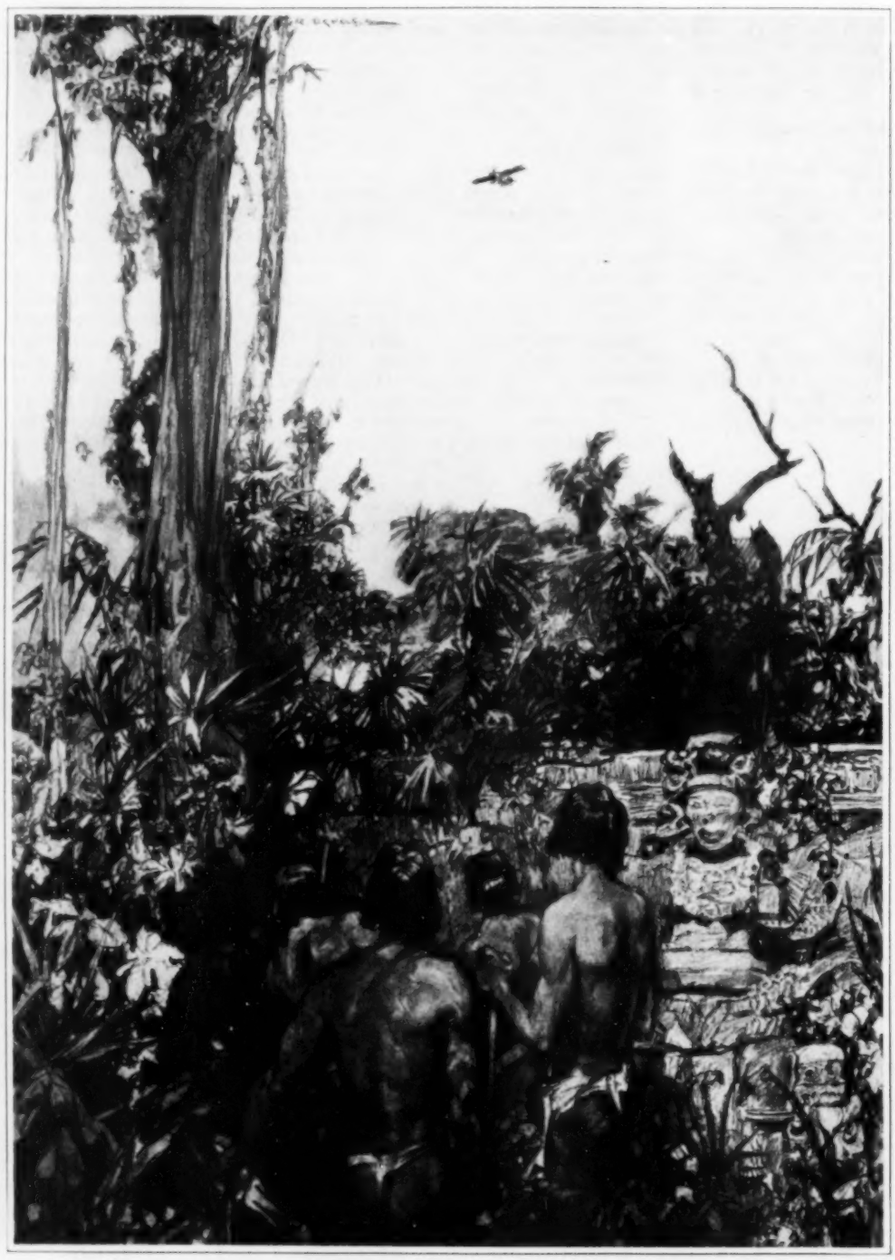
"I bet," said the gallant captain, "you don't need any excuse. . . . Want a job as relief pilot?"

He stowed her in the front seat beside his own, tucking her coat about her shoulders, saying, "You'll want that in a minute. It'll be cold up there." Through the tilted windows she could see between the propellers into the swiftly graying sky. Up there! She visioned a swift soaring into space, an airy sense of flight, secure, controlled by this assured, efficient man. She smiled at him. It was to be a picnic after all.

He returned the smile, seating her father behind her, gesturing the mechanic to the seat behind his own; then, curtly, he gave Kane permission to choose either of the two rearward seats. The big man carried a deflated knapsack, a light shotgun and a huge leather-sheathed machete.

Captain Davison said pointedly, "You just must have your hunting, eh?"

"The total weight," said Kane, "is twenty-nine and one-half pounds."



That Brief Dip Over Tikal Had Given Him a Vivid Sense of Their Position, Terrible Weeks by Land From Any Human Place

This was a half pound under the limit the pilot had specified; nevertheless, the captain was annoyed. It was Kane's manner that annoyed him—blank, expressionless, impassive. The man had never flown, but he was not excited, showed no deference to the master of the flight. His size made him an awkward passenger in that constricted space, but he was not apologetic.

Davison took the knapsack, hefted it, demanding, "What have you got in here?"

"Salt. Cartridges."

"Oh," said the captain, "you put salt on their tails before you shoot 'em?"

"No," said Kane. "Before you eat 'em. If anything happens, captain, you'll be glad of a little salt."

"If anything happens," snapped the flying man, "you won't need salt. The buzzards can eat you without it."

But Lois Maring couldn't hear. She saw Kane cramp himself into his rearward seat, his khaki shoulders huge, his heavy-booted feet tucked under him, a battered hat pulled over his bearded face. The pilot climbed the tilted floor. She smiled at him, and he returned the smile. The cabin lights snapped off; only the glow of complex instruments remained, warm, comforting. The sea was black and silver now. The drone of engines deepened, and the monster trundled down and lurched into the glassy water.

Then, suddenly, the girl was deafened, thunder hammering her eardrums. The mechanic grinned and touched her arm and gave her a bit of cotton, showing in pantomime how she was to stuff it in her ears. Twin sheets of glassy water rose and slowly fell away, but there was no feel of flying. The thunder of the machine was too immense, too powerful; she could still feel the mass and weight of it. The flat sea tilted, and Belize wheeled under, small and far down and meaningless. There was no feel of flying; only a sense of dull, terrific power.

Davison touched her arm, smiled reassuringly. She heard nothing, but she saw his firm lips move.

"Scared?"

"No," she said, and her tight nerves relaxed, feeling the man's mastery.

The sun was up, blazing above the sea with tropic suddenness, blazing between the horizontal wings; its rays were hot on her right cheek, but she was cold. The captain had spoken truly. She snuggled into her

coat, watching the tortuous green coast slip off diagonally below. Their course was north and west. Belize was gone. A river, first a black, ragged fissure in the green, then a thin thread of silver, made Sylvester Maring clutch his daughter's arm and point excitedly. There was a tiny break, a cluster of gray mushrooms in the forest. He yelled in her muffled ear, "Kalehab!"

She nodded, curiously unimpressed. That was an Indian village they had visited, eleven days from the coast by slow canoe. What of it? Distance was nothing to this hard, trim man beside her, riding this thundering machine, his narrowed eyes bright with the look of eagles.

There was no sense of speed; only the sense of mastery. How easily he did it! His trim, polished feet were easy on the controls; his hand was easy on the stick between his knees. He saw her watching him, and grinned and gestured for her to try it. She reached gingerly across his knee and touched it. The horizon dropped, reeled and vanished, making her heart leap, but he laid his own hand lightly over hers and leveled the plane again.

Then, slowly, with a tiny motion, he began to show her the effect. Down, up; down, up; then a slow, easy rocking, right and left. Then he withdrew his hand and let the horizon wabble. He wasn't afraid; he nodded and smiled encouragement, his feet on the rudder pedals helping her, letting the plane swerve instead of slipping. He even pretended to be busy with the chart. Presently she found courage to experiment a little. Down, up; down, up; up, up, up!

And suddenly she had it—the thrill, the lift, the feel of flying. She touched his hand, her dark eyes shining now, and signaled him to take the stick again. This flood of power was no plaything. She had felt it. This man was its master.

Turning, she saw Kane watching her with disapproval, with alarm; she laughed and made a face at him. She saw her father terrified; she patted his cheek indulgently. She looked at the mechanic, but he was asleep.

VII

FIVE topless towers rose out of the jungle, white at first with the low sunlight on them; Maring made pleading gestures to the pilot, and the plane dropped toward them, and green pyramids rose under them, lifting them from a green depression. These were no undiscovered ruins. Trees had been cut here—growing again now, but not very old. This was Tikal, the Place of Voices, where—so the chicle hunters said—long gray processions marched through the trees at night, marched through the solid tree trunks, climbed those vast pyramids, lifted their arms to those crumbling temples, chanting, praying to gods forgotten fifteen centuries ago.

White men had never heard those ghostly voices. White men had been here, but not often—wasting their parties' strength in the long struggle to arrive, able to work only a few fevered days before the long struggle to escape. There was no water.

There was no landing place. The pyramids bulked huge, lifting those massive towers to a blind, forgetting sky; the forest rose invincible, grim, able to rip the flimsy wings from this impertinent machine. It had to fly away, followed by mocking echoes of its baffled thunder, letting the silence close again.

Sylvester Maring was afraid. Tikal should not have been there! He crawled forward, touched the straight line that Kane had penciled on the chart, cried in the pilot's ear, "Captain! Are you sure we're on this course?"

Davison moved his head distastefully. He didn't like to be yelled at; the roar didn't deafen him. He answered curtly, "Quite. Of course I'm not responsible for its correctness."

Tikal should not have been there! Had Sir Roger Hammond been mistaken, or was Davison confused?

Sylvester Maring looked appealingly at Kane. But the big man shrugged his shoulders helplessly and showed the compass on his knees. The needle pointed straight at the morning sun! The older man cried out and took the compass in his hands, and the needle wabbled crazily. He scrambled forward, wailing, "Captain! Captain! Does your compass act like this?"

Davison grinned, explaining, pointing to his gyroscopic instrument—nonmagnetic, undisturbed by its nearness to the engines.

Sylvester Maring tried to be reassured. But that brief dip over Tikal had given him a vivid sense of their position, terrible weeks by land from any human place. That was no mossy plain down there. That was the forest, the same savage forest he had fought for twenty years, that had swallowed cities, swallowed centuries, swallowed uncounted millions of small human lives. Leaving no trace! The lonely towers sank and vanished, and the jungle closed, unbroken, featureless, like a vast mossy plain from sky to sky.

No hill, no lake, no river, nothing to mark progress by. There was no sense of motion now. Time was suspended, mocking this man-made gnat that buzzed and buzzed—no longer thundering; its power lost in space, its fragile life dependent on a dwindling store of gasoline.

Christopher Kane sat with his eyes closed and his beard sunk on his chest; he seemed asleep. But suddenly his deep voice roared, "We're too far south! Turn north, please, Davison!"

(Continued on Page 39)

"I Shall Count Five Before I Fire," Said Davison. "One!"

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 20, 1930

Crimes Against Banks

RECENT deplorable increase in the number of crimes of violence against banks, especially of daylight holdups, indicates the seriousness of the whole crime problem. The members of the American Bankers Association suffered no less than 214 daylight robberies in the twelve months ended August thirty-first last, and the number of more or less successful attacks against all banks reached the alarming total of 442, or three robberies in every two business days. In addition, eighty-two attempts were frustrated.

The worst feature of the situation is that the causes underlying this carnival of crime are no different than in other recent years. In other words, the causes are known and suppression is largely possible. Reports of the protective department of the American Bankers Association make eloquent reading on this point.

In the first place, banking has undergone a rapid expansion in the past decade or two, with a great increase in the facilities of accommodation. Far larger numbers of people than formerly cash checks in banks, and the cash must be concentrated there for that purpose. This money is the strongest magnet there is to crookdom. It is true that burglary has decreased greatly. Safe cracking has become unprofitable; in other words, science and invention have caught up with the burglar. Foiling the daylight bandit may be more difficult, because he has the advantage of a surprise threat, which instantly places his victims' lives in the balance and thus creates confusion. But there is authority for saying that protective devices which give bankers more nearly an even chance are now becoming available.

But it is obvious to anyone that physical protection, important though it be, is only one part of the story. There is the weakness of outside forces, such as disconnected, undermanned or inefficient police systems, and the antiquated methods of administering justice. Specifically, it is essential that statewide police forces be established in every state. Last year there were twenty bank holdups in seven Eastern States with statewide police protection as compared with 164 similar attacks upon banks in only five Central and Far Western States which lack the advantages of speedy coördinated action of statewide police. State bureaus of criminal identification and investigation are also of great help. The prevention and suppression of crime can no longer be left to village constables.

Finally, all those who study this problem insist upon the danger of excessive reliance upon indemnity of financial loss through insurance. Victims of these crimes are sometimes inclined to lose interest not only in adequate preventive devices but in tireless and relentless prosecution, provided only there is reimbursal through insurance.

One of the officials of the bankers' association, in discussing the bank crime situation, says that the well-known spirit and principles of business organization "could be applied to no better purpose than the suppression of crime. It is a big job, that requires nothing less than the combined forces of business and civic organizations." Quite true. If business and civic organizations haven't the sense to do this job, they have lost the first instinct of human kind—self-preservation.

Washington and Its Approaches

THE physical aspect of Washington, the nation's capital, is characterized by charm, grace and sheer magnificence. Commission after commission has sought with an ever-mounting degree of success to beautify the city. George Washington conceived it originally and a talented French engineer officer made the first plans on a noble scale. One President after another has given a really unstinted enthusiasm to the project and Congress has been anything but niggardly in appropriating funds for vast and ornamental public buildings. In recent years two able men, Senator Smoot and Secretary Mellon, have been especially interested in forwarding the mighty building program. Meanwhile the pattern of parks, monuments, boulevards, highways and bridges has taken an ever-finer shape.

It is a commonplace to say that the automobile has transformed modern life. Is it ten or fifteen million people who go touring every summer? The exact number does not matter; we all know that the country is covered with motor travelers, not only in summer but throughout the year. The capital gets its share of them, make no mistake about that, and justly so. They go there by individuals and in groups, in delegations and in swarms. There are school children, college students and conventions of adults of every conceivable description, in addition to plain citizens who have no badges on them, but who are out to see the sights. They go to see the White House, Congress in session, the Supreme Court, the Washington Monument, the Lincoln Memorial, Mount Vernon and a hundred other points of interest.

Multitudes of these go by train, but other and increasing throngs reach the capital by the highways. No one will pretend that railroad entrances to most of our large cities are things of beauty. But there is some excuse for these dull, sordid approaches. In the first place, they represent mostly a very old development: when life was on a simpler scale and there was not the recognized necessity of preventing ugliness that now exists. In the second place, the railroads must touch heavy industries, and besides, they have their own necessary accompaniment of freight depots, roundhouses, warehouses, and the like.

There is no such excuse for the character of so many of the main automobile entrances to our cities. If the main approach to Washington from the north be taken as an example, it is a wonder that tourists do not turn about and return to their homes. In the first place, there exists for many, many miles a perfect chaos of billboards. These include not only what are technically known as poster boards, which are usually the larger and more regular forms of outdoor advertising, but also an endless and utterly bewildering array of snipe, or smaller, signs. The defacement of the route is so complete, the signs are so overdone, they are so numerous, that it is impossible to see how the advertising can have any effect. Moreover, what space is not covered by signs is given over to hot-dog stands, service stations and other outfits which, generally speaking, add to the prevailing feeling of gloom.

In one large state which does not adjoin the District of Columbia more than thirty-two thousand signs, many of them wholly illegal, were removed in a few weeks' time in July of this year. In this particular state the Outdoor Advertising Association, as well as the state highway department, has been instrumental in removing illegal signs.

What a travesty that one cannot reach the nation's capital by main highway from the most thickly settled part of the country without passing through so much which is ugly!

It is true that officials of the District of Columbia have no jurisdiction outside the borders of the District.. But are there no arguments, no forms of persuasion which Federal commissions and dignitaries can bring to bear which will make neighboring states less lax?

Washington is like a magnificently dressed queen with dirty finger nails and down-at-the-heels, muddy shoes. It will never, it can never be a beautiful city until it is entered by ways that are at least dignified and decently free from actual defacement.

Too Much Talk

THE curt remark, heard more than once in the past year or so, that the world is suffering from too much talk covers a wide range of subjects. But we wish at the moment to make but one application. The way to bring about peace in the world is not loosely to prophesy war. The idea that war is about to break out in Europe, in the Near East, or in some other locality has been much repeated of late. Perhaps not every but certainly many a traveler returning from a trip abroad and faced with the necessity, or pleasure, of delivering a speech, has looked very solemn and set about startling his audience by making this dread prediction.

A famous English novelist says, "Some sort of accident may happen next year or the year after. It is as near as that." Quite right. Accidents do happen. But if peace is a desirable goal, what is the point in harping on the possibility of war? The constructive method, it seems to us, is to harp on the possibility of peace and the ways of attaining it. What should be emphasized are the progressive means to establish peace, such as the use of the conference idea before instead of after conflicts. People should know what has been accomplished for peace and what more can be accomplished. To emphasize the causes of friction serves no purpose.

We advocate no ostrich-head-in-the-sand attitude. Revolutions in South America, discontent or worse in India, constant turmoil in China and the perennial threat of a Red Russia—all these make the ideal of anything approaching total disarmament on the part of the great Western powers a rather grim joke. Nor is there the slightest likelihood of such a consummation in the near future, even in the case of such peace-loving countries as Great Britain and the United States. But the very fact that these two great nations are so eager to witness a peaceful world shows that progress in that direction can be made. It is the duty, it is the inescapable task of civilization to push on toward the goal of understanding and justice rather than to whimper affrightedly that war is coming.

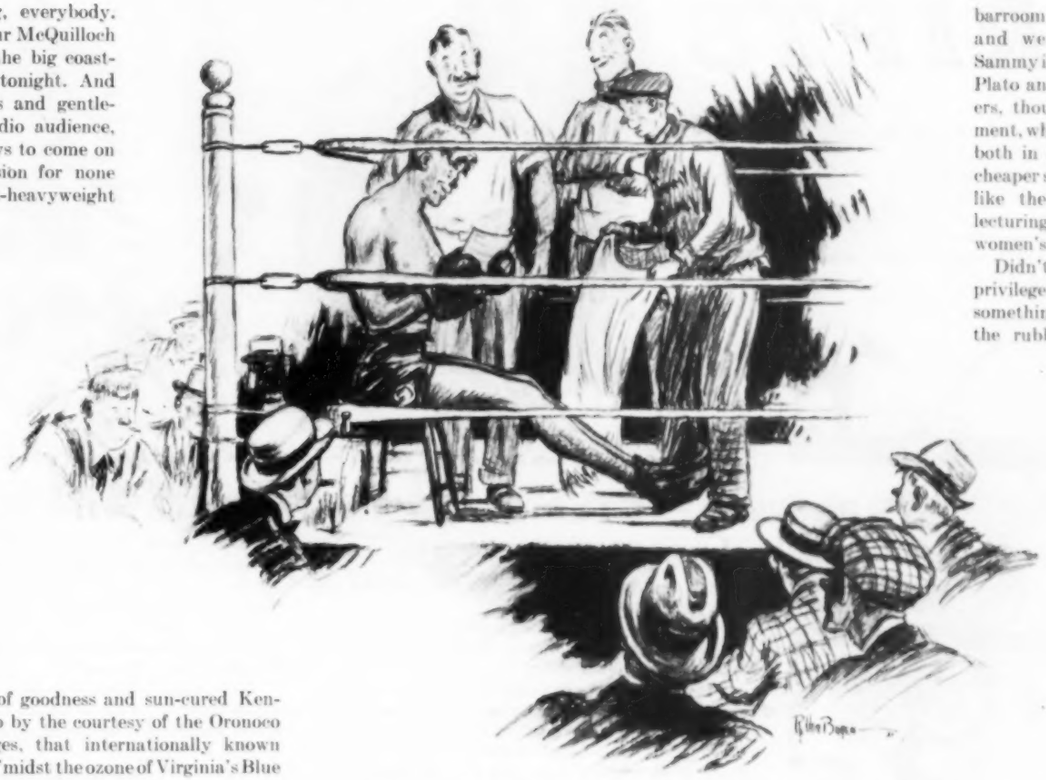
RAINBOWS

By JOHN P. MARQUAND

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

GOOD evening, everybody. This is Arthur McQuilloch speaking in the big coast-to-coast hook-up tonight. And here we are, ladies and gentlemen of the big radio audience, waiting for the boys to come on to settle the decision for none other than the light-heavyweight championship of the world.

It is a fine night here at Sweeney's Thirty Acres, and whilst we wait, let me try just to paint a little picture of the scene, remembering all the while that the report of this spectacle is being conveyed to you through the ether tonight by the courtesy of the makers of Mellow Sweet Cigars, chock full of goodness and sun-cured Kentucky leaf, and also by the courtesy of the Oronoco House and Cottages, that internationally known resort hotel nestled 'midst the ozone of Virginia's Blue Ridge Mountains.



"Now Sammy's Sitting Up Like He's Had a Shot in the Arm, and Just Gazing at That Scrap of Paper . . . Just Gazing"

It certainly looks like a big night tonight. That's the way it looks to me out here at Sweeney's Thirty Acres. The darkness is like velvet, and in about two minutes Sammy Small, the handsome and much-talked-of champion, who tipped the scales this afternoon at 172, will meet in fifteen rounds the challenger, Johnny Jones, the rocky-jawed baker's boy, who is tougher than the buns he used to heave and who did 173 on those same scales.

Now, I want to say right here and now, there isn't any love lost between these contestants tonight. Somehow—maybe you know why—the boys have got it in for Sammy Small, the dapper Apollo who heads his class. For instance, just before leaving his training quarters this morning, Johnny Jones made the following announcement:

"I may not be good at this book thing," Johnny Jones is reported to have said, "and maybe I don't fox-trot in the foyer, but I simply ask to be let in with this alleged Big Panic. He's kept me waiting two years, and it won't be long now."

"And Here's a Seat Waiting for Her So She Can See Her Dream Man Fight. . . . That's Romance, Friends"

And now it seems there's a touch of romance in this fight tonight, the same genuine romance that you can sense in the smoke of Mellow Sweet Cigars, made from those rich sun-cured leaves that you know all about. It happens to be my privilege to be able to let you in for something. They say—Dame Rumor hath it—that with the last blow tonight, wedding bells are going to ring for Sammy Small; and that Sammy is going to wed none other than a little lady who is the daughter of a large magnate whose name I will not mention.

Right at the ringside in back of Sammy's corner is a vacant seat, and, according to prevailing talk, it's for the little lady herself, who's coming to see this fight. If I was to mention her name now, I'm sure you'd be surprised, since it has a familiar ring in Newport, Southampton, Palm Beach and Aiken. But maybe you saw the tale yourselves in the paper this morning, when you lolled back over the empty coffee cups and lighted up one of those Mellow Sweet Cigars we were speaking about.

It seems—as is natural with class—that Sammy Small chanced to be last winter at the Oronoco House down at Boiling Springs, Virginia. And, folks, you'd better write that down, as the Oronoco House is helping to defray the expenses of this big coast-to-coast hook-up. Nestled 'midst the heart of the old Blue Ridge Mountains, so famed in story and song and romance, the Oronoco House offers that distinctive and discriminating hospitality so sought by the men of the world whose nerves are frayed by the cares of modern business. Its natural mineral baths, under the supervision of trained attendants, offer that priceless gift of home, amidst the fastidious surroundings.

It seems—as Dame Rumor hath it—that Sammy Small was enjoying those crystal baths at the Oronoco House, having twisted the nerve of his left elbow from coming out of a clinch. Naturally enough—I say naturally enough, because there is that aristocracy of fellowship in that homelike place—he fell into conversation with a gentleman on the rubbing table next him who was endeavoring to reduce his weight. And one thing led to another. You know and I know that the old-fashioned bruising barroom type is out of date, and we both know that Sammy is addicted to reading Plato and similar book writers, though the muscle element, which infests this game both in the ring and in the cheaper seats out back, don't like the idea of Sammy's lecturing on Keats to the women's clubs out West.

Didn't I tell you it was my privilege to let you in for something? That party on the rubbing table next to Sammy Small was the very magnate of whom I was speaking, the sort who frequent the Oronoco House. For various reasons it is not well to mention his name, but it's going to come out all right. And when it does, I repeat, you'll be surprised. The automotive industry wouldn't be the same without him. . . . And who said there isn't poetry in the world? As Sammy was lying on the rubbing table getting his tendons stretched, pretty soon the man on the next table commenced looking over toward him, as you may have read last week in the Sunday supplement.

"I say," he says, "whatever are you reading?"

Now, as I have intimated, whatever the coarser element in this racket may say, Sammy can take and give the highbrow punch.

"Marcus Aurelius," Sammy told him, just like that. "Hughie, would you kindly go to work again on my lumbar muscles?"

"Who's Marcus Aurelius?" says this millionaire, immediately interested, of course. And don't forget Sammy's just a great big-hearted kid; natural, not stuck-up.

"Marcus Aurelius," says Sammy, "was an emperor of the Roman Empire whose philosophical writings, to me, seem best to reflect that clear spirit of natural paganism, in contrast to the new humanism of today; and this, to me, seems the greatest intellectual contribution of pre-Christian Rome."

"May I ask," says the stranger, "how did you know that?"

"Out of the front of the book," says Sammy. "I've got it down by heart."

It may be I haven't got this right, but that's how Sammy's publicity man put the words into his mouth. He does love books—and, really, I'm not joking when I say it.

Now, as Dame Rumor hath it, one thing led to another after that. Quick to be impressed—all right, I won't be long now; I've got to give 'em this, don't I?—quick to be impressed with Sammy, this gentleman introduced him to none other than his daughter, the little lady whose name is now linked so romantically with pugilistic circles. And what happened is

(Continued on Page 49)

POST SCRIPTS

WHEN I was young, and had no sense,
I very quickly took offense;
But now I'm older, and more wise;
I just get mad at the little guys!
—Betty Henderson.

The pace that kills these days is a slow, meandering walk across a busy street.

DRAWN BY GERARD HUNTER

The Apartment-House Bride Finally Succeeds in Making a Light Cake

Lines to an Optimist

DO YOU honestly expect
Love to last forever, dear?
Even though I should elect
To be true, I'd not expect
Anyone to genuflect
Feverishly, year on year;
So I hope you won't expect
Love to last forever, dear.
—Margaret Fishback.

DRAWN BY F. WEBB

"H'm-m-m-m! If This Means Piano Lessons I'm Going to Give Mr. Santa Claus a Piece of My Mind"

Merry Christmas!

"I WANT some silk stockings for a lady."

"Yes, sir. What color?"

"Oh, I dunno. Something that would look nice on a blonde with blue eyes."

"Well, can you give me an idea what sort of ensembles she generally wears? Does she wear a lot of brown? Or black?"

"Let's see. It seems to me she does have a brown dress. And, yes, I think she has a black dress too. I like black. How about a pair of black silk stockings?"

"Oh, but they aren't wearing black stockings now. With a black dress you wear Nuit d'Amour, or Caresse, or ——"

"Don't tell me the names! Just show 'em to me. H'm-m. Those look sort of dead. Don't you have anything more colorful?"

"Well, of course there are all the pastel evening shades. But unless you knew the color of her evening gown, it wouldn't pay you to ——"

"I do know! She's got a new red one, and it's a wow! How about a pair of red stockings?"

"Oh, my gollies, pardon me for laughing, but she wouldn't wear red! She'd wear Moonbeam, or Baby's Blush, or ——"

"Hey, stop! Don't tell me the names! Gimme some of this kind. Wait a minute—how much is that pair over in the glass case?"

"You mean the spider-web lace with the diamond clocks?"

"Well, spider-web lace or whatever they are, that's what I call a real pair of stockings. That's the sort of thing I want—something different. How much are they?"

"Two hundred and fifty dollars."

"Two hundred and fifty what?"

"Yes. You see, those are real diamond chips in the clocks, and the stockings are all handmade."

"Great snakes, you don't mean to tell me any fool would buy a pair of stem covers like that!"

"Oh, yes, indeedy, we've had a couple of fool—— What I mean is, we've had several sales of that model. Would you care to see it?"

"No, thanks! These plainer stockings are in much better taste, anyway. I couldn't care for a girl who would wear a pair of stockings like that."

"No, I guess not."

"Huh?" (Continued on Page 98)

DRAWN BY JAMES TREMBATH

"Don't Say That, Mr. Whipple; Why, You're Just in Your Prime!"

Luncheon in this one hearty soup!

Here is your midday meal in one piping-hot, delicious, substantial soup! 15 different vegetables. Invigorating broth. Body-building cereals. Fresh herbs and seasonings. Your appetite cannot resist its tempting flavor. It satisfies a real hunger. Yet it's already cooked—on your table in next to no time. You simply add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil, allow to simmer a few minutes. It's so easy! How you appreciate such convenience! Make frequent choices also from the 20 other fascinating Campbell's Soups. 12 cents a can.

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Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
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Tomato
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Look for the
Red-and-White Label

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

MISTER NOODLE

By J. P. McEVOY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

VIII

THE Concourse of the Grand Central Station, New York City.

MACADAM: We needn't stand here and wait at the gate, Mrs. Kiley. The train doesn't leave until midnight.

MRS. KILEY: We might miss it if we went and sat down some place. It might go away without me.

MACADAM: But it won't go till twelve o'clock, Mrs. Kiley, and it's only 11:30 now.

MRS. KILEY: You never can tell, Mr. MacAdam. You can't trust them. I wouldn't trust anybody. I'm going to stand right here and wait. I was going to catch No. 23 once—that's the southbound that goes up about quitting time in the evening—it goes down in the morning about nine. And just as I was going out the gate I heard a whistle, and around the curve it came, and before I could get down to the depot, with that engineer watching me running down the track, he just lit right out and left me. And me right on time too. So I always said, after that: "If I ever have to catch a train, I'm going to get down there early, and I'd like to see it pull out without me. . . ." You don't mind waiting, do you? A little standing won't tire you. My goodness, you're young enough to be my son. You ought to follow me around through the plowed ground a couple of days. I bet you'd be all tuckered out. Did you ever live on a farm? . . . Well, isn't that strange? Seems to me everybody I meet and talk to in the city came from the farm. Isn't anybody ever born in these places like New York and Chicago? I can't say as I blame 'em. It's certainly no place to live. . . . Where are all those men going in those funeral clothes, with the women all dressed up?

MACADAM: They've been to the theater, I guess, and they're going home.

MRS. KILEY: And about time. A nice hour of the night to be traipsing around. Been to one of those night clubs, more than likely. No good will ever come of that. I was telling Charlie only before I left tonight, I said, "Charlie, you should have had your lesson with one night-club woman, and here I come and find you all sugar and molasses with another one. Although I will say, Mr. MacAdam, it's more on her side than his. And I told her so, too, and she was brazen enough to admit it. Right to my face she told me. "Sure," she says, "sure, I love him." And I says, "But he doesn't care for you." And she says, "He does too. And even if he doesn't, I don't care." And I says, "His place is at home with me." And she says, "You couldn't keep him there before, could you?" And I says, "What business is that of yours, young lady?" And she says, "It isn't any business of mine, but it's my business to keep him here in New York, and I'm going to." Right to my face she told me that. Well, I never —— Look! All those people running for that train. Come on. Hurry up! We'll get left.

MACADAM: But that isn't your train, Mrs. Kiley. That's a Westchester local. Come back here. Your train doesn't leave till midnight.

"Well, Good-by Again, and Good Luck, and Let Me Hear From You Sometime. I Don't Suppose I'll be Seeing You Soon"

MRS. KILEY: You never can tell. Did I tell you about the one that ran away from me right under my nose? I was going up to the county seat and —— Oh, look! Where's that crowd going? What a lot of people! And look at them push. Why do they push? If they're in such a hurry to go home, why didn't they start long ago? I'll tell you. I'm glad I'm going home. I thought Chicago was bad, but New York—my, my, I'll never get the roar and racket out of my ears. If only Charlie was coming back with me. I think he would have, too—only for her. It's her influence. Charlie was always a soft omadhaun when it came to women. Although I'll give her her due. She made him stop drinking, so she did. It's more than I could do, with all my precepts and examples. And didn't she throw it up to me? "What can you do for him in the country?" says she. "Even if he'd stay down there, which he wouldn't. I'm getting him straightened out," says she, "and he's stopped running around. Pretty soon he's going to go back to work, and he'll be better than ever." And I says, "Yes, we hear ducks in Jersey. . . ." Is that my train? That must be my train. Look! Everybody's running. Come! Quick!

MACADAM: Your train doesn't leave till midnight, Mrs. Kiley. Now, don't worry. I'll put you on it. I've taken good care of you here in New York, haven't I?

MRS. KILEY: You have, that. Better than my own son. It's good to your own mother, too, you are, I'll wager. You have a kind heart, and the saints will bless you for it. Wouldn't you think, now, that my own son would have more of a heart in him? And me coming all the way from Illinois to see him and bring him back with me. And him saying, "No; let me be." And cleaving to another woman, and her kicking up her legs in a night club. "Is that what I raised you for?" I said, and no answer could he answer. "Let me be" is all I could get out of him. And her buzzin' in and out of the room like a horsefly. "Is that decent?" I says to him. "You here in this room and that woman across the hall in that room, and her over here all hours of the day and night. What kind of high jinks is that? Don't ever think I'll cotton to such carryings-on." And he says, "Don't talk nonsense, mother." And I says, "Maybe it's nonsense, and maybe it isn't nonsense, but I see what I see and I know what I know." And believe me, I told this Betty person what I thought, too, before I was in the house ten minutes. I waltzed right over to her room, and I says, "Look here. What are you doing here with my son? Wasn't it enough that your sister should drag him down, but you should pursue him in this shameful manner?" And she says, "If it wasn't for me, do you know where your precious son would be?" And I says, "He'd be home with me." And she says, "He'd be in a gutter." And I says, "Gutter yourself! That's where you're trying to drag him."

But I will say, Mr. MacAdam, I wasn't around very long before I saw there was something in what she said. In and out of the room she was, to be sure, but it was only to be kind to him and to cheer him up, and to cook little things for him, and for me too. And not a harsh word out of her. And me giving her a bitter tongue and a black look for her pains. "I know what you think," says she, "and it doesn't matter. There are a lot of things you know, Mrs. Kiley, and there are a lot of things you don't know."

"And what do I know?" says I. "Well, for one thing," she says, "you know there are only two kinds of girls—good girls and bad girls—and a good girl is always good and a bad girl is always bad." "And isn't that so?" says I. "What kind of bringing up did you have to think different?" "It isn't so," says she. "There are good girls who can be bad and bad girls who can be good." "And what are you?" I says. And she says, "What do you think?" And I says, "I'll let you know in good time. . . ."

(Continued on Page 26)

A Christmas gift that's unusual, attractive, sure to please! That is what you are giving when you send a whole Premium Ham, specially wrapped in gay holiday parchment. Stop a minute to think how you yourself would appreciate such a gift—then you can measure your friends' surprise and pleasure. Your dealer will be glad to send Swift's Premium Hams in festive Christmas wrappings to any or all the addresses on your list. And why not give yourself a Christmas present, too?

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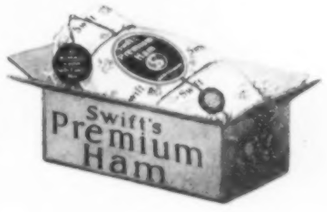


(Continued from Page 24)

What time is it, anyway? I feel the need of a snack. Give over my valise, there, and I'll get you out something good. You just unstrap it. . . . There—see?—right on top. Aren't those nice apples? You take that dark red one. That's a winesap. Look at it—not a blemish. And small wonder, with five sprayings and me out in the fields, cooking the lime-sulphur solution myself, with a big strapping hulk of a boy sitting around here in New York doing nothing. "If you won't go back with me, I'll go back alone," I says. "I'll get along," I says. "If you haven't any more gumption than to let your old mother carry all the load on her shoulders," I says, "then bad cess to you and your like." And he says, "I suppose by that you mean Betty." And I says, "No, I don't mean Betty. She's twice the man that you are," I says. "She's a worker," I says; "she doesn't sit around and loaf all day. And she has a kind heart," I says, "and she doesn't think of herself all the time," I says. "And that's all you think of," I says. "So stay here and think," I says, "and I'll go home to the spraying," I says. "A good tree of apples is worth a dozen of you," I says. "My sorrow that I should have left them to the bugs and come all the way down here to New York because of you," I says. And with that I left him and came right down to your office, and says, "Take me to the depot," I says, "and put me on the first train that goes to Gum Springs," I says, "for I'm shaking the dust of this place, and I'm going back to the country, where it's calm and peaceful and you see the hand of God everywhere."

MACADAM: Your train ought to be ready now, Mrs. Kiley. Let me close your bag.

MRS. KILEY: The train? We'll miss it! Hurry up. We're going to be late. . . . Let me through here, mister. The train will pull out without me. You can't trust them. . . . Here's the train. I'll be going in and finding a seat. . . . All right now. Good-by, Mr. MacAdam, and God bless you. Tell Charlie ——

Tickets, please. Here; you keep this part and change at Chicago. . . . What's the matter? Why are you crying? Are you in trouble, madam?

I'm not crying. You just mind your own business, young man.

(From Louis Sobel's Your Broadway and Mine)

What has become of:

Anagrams?
The eighteen-day diet?
Hoboken?
Mister Noodle?

NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

DEAR MOTHER: I am feeling lots better. I have had a chance to do several things, but I turned them down—not important enough—and now I am considering a number of propositions. I am taking my time too. One should never seem anxious to get anything in this town. You just sit back, and wait and say no long enough, and after a while they'll beg you to take it. A lot of these wise guys around here think, just because Mister Noodle is finished, that I am finished too. A lot they know about it. These papers down here need me if they only knew it. All these comic artists down here give me a pain. What are they doing? The same thing they've been doing for years. That's all they can do. Say, I got a million ideas to their one. I just had a rotten break, that's all. And then a lot of vicious publicity because they were jealous of the enormous success of my Mister Noodle. Well, the same brain that conceived Mister Noodle can hatch out other ideas too. And better. They know it, but they won't admit it. They just want me to come crawling around with my hat in my hand, so they can beat me down to their own price. Well, I'll fool them. I'll just sit back and make them come to me. All that bum publicity has blown over already. I bet you the general readers don't remember the most of it. They don't remember much, anyway. They don't know much, either. About three things would cover it—where they live, and how much they make—well, that's about all. Ask them who discovered America—they know that. Ask them who Ruth Snyder killed—they couldn't tell you. They'll ask you what picture she's playing in. To hell with the public, I say. They just eat and drink, and have children who only know where they live.

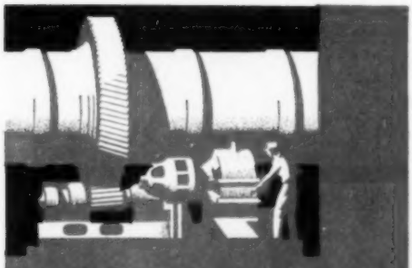
Meanwhile, I wonder if you could do me a little favor. I have to keep up appearances while I am waiting to make the proper connection, and if I could have maybe a hundred dollars or so, I'd pay it back to you within a few weeks. I might even send it back to you next week. Just a little temporary something to tide me over. I wouldn't ask you, only I really need it just at this writing, because I want to get a few mugs off my neck who I don't want to owe any obligations to, they proving they are certainly not friends in need, because when I needed a hundred, they'd say "Here's ten," and then treat me like I was a leper or something. So a hundred or two, or maybe three, if you could spare it, would clean up a lot of these little things and enable me to look them all right in the eye and tell them to jump in the lake.

Betty wants to know if you got her letter. Nice-enough kid, Betty, but she gets on my nerves. Always wanting to know where I am going and who I am going out with, and bawling me out if I have a little drink. You'd think

(Continued on Page 92)

"And I Says, 'His Place is at Home With Me.' And She Says, 'You Couldn't Keep Him There Before, Could You?' And I Says, 'What Business is That of Yours, Young Lady?'"

Over 6 billion dollars' worth of building construction represents an average year in the United States. This huge investment includes building materials, supplies, and labor.



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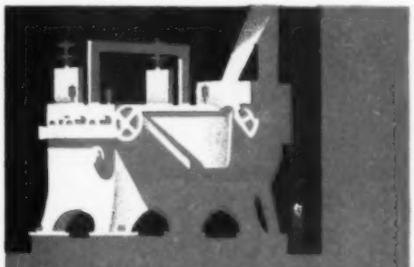

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

FULL RANGE RADIO

THE LONG RIFLE

(Continued from Page 9)

She was a little old lady, sitting in a Boston rocker. She wore a cap, very neat, and a voluminous black dress of heavy silk, and cobwebby half mitts of silk lace and a pair of black satin soft shoes side by side on a hassock. Her only ornament was a cameo brooch at her throat. Her lap held knitting. On the floor at her side lay an ebony cane topped with ivory. The Boston rocker was uncushioned, and in it she sat uncompromisingly upright, as one who sits in state; though not with rigidity but rather with the repose of energy. As Russell, raising his head from his bow of introduction, looked upon her thin, waxlike, veined hands and the sad lines of past care in her tiny face, he thought to himself that he had never seen anyone so old, and a certain choke of pathos gripped his throat. As he met the snap and twinkle of her eyes he thought he had never met anyone so unquenchably and agelessly young; so that pity became an affront and any thought of pathos an impertinence. And as Russell, though sensitive to impression, was as yet too young for analysis, he ended by standing before her at ill ease, like an awkward schoolboy, conscious and ashamed of his muddied garments and his general dishevelment.

But his ill ease soon melted. Neither by look nor manner, save for a momentary deep twinkle in her eyes, did the old lady seem aware of the strange disarray of the two. The twinkle was amused, but it vanished unseen. To his astonishment, when he paused to think of it, Russell shortly found himself seated at her elbow, chatting eagerly and easily, as to an equal not only in convention but in years, laughing delightedly over her quick, pithy comments, sometimes caustic in content, but welling from the relish of a deep, quiet humor that mellowed them to a shared understanding that had no sting. Russell was of the vivacious and romantic disposition that expands under warmth. The old lady, tapping her Boston rocker into brisk motion, listened and questioned; and Russell glowed and chattered and had a wonderful, youthful time telling about himself, secure in the comfort of some deep inner instinct that assured him that he would not later come to, as was so often the case, to look upon himself in reaction as a talkative fool.

As he talked he looked about him at the furnishings of the old room and his eye fell upon a weapon on pegs over the fireplace. He checked what he was saying.

"What a beautiful piece!" he cried. "May I look at it? I love guns—all kinds of guns. They are a sort of passion with me."

"Bring it here, Andy," commanded the grandmother.

Russell handled the weapon reverently.

"Do you mind?" he begged, and put it to his face in the attitude of aim.

"I see you are a marksman also," observed the old lady. "You and Andy should match skill."

"I should love to try it—the rifle, I mean. It is in beautiful condition. But it is very old, isn't it?"

"I'll back it against anything newer," interposed Andy gruffly.

Russell turned the weapon over, examining its details. He looked up suddenly, a slight awe in his eyes.

"This inscription," he stammered—"is it—was it really?"

"Colonel Boone's rifle? Yes," the old lady answered. "He gave it to my husband just before he left Kentucky for the West."

"Did you know Daniel Boone, ma'am?"

"Certainly." She paused; then went on in response to Russell's unspoken pleading: "You see, as a girl I rode over the Wilderness Road into Kentucky to join Colonel Boone's enterprise. I lived at Boonesborough until my husband died."

"Were you at the great fight at Boonesborough?" inquired Russell breathlessly.

The old lady let her knitting fall in her lap. She leaned against the back of her chair and her eyes softened in reminiscence.

"Yes; though I saw little of it. We women were busy within, cooking, carrying water to the men, molding bullets, tending the wounded."

Under urging, she told more—nine days of bitter siege, the garrison so small that it must stand to arms day and night, the men gaunt and haggard from the strain, showers of burning arrows, fire, no water to spare, the roof swept by a hail of bullets.

"The British had supplied them with ammunition," said she. "The men said they picked up a hundred and twenty-five pounds of flattened bullets after the siege, and that takes no count of those imbedded in the logs."

The fort seemed doomed. Then a young man sprang to the roof and worked fully exposed to extinguish the fire.

"The Lord sustained us," observed the old lady piously, "for in all that hail of bullets he was not touched."

Shortly after this it became necessary for the women to take their places at the portholes to relieve the men for a brief rest. The limit of human endurance had been reached.

"So I fired with the rest. I cannot believe I did much damage, but I made a noise," she chuckled. "But it gave me opportunity to see Colonel Boone perform a noteworthy feat. One of the savages had a very good rifle, and he had climbed a high tree in which he was completely protected and from which he could overlook the compound within the fort. He hit one or two of our people before we suspected where he was, but especially he was killing our cattle, which were huddled in the center. When his position had been located, Colonel Boone himself ascended into the tower. After a little, the man in the tree, preparing for another shot, showed just the top of his head, Colonel Boone fired instantly and killed him. It was a very long distance away."

"Was he—did he use this rifle?"

"Yes, that was his favorite rifle always, though he had several."

Russell gazed down at the weapon with awe.

"What is this other name—Farrell?" he inquired.

"He made the piece, I believe, though I am not certain. The colonel was always particularly fond of it. He had some association with it, though I do not know what it was. That is why Mr. Burnett always took such pride in the fact that it was a gift to him, for at that time he did not know Colonel Boone so well as later."

"How did it happen?" urged Russell.

"Mr. Burnett was of the greatest assistance—so Colonel Boone always maintained—at the time Jemima Boone and three other girls were carried off by the savages," said the old lady, a trifle primly, as one reluctant to boast. But Russell, aflame with excitement, would have no reticence. He learned how the four girls had been seized suddenly and spirited away; how their absence was not discovered for some hours; how the settlement was aroused to pursuit. Most of the men, under Mr. Calloway, cut across country on horseback in the probable direction of flight. Boone with eight picked men took the difficult job of following directly on foot. For thirty miles they puzzled out a trail blinded by every device of savage ingenuity; furthermore, they managed to do so rapidly enough to move faster than the Indians had done in their flight. At last the marauders, considering they had got clear away, abandoned attempts at concealment and took the direct course.

"Colonel Boone had himself been captive of the savages," explained Mrs. Burnett, "so he knew their devices."

He struck boldly across country and cut the trail again in ten miles. Shortly after, they caught sight of the Indians making camp.

"Mr. Burnett has often told me that now came the moments of greatest danger for the girls," said the old lady, "for it was certain that the first act of the savages, on being surprised, would be to murder them. Colonel Boone picked out four men. One of them was Mr. Burnett. He was always very proud of this, for he was very young. They crept up. They knew that the least false move—a snapped bit of wood, even the rustle of a leaf—would be the signal for the crash of tomahawks on the four girls' skulls."

At last Boone gave a signal. The four men fired and rushed forward instantly. The remainder of the party bounded down the hill yelling as loudly as they could. The savages nearest the girls, who were huddled together, "tattered, torn and despairing," at the foot of the tree, were killed at first fire. The others were for a brief but sufficient instant paralyzed by surprise. All but one. He leaped across the fire, his tomahawk upraised over the head of Jemima Boone, but before it could descend its wielder collapsed, a knife in his throat.

"Mr. Burnett was always very skillful at throwing a knife," stated the old lady. "But Colonel Boone considered he had saved Jemima's life—as, indeed, he had—and a little later, when Mr. Burnett and I were married, the colonel gave Mr. Burnett this rifle."

"I think this is the most wonderful thing I have ever heard!" cried Russell.

"Ours was the second wedding to take place in Kentucky. The first was of Sam Henderson and Betty Calloway, and within the year Frances Calloway married John Holden, and Jemima Boone married Flanders Calloway. Sam, John and Flanders were the other three men, besides Colonel Boone and Mr. Burnett, in the rescue party, and Betty and Frances were the other two girls captured along with Jemima." She stopped with an air of finality.

"You didn't tell Russell who the fourth girl was, grandmother," said Andy with a mischievous grin.

A faint color crept into the old lady's cheeks. "You know perfectly who it was, you rapscallion!" she replied sharply.

Russell stared up at her breathlessly in dawning comprehension.

"Not another word out of you," the grandmother checked his eager questions. "It is too fine a day to sit within, listening to an old woman's chatter. I am tired. Take him away, Andy. Get along, both of you. Try your skill at the rifle. Show him how your grandfather taught you the knife should be thrown. Off with you now!"

She would have no more of them; fairly bundled them out of the room with the dynamics of her energy, though physically she did not stir from her chair. Only at the door she stopped them with a word.

"I like your young man, Andrew," she observed. "Tell him to come see me again. I have often heard Colonel Boone say that there is naught like a good honest fight to begin friendship." She smiled faintly at their confusion and deliberately closed her eyes. They hesitated a moment and stole out.

III

ON THE veranda Russell faced his new friend with glowing eyes.

"I think she is wonderful!" he cried.

Andy nodded slowly. "You see what I meant," said he. His face had darkened again and he had fallen once more into his somber mood. "Well, come on," he aroused himself.

He led the way around the house and through the orchard to the pasture on the other side.

"Here's where I shoot, generally," he observed. "He doesn't like me to. Says it's a waste of time and money. I guess it is, but I like it. It's the only thing I can do that I do like. He'd stop it if he could. But grandmother won't let him. She gives me the powder and ball too. She doesn't often get her back up about things, but when she does she has her own way. He tries to take it out of me other ways. Oh, well!"

He leaned the rifle against the fence and laid beside it a heavily laden belt, which also he had taken from the pegs on the wall. Russell picked it up to examine it and its attachments.

"That was grandfather's too," explained Andy. "That was his shot pouch and powder horn. And this was his knife and his tomahawk." He took the hatchet from its sheath. "Come on; it's getting late. He will be back from town."

The pasture was still scattered with stumps of the old forest. On one of these Andy, with the tomahawk, clipped a white blaze as a mark. They shot, turn and turn about. Andy proved to possess almost a nail-driving accuracy. Russell was at first boyishly chagrined over being outdone at a sport in which he rather fancied himself. But the chagrin was soon lost in a generous admiration.

"Oh, I've had a lot of practice"—Andy brushed aside his praises—"and I'm used to the gun."

"I'm more used to percussion locks," admitted Russell gratefully. "I always thought flintlocks couldn't be accurate, but you've shown me differently."

"Snaphances, grandmother calls them."

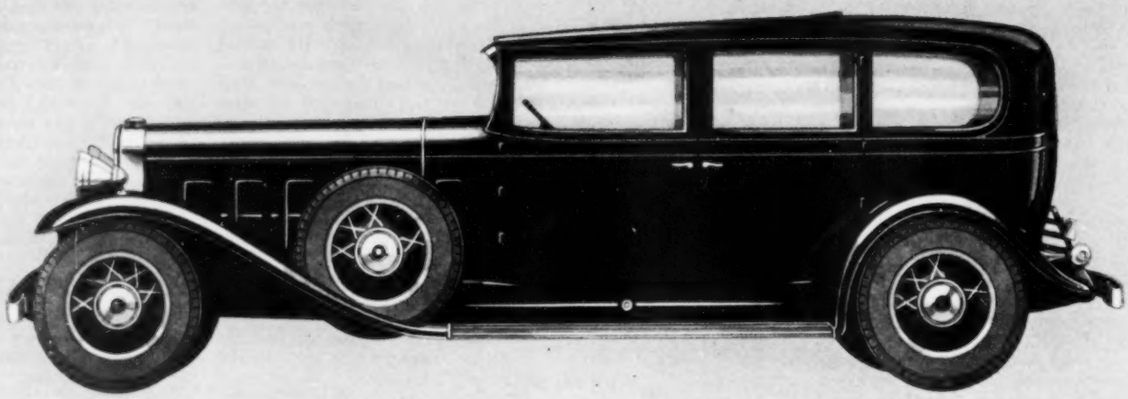
"Well, this one certainly can shoot. And you certainly can shoot it!"

"So could you after you got used to it."

"How about the knife throwing?"

"I'm not very good at that. But I know how it ought to be done."

(Continued on Page 31)



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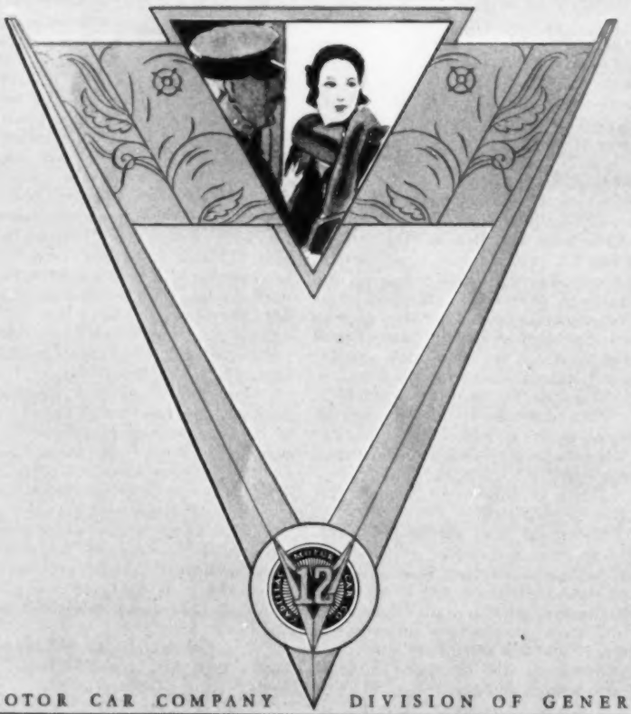

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 29)

He slipped the knife from its sheath, poised it in the flat of his hand, cast it with a long, round sweep of the arm. The weapon turned once in its flight and stuck quivering in a near-by stump.

Russell tried to imitate the cast. The knife hit flatwise and bounded back. Two more trials were equally unsuccessful, one of them landing butt first, the other glancing off at an angle, carrying a sliver with it.

"Show me again," he urged.

Andrew repeated his feat several times to Russell's admiration.

"That's not very good," Andy disclaimed the praise. "I ought to hit a pie plate every time at that distance.

"Well, I'd hate to have you throw it at me!"

"It's sort of fun. But what's the good?"

"It's sport. I'm going to get a knife and practice."

Andy unbent to explanation. "I don't know as you can get one—a proper one," said he. "You see, these old woodsmen made their own knives. To throw right they've got to have just the right balance, and a man's got to know the balance. You got to know just how many times she is going to turn over. This one, with a full-arm throw, turns over twice in twenty feet. You've got to guess your distance and then give her a full arm, or a half arm, or whatever it is, so as to get her to land point first. Some men liked to have their knives turn every ten feet, others every eight or twelve; and they built them to do that."

"Why, all that is extraordinarily interesting!" cried Russell. "I never heard of that before."

"My grandfather taught me." Andy's face softened. "He was a wonderful man, as wonderful as grandmother. After Boone left Kentucky he came here. But he never liked it, I think. Always he used to tell me that when I grew big enough, he and I and grandmother would go out there. Then word came that Boone had died. He used to sit on the veranda and look out over there." Andy waved his hand toward the reddening west. "He was very old. Oh, well!" He gathered the equipment. "I've got to see to the cows," he said shortly. "He'll be back soon. I'll catch it."

He had receded to a mood into which Russell could not follow. To Russell's lively comments on the afternoon's experience he returned short and distant answers. They returned to where the horse stood hitched to the rail.

"I'll come again. May I?" begged the city boy, preparing to mount. "We'll have another shooting match. Perhaps I'll do better."

"I don't expect I'll have much time, what with the spring plowing." Then rousing himself to a sense of his apparent ungraciousness: "Of course I want to see you, Russell. But unless he goes to town I'm at work from dawn to dark."

"Well, I'll try it anyway," returned the latter cheerfully. "And you take a day off sometime and come to see me in town. Promise!"

"I'd like to. I will if I can," said Andy, but without an answering smile.

"Well, good-by." Russell touched his horse with his heels. At the bend of the lane he turned to wave a hand. But Andy was standing, a dark figure against the sunset, gazing into the west.

IV

DAYS passed, but the friendship so auspiciously begun seemed to have stopped at that beginning. Andrew, as he had anticipated, never found the leisure to go to the city; the season was one of hard close work on the farm, and Birkholm, Andrew's stepfather, had no intention of hiring an ounce more than the necessary labor. But Russell did not repeat his visit, and the country boy, in consequence, nursed a dull ache of disappointment, which he carefully concealed. He had counted on it more than he would have acknowledged.

Thus for close on two weeks. Then late of an afternoon the beautiful horse came up the road, flew like a bird in a breath-taking leap over the fence, and, with scarcely diminished speed, clumped through the fresh-plowed land to where Andrew was scattering the seed. Russell was breathless; the words tumbled from him in excitement.

"I've won out!" he cried jubilantly. "Had the very devil of a row. They came near to cutting me off with a shilling once or twice, and I'd certainly have been on bread and water if I'd been a little younger. Lord, what a rumpus! You'd think I'd stolen the mint. I'd have come out before, but I had to finish it. And now it's done. But I've got to leave this very night, for I'm to go out with Choteau, and he cannot delay ——" He broke off in a laugh at Andy's look of bewilderment. "I'm not talking very clearly, am I? What I'm trying to say is that I have had a most fearful fight with the family, but I have won, and I don't have to go into the business. It wasn't pleasant, I assure you. But we've finally compromised. Choteau happened to be here on some business with the firm, and it is agreed I go clerk with him for a year. So we start tomorrow. But I couldn't go without seeing you and telling you. Not after the other day. I wish you were going. Look here. Why not? I'm sure I can fix it."

He leaned forward in the saddle, his mobile face aglow. The horse arched its neck against the bit and blew softly through its nostrils and pawed at the soft and yielding earth. Andrew, from his lower elevation, thought he had never seen a more vital and romantic figure. But his feeling was, confusedly, rather of a bird poised gloriously for flight than of a boy on a horse. And a wave of desolation darkened him, for it seemed to him that the momentary gleam of a brightness in his life was being extinguished into darkness. Nevertheless, at the same instant he steadied to acceptance, for that was an essence of his steadfast nature.

"Come on!" urged Russell, afire with the idea.

Andy shook his head. "I'd like nothing better than to be with you, anywhere. Anywhere but here. But I can't. I'm not of age."

"Nonsense," Russell brushed this aside impatiently; then in reluctant recollection of the rigid laws of the time: "Anyway, nobody will know where you are."

"I've no money."

"I have plenty."

"There's grandmother."

Russell was silenced for a moment by this. Before he could gather his wits, another voice broke in on them.

"Who are you?" it demanded roughly.

Both boys turned to face the speaker. John Birkholm stood surveying them. He carried his ox goad, and his harsh, fanatical face was dark with anger.

"What do you here, you bedizened popinjay, trespassing in my fields? Have you no sense in your head, that you ride a horse on fresh-sowed lands?"

Russell flushed deeply, looked back at the soft earth gouged deep by the upfling of his mount's swift gallop, at the wide trampling of its pawing hoofs.

"I am sorry, sir. I did not think ——"

But the older man would have none of it. He advanced a step.

"And what mean you holding my son in vain talk?" he demanded further, but still with repression. "Think you in your pampered idleness that there is no work to be done?"

Russell's head was up. He stared coolly at the angry man. "I told you I am sorry, sir, for what damage I have done. If you will name it, I will make it good. As to the other, I but paused to say farewell to my friend."

"I heard ye," replied Birkholm grimly. "Uttering the counsels of hell. 'Honor thy father and thy mother ——'" His rage burst through its fragile governance. "Now get off my land!" he cried. "I'll hear no words from ye! Go the way you came, and do not show your face here again!"

Then, as Russell hesitated, half in bewilderment, half in affront, he brought the heavy ox goad with a sounding crack across the horse's rump. The animal reared, leaped violently sideways, all but unsaddling its rider. By a desperate effort of magnificent horsemanship Russell retained his seat; by another he prevented the plunging beast from bolting. His face was contorted. For an instant he seemed on the point of launching his mount in an attempt to ride the man down. The latter grasped the ox goad in both hands. For a moment the two faced each other. Then Russell's expression changed to one of disdainful mockery. He bent low in his saddle and swept his hat from his head.

"I thank you, sir, for your most courteous entertainment," he said suavely.

With a turn of the wrist he whirled the horse in its tracks and gave it its head. Across the field they raced, the clods flying; over the fence they flew, and so away up the lane out of sight.

"You devil's whelp!" Birkholm shouted after him. "If I see you again I'll have the law on you!"

For several seconds he stared after the retreating figure, then turned savagely on Andrew.

"Now get back to work, you!" he began, and stopped.

Andy, his face white and set, his hands clenched at his side, was staring at him steadily. For near a full half minute he stood thus. Then very deliberately he undid from his shoulders the apron sack that contained the seed grain; very deliberately and carefully he laid it on the ground. Without a word he turned away.

"What are you doing? Pick that up. Get on with your work!" commanded Birkholm.

Andy paid him no attention.

"Disobey me, will you!" roared the older man, beside himself. He raised the ox goad once more and brought its lash across the youth's shoulders. The latter spun around. From beneath the straight black line of his brows his eyes blazed. After a moment he again turned away. Birkholm watched him uncertainly, fingered the ox goad in nerveless hands; at length shrugged his shoulders, picked up the seed sack and began to strap it on himself.

"I'll tend to you later, young man," he promised himself, but uneasily.

V

ANDY went direct to the living room of the farmhouse, took down from its pegs the old Kentucky rifle and went out. His grandmother was sitting, as usual, in her Boston rocker, but he did not look in her direction. Once outside, he loaded the weapon. Never had he done so more deliberately and carefully, filling exactly with the glittering French powder the conical measure that hung below the powder horn, centering precisely the linen patch beneath the ball, driving without undue pressure the missile delicately home, shaking with untrembling hand the fine grains of the priming powder into the pan. Then he closed down the frizzen and walked around the house, through the orchard to the edge of the field, where he disposed himself with deadly deliberation behind the fence, thrusting the muzzle of the rifle through the rails.

Birkholm had taken over the seeding. He was now at midfield. His shirt was open at the throat, caught by a button halfway down his chest. The front sight of the rifle came to rest on the point of the V thus formed; settled slowly into the notch of the rear sight. Andrew pressed the trigger. He was entirely cool, wholly single-minded, without qualm or doubt. It was as though all the currents of life ran in the channel of this one inevitable action.

The rifle missed fire. Contrary to what might be supposed by one unfamiliar with old-fashioned arms, this was a very unusual occurrence if the weapon was well found with sharp flints and proper powder. It had never before happened to Andrew. The click of so sharp a break in a usual sequence seemed to shock him awake. He passed his hand across his eyes, stared at the rifle, at the slowly nearing figure of his stepfather. He shuddered, arose and returned swiftly to the house. His entrance to the front room encountered his grandmother's piercing black eyes upon him.

"Andrew, come here," she commanded. For a moment she compelled his gaze with hers. "I heard no shot," then said she. He made no reply. "What happened?" she insisted.

"Miss fire," he muttered.

"How can that be?" she cried sharply, as though someone dear to her had been unjustly accused. "In distraction you did not prime!" She seized the piece and raised the frizzen from the pan in examination. With astonishing strength in one apparently so frail, she flung the long weapon to the position of aim through the open window and pulled the trigger. The rifle roared in reverberation from the walls, the powder smoke thickened the air of the room. For a moment she sat tense and upright, then dropped the piece across her lap.

"It was the will of the Lord," then said she softly, and relaxed in her chair back with a sigh.

In the fields Birkholm raised his head at the sound of the shot.

"At it again!" he muttered vindictively, in his usual upsurge of resentment against the silly waste of time and money. He told himself that this time he would put his foot down once and for all, and he flung the seed viciously against the placid bosom of the earth.

VI

ANDREW stared at her incredulously. "You knew," he stated dully. She gazed back at him unflinchingly, her eyes bright. "Why did you not stop me? I was as one bemused."

"It was in the hands of the Lord," she repeated piously, "as are all the great moments of life."

"You would have me kill a man!" he cried, arousing to a belated horror of what he might have done.

(Continued on Page 33)

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 31)

"Why not," returned the old woman stoutly, "if so be it the time has come?"

"You would have me a murderer, and say no word to stay me!"

"I know you, Andrew, through and through. I knew your father, and his father before him. They moved alone through the destinies appointed for them. That destiny is yours also. You will follow where it leads, for peace or war, for weal or woe. I would not have it otherwise. Never for a moment have I doubted it. But this I have known—your fate is not in these tame fields. They are not in your blood. It is out yonder"—she flung her hand toward the glowing west—"where a man's work awaits you—work bequeathed you by your breeding. I have sat here long in patience, but certain that your time would come. How, I could not know. Why should I presume to interfere when the moment arrives? Even if it cost a worthless life. Who am I to know the Lord's ways?"

Her small figure had straightened in her chair, her eyes blazed. Through the blurring of her great years shone a fire. With a sudden movement she held the long rifle to him.

"And this," she cried—"this that in the hands of Boone has spoken in the Dark and Bloody Ground! Do you suppose for a moment I have thought its voice was stilled? That its age was run, and that it must hang in place, an outworn relic on the walls of a Pennsylvania farm? No, my lad. It has but hung there in its fallow time, gathering the strength for its further destinies."

Mechanically Andrew took the piece from her, dropped its butt to the floor, crossed his forearms in an attitude of ease across the muzzle.

"Ah!" cried the old lady in triumph. "This have I seen, and now I see again. But beyond I see, not the tameness of walls but the dusk of forests and the lurk of savage men and beasts ——" She broke off suddenly and sank back as though weary. "Tell me, Andrew," she commanded.

Andy told of the afternoon's episode. She listened, nodding understandingly from time to time.

"It is the moment," she broke in at last. "The hand of the Lord. You must go."

"Go?" repeated Andrew, at a loss.

"Go. Certainly."

"How? Where? He will not let me."

"Go anyway. Run away. Of course you can." She was impatient at his hesitation. "Don't tell me. I know the breed. I ought to; I've been one of them long enough. You must have money. Very well. I have saved for this. . . . Nonsense. It's mine. I can do as I please. It is not his; it was your grandfather's. And this"—her hand touched the rifle—"this, too, was your grandfather's. It is mine. I can give what is mine, I suppose."

A dull spot of red glowed in Andy's cheeks. He straightened, and his hands gripped the rifle barrel until the knuckles showed white. Suddenly a thought wrenched him.

"But you, grandmother!" he cried brokenly. "How can I leave you?"

For an instant the old lady's face contorted, then stiffened again. "Only for a while. Do you suppose I like this chair and this room? I, too, have waited. You will make a place for both of us out there! When the time comes I will join you."

"Yes!" cried Andy, taking fire; then a chill caution seized him again: "But he—what will he do? When he finds out, he'll ——"

"I shall tell him at the proper time," stated the old lady with dignity. "I think you may trust me to give John Birkholm his come-uppance!"

"I believe I can!" cried Andy delightedly.

VII

THE point decided, the old lady became all energy and animation. She took charge of every detail, overriding Andy's somewhat bewildered objections to making the proceedings so summary.

"No, now is the time," insisted his grandmother. "For if he misses you this evening he will think you are sulking apart; so it will be well into tomorrow before he will understand that you are gone. By then you must be well away. Do not travel by public conveyance; at least until you are beyond the Gap, so that news of you may not be easily come at."

"I shall hide in the woods!" cried Andy.

But the old lady would have none of false romanticism.

"Time enough for that when there is need," she said. "He will make no great excursion," she gave her opinion, "save perhaps to send forth notice to law officers. He will not leave his work, and he will spend no money on a barren cause. I shall make him see that. No, lad; travel sensibly, but get beyond the reach of his grasp as soon as you may."

While thus they talked she was busy gathering a small bundle of clothing, to which she added a package of food sufficient for the night and morning.

"You would best go as directly as you may to Missouri," she advised. "They say the land is fat and there is room to breathe. Colonel Boone's last home was there. Get you a plantation, if it seems good to you. . . . Lord, lad, you do not want that." She snatched away the low brogans Andy was about to include in the pack. "Remember, you must carry these things."

At the last the bundle was formed and they returned to the lower story, the grandmother's cane tap-tapping on the stairs. She disappeared for a moment into her own room, to return with a fat leathern wallet.

"Here is money," she said. "See that you bestow it in a safe place. Now you must hasten. The sun is low and you must be off before he returns."

She picked up the long rifle from the corner in which it had been stood. A solemn hush abruptly terminated their bustling activities. They looked at each other. Andy's lower lip quivered in a sudden overwhelming realization.

"Oh, grandmother!" he began brokenly.

The old lady's softening eyes snapped back to birdlike brightness.

"Remember," she said briskly, "I have lived in a log hut in my time, and I can live in one again! Don't get any highfaluting ideas, young man. I expect you to send for me as soon as you get a good roof overhead. And take a good look around. They say it's all settled up near the river. Don't take up the first piece of bottom land you see. Go to the new country, like a Burnett. They'll try to scare you. They'll tell you there's no law, no comfort, no civilization. Make your own law. Comfort comes from within you, not outside. They'll tell you tales of Indians. Indians! Injuns we called them! Pshaw, I've seen Indians a plenty!"

She looked down at the long rifle, then held it out to him in both hands. He took it. The moment was swelled big with unspoken things.

"Kiss me, dear," she said at last.

He crushed her small form to him in a sudden agony. But immediately she pushed him away.

"There!" she cried in her brisk quick way. "There! Now you must go. Nay, it is hard. Yes, I know—oh, how well I know. But it is only for a little time. Remember!"

"Yes, yes," muttered Andy, choking manfully against unmanly tears. "A little time. I'll be ready for you ——"

She fairly pushed him from the door. He shouldered the rifle and the bundle, hesitated, turned and stumbled away.

"Andrew," she stopped him. He turned. "The piece has been fired. Mind you clean it well before you sleep."

He nodded, paused uncertainly.

"Go!" she commanded.

He bent his head and obeyed, nor did he again look back. She watched him from the doorway, her head held high.

In her eyes was the dazzle and glory of the westering sun. Thus in the past had she sent forth her men. She saw in the golden haze, not the tamed, solid peace of the Pennsylvania farms but the shadowy darkness of unknown forests, and against them the trudging, dogged figure of the boy and the gleaming slant of the rifle barrel.

The figure turned the corner of the lane.

VIII

THE old woman's straight back bent, her head drooped forward. Leaning heavily on her cane, she made her way to the Boston rocker. She sat down.

The air seemed to have turned cold, but she made no move to close the window. It did not matter. She was very small. Her veined hands lay inert in her lap. Her face looked shrunken. The snap and sparkle of her eyes had dulled. In her seemed but a feeble stir of life.

Her thoughts lay in a still pool, without motion. There was in them no bitterness, no keenness of sorrow; only a faint stirring of reflection. Her life was finished, its last destiny fulfilled. Now was done that for which her vitality had been sustained; that for which she had been preserved here until the appointed moment. For she knew now that she was very old. She heard John Birkholm's heavy tread outside, but the sound left her undisturbed. Nothing he could do or say could affect her. Even the thought of Andrew seemed withdrawn, far away, as remote as the thought of Boone and her husband and her son. She had no illusions, she knew she would never see Andrew again. All the outer world had become spectral. She had withdrawn from its reality, and now waited in patience at the portal of a new reality that was to be. Only one thing the eye of her spirit saw still solid, still valid in a world become shadowy—the long rifle. It was as though it were a symbol of the old purpose of her youth and the youth of her men. It was as though the last remnants of her life force had revitalized it to its destiny. A great peace came over her.

"Thy will be done, O Lord," she murmured.

THE SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page 15)

with individual members of the Appropriations Committee and the leaders of the House and Senate. He also held many conferences with chairmen and leading members of legislative committees, getting them to agree to reduce the amounts proposed to be authorized. These conferences—of which the country knew little—effected savings greater than official steps, which were open for the people to see.

Representative Martin B. Madden, of Illinois, then chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the House, was in almost daily touch with the President during the long period in which the many appropriation bills were before the House. Sometimes he would seek the President's help to hold an appropriation down; at other times the President would be seeking his help. When I would see him come out of the President's room with a radiant smile, I knew some fanciful scheme for getting appropriations out of the Treasury had lost. Bills that were introduced were frequently praiseworthy in themselves, but the cost was out of proportion to what the taxpayers should or could pay.

Senator Francis E. Warren, of Wyoming, chairman of the Senate Committee on Appropriations, was also a frequent caller. The President often had me talk to Senator Warren on the telephone about appropriation matters. Although he was quite old and had served in the Union Army, he was active and alert. President Coolidge in public speeches was warm in his praise for both chairmen. Representative Will R. Wood, of Indiana, the present chairman, acted as chairman of the Appropriations Committee after Mr. Madden passed away, and saw the President frequently.

There was no let-up in the conferences; sometimes it would be one member and sometimes another. Sometimes Senator Charles Curtis, now Vice President, would be invited down to dinner. He was the Republican leader of the Senate, and kept the President advised about the possible outcome of legislation and other matters pending in the Senate. Speaker Longworth and Majority House Leader John Q. Tilson, of Connecticut, would come in to apprise the President of the sentiment in the House with regard to his policies, or about approaching legislation which was not in keeping with them.

Frequently for several weeks before the close of every session of Congress, Representative Bertrand H. Snell, of New York, chairman of the Committee on Rules, was almost a daily morning caller. That position was one of great difficulty, because it carried great power. The Rules Committee could decide on what legislation should be brought out.

The President would discuss the budget in its relation to taxation with Senator Reed Smoot, of Utah, and Representatives William R. Green and Willis C. Hawley, of the House. General Herbert M. Lord, director of the

(Continued on Page 36)

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(Continued from Page 33)

Bureau of the Budget, was in almost constant touch with the White House.

Mr. Coolidge dressed economy in real clothes, made it a living thing. In the inaugural address to the Congress after he was elected, he stated the principle of his advocacy of economy: "Not because I wish to save money but because I wish to save people."

At the Founders' Day at Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, he said:

"There are still some who sit apart, who do not see, who cannot understand. To them our industrial life is the apotheosis of selfishness . . . the rattle of the reaper, the buzz of the saw, the clang of the anvil, the roar of traffic, are all part of a mighty symphony, not only of material but of spiritual progress. Out of them the nation is supporting its religious institutions," continued Mr. Coolidge, "endowing its colleges, providing its charities, furnishing adornments of architecture, rearing its monuments, organizing its orchestras and encouraging its painting."

The economy idea from time to time had opposition. Ex-Governor, now Senator, Allen, of Kansas, in 1925 was reported as trying to convince the President that though economy might be a good thing for the Government, "general business is being injured by this psychology, and there is another small-sized buyers' strike on."

The criticism which was directed occasionally at the economy program did not retard the President in his work. In June, 1925, in answer he said: "Economy in the cost of Government is inseparable from reduction in taxes. . . . I have been unable to determine how reduction in taxes is injurious to business."

Hewing to the Line of Economy

When he was at the White Court at Swampscott in August, he let the press know that much of the publicity concerning drastic reductions in the Army and Navy, and curtailment of operations by Shipping Board vessels was intended, in his opinion, to create in the public mind a belief that important national interests were suffering through excessive economy. President Coolidge let it be known that that propaganda would not be allowed to interfere with his tax-reduction program.

A Washington correspondent talked to me rather seriously about what he termed the unfavorable reaction among some merchants and others, who said the preaching of economy and saving was hurting their business. He and I debated the matter for a long time, only to reach the conclusion that what the President had said about economy and saving related to economy and saving in Government matters, which would bring about more spending in the business world.

The beneficial results of his tireless fight for economy, debt reduction and tax reduction during the reconstruction period are incalculable and will go down into history as a major accomplishment.

One of the most difficult things with which President Coolidge had to deal was the question of farm relief. Congress did not adopt his recommendations. Agricultural products had reached a very high price during and immediately after the war, with consequent inflation of land values. When the reaction came and the price of farm products went down the price of land followed. The result was that many mortgages throughout the agricultural communities were almost as great and sometimes greater than the value of the land. I always thought that the McNary-Haugen Bill had its origin in the small banks throughout the West, perhaps supported by the larger banks, which had discounted their farm paper.

The McNary-Haugen Bill

Certain it was that there never was a more powerful drive for any legislation than the drive made for the McNary-Haugen Bill. There were a number of different bills. The first one was defeated in the House while I was a member. I presided in the Speaker's chair for six days while it was being considered.

The McNary-Haugen Bill was built upon the theory that the exportable surplus of most farm products, particularly wheat, brought a very small price abroad, and that this fixed the domestic price, and the cure proposed was government control of the exportable surplus in such a way that it would be sold at an artificially high price, and thus bring up to the same level the domestic price, and that the cost ultimately would be charged back on the product sold in the domestic market.

President Coolidge was opposed to it. The first time it passed the House and Senate it was passed with the idea of giving farm relief, and with the thought that, perhaps, the President might sign it. He returned it with a strong veto message, which had much favorable comment throughout the country, although severely criticized in certain sections.

Though supported by many who were conscientiously in favor of it, the bill was passed the next time, in my opinion, largely for political purposes, by a coterie who desired to make political capital out of it to embarrass the Coolidge Administration and promote the interests of the various anti-Administration candidates for President. They thought, when the President should veto it, that Mr. Hoover, or any other candidate advocating Administration policies, would have to back up the President, and would, therefore, alienate a large section of the country.

The result was just the contrary. The Republican National Convention at Kansas City supported the Administration's view and nominated the candidate who was opposed to the equalization fee in the McNary-Haugen Bill. The argument advanced by the President in the veto messages was unanswerable and, coming from the President of the United States, was carried in the press throughout the country. All the publicity sent out for years before by proponents did not equal the amount given to the two utterances by the President. Many people will read what a senator or a congressman says, but nearly everyone in the country who is a student of public affairs will read what a President has to say.

The executive power vested in the President by the Constitution must be exercised by himself or delegated to others. The necessity for delegation of power calls for numerous appointments. Certain of his appointments must be with the advice and consent of the Senate; others are not.

The power of appointment is in the President, and no legislation may interfere with it. It is not usually known that the Civil Service Commission, with all its activities, exists only by acquiescence on the part of the President. He may by executive order waive the necessity for examination or entirely disregard the Civil Service Commission.

The rules that govern the Civil Service Commission consist mainly of the original executive order by the President at the time of the passage of the law, with various executive orders which have been since issued to modify or enlarge the original order. With all its faults, it is probably the best plan that could be evolved.

With this power of appointment goes the right of removal. This is far-reaching and was tested during the Coolidge Administration in a famous case in the Supreme Court in which George Wharton Pepper, then senior senator from Pennsylvania and a noted lawyer, contended for the right of Congress against the right of removal, and the then Solicitor-General, James M. Beck, now member of Congress from Pennsylvania, contended for the right of removal. The court held that the President had the right of removal, whether it was specifically granted to him or not.

The appointing power is, perhaps, the most important duty of the President. That duty once well performed, many of his troubles are over. It goes without saying that the thousands of administrative acts performed daily in carrying on the executive functions of the Government cannot be supervised even superficially by the President. The problem, therefore, is to appoint a good man to do the work and forget about it.

First comes the selection of the Cabinet. That is particularly important, because to its members falls the duty of appointing thousands of others. A member of the Cabinet also recommends to the President hundreds of appointments that must be made by the President, the duties of which are in the Cabinet member's department.

Thumbs Down in the Senate

All important appointments required Senate confirmation. President Coolidge had some fights over appointments. The number was relatively small. I suppose nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of his nominations to office were confirmed by the Senate.

One of the notable instances of its declining to confirm a nomination was that of Charles B. Warren, nominated for Attorney-General. This was the first time a Cabinet officer was rejected since 1868. The President was much upset about this action of the Senate on March 10, 1925, following a long, bitter debate culminating in a tie vote which lost for the affirmative.

Vice President Dawes was absent from the chamber or he could have broken the tie. Mr. Coolidge sent down Warren's name again, in the hope that the Senate might yet confirm him. But it was again rejected on March sixteenth. The President was disappointed because he felt that he had not been loyally supported by some of the members of his own party who ought to have given him support.

After the Senate's failure to confirm, the House and Senate were ready to adjourn, and a joint committee from the two bodies came down to notify the President and make the usual inquiry as to whether he had any further message to the Congress.

They were all standing up, and after delivering the message, the President, looking at Senator Joe Robinson, the Democratic leader, said rather sharply:

"Well, I suppose the Senate will not confirm the nomination of any Attorney-General I send down, anyway."

Whereupon Robinson assured the President that the Senate was anxious to confirm some other man whom he might choose. The President said he had in mind sending down the name of John G. Sargent, former Attorney-General for the state of Vermont, which he did, and he was promptly confirmed. The Attorney-General was eminently qualified, a life-long friend of the President, and this proved a happy selection.

Frequently, when it was found that a nominee could not be confirmed, his name would be withdrawn. In one case the persistent objection of a single Democratic senator made this necessary. This was stretching senatorial courtesy further than usual.

A Discourteous Use of Courtesy

Generally speaking, if a senator of a President's party makes the point that a nomination is personally objectionable to him in his state, the nomination is not confirmed, but this went a step further and gave this courtesy to a member of the Senate of the opposite party. This senatorial courtesy is a clear abuse of constitutional power. The Constitution gives the Senate the power to refuse confirmation of appointments as a check upon the President's appointing power. The theory was that after a nomination had been made, the scrutiny of the Senate would prevent the appointment of an undesirable man. This power, which, by the Constitution, is lodged in the Senate as a body, has been delegated by the Senate to one senator. It is one of those breaches of the Constitution for which there is no remedy.

The Senate has so wielded the powerful weapon of confirmation of proposed appointments that instead of confirming nominations made by a President, to a large extent the senators make the appointments, which was never intended. Perhaps most Presidents feel that the power of nomination is a power of appointment and resent the Senate's rejections even though they are made in the proper performance of their duties.

Our Presidents nowadays usually recognize the practical situation and work with senators with reference to appointments requiring confirmation. In doing so they almost abdicate their function. Though President Coolidge followed this plan, generally speaking, he always had every proposed recommendation for appointment carefully studied by the department concerned as to character and qualifications.

Sometimes senatorial courtesy became embarrassing to the President when the regular organization in the state was of a different faction from the United States senator. Perhaps the regular organization would be composed of strong Coolidge enthusiasts, and the senator would be lukewarm toward the Administration, if not downright critical.

I remember that one day when I pressed upon the President the objection of the regulars to an appointment he said:

"Tell them the senator who is serving from that state will not agree to the man they want. I was not responsible for electing their senator, and if they can elect a senator who will make a recommendation according to their views, I can consider carrying out their wishes. I have to transact business with the senator whom the state sends."

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Mr. Sanders. The third will appear in the January third issue.

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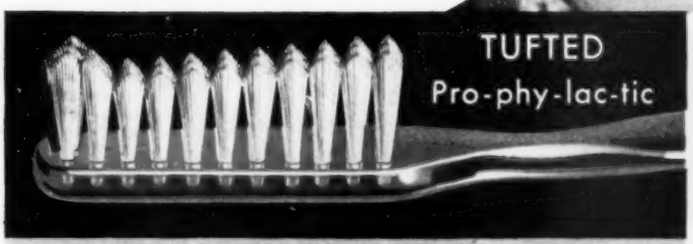

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THE HOUSE OF DARKNESS

(Continued from Page 19)

"Hey?" cried Sylvester Maring. "How do you know?"

The jungle was still blank, unbroken, featureless. The big man's eyes were blank, expressionless.

"Sense of direction."

Davison grinned, caught the girl's eye and jerked his head humorously. First the man had depended on a magnetic compass; now he was guessing! Davison grinned and wheeled the plane and marked the divergence on the chart. It was all right with him. He hadn't lost any lake. He could use half his fuel and still get back safely to Belize.

Kane didn't seem to see the pilot's amusement; his eyes closed and his beard sank on his chest again. Now a low wave of hills broke on the northern rim. They were not mountains, but they were a sort of landmark if you caught them against the sky. Maring looked hopefully at Kane. But the man didn't stir. A sort of ashy pallor showed through the golden burn across his cheek bones. Lois Maring was amused. Most people are amused at seasickness or airsickness, so long as they are free from it themselves. She touched the pilot's arm, and he shared her amusement.

Kane's eyes opened, uncertainly this time, and he reached forward, gesturing for Davison to turn east. He got up, peering in all directions, stooping with his face against the glass. He clutched the seat back. Presently, releasing it to gesture to the pilot, he swayed on his feet and grabbed at it again.

Davison grinned and told the girl, "Hold tight!" and obeyed the gesture, literally. He threw the great plane on its side and climbed in a tight spiral, so that the flat horizon heeled and spun. Kane lurched and scrambled back into his seat, clutching the arms blindly.

Lois Maring laughed. She wasn't dizzy; she enjoyed the swift change of sensation. It was she who saw a flake of sky detach itself and sink into the sinking jungle, far off on the northern rim.

It was she who cried, "Look! Isn't that water?"

Davison headed toward it, and it grew. It turned from blue to silver, flashed a new, sudden length out of the forest depth.

The big man nodded heavily. "That's it," he said, and sank back in his chair, gripping the arms.

Even before they reached it, even from a considerable height, Sylvester Maring saw the mounds, big mounds, lifting great trees above the forest roof. He saw gray lines of ordered masonry flash in the sun. He yammered, "Captain! Captain! Can we land there? Can we? Can we?"

"Sure," said the pilot, grinning at his excitement.

He dipped once over the windless trees, over the windless water, gauging his distance. He would have liked a little wind to break that transparent surface. But he could watch the shore; the lake was narrow. He rose and wheeled to take its length. The thunder stopped. The warm, translucent air hummed gently. A black void of shadowed water yawned under the trees, flashed into brightness, flashed into flying sheets of crystal, flung an inverted rainbow under the cabin windows. Slowly the colors faded. There was only white, blinding sunlight and the gloom of trees.

Sylvester Maring clenched his puny hands. There, at a little distance, a dim, massive stairway rose into the shadows, lapped by the dying ripples, flanked by thick serpents carved in stone, writhing down, writhing into the water, lifting their slimy heads to stare at this intruder from a living world. The airplane floated there, suspended on translucent water, frail against massive stone, flimsy, impertinent against the somber majesty of time.

The ripples died. Stillness and silence closed. The squat mechanic spat into the water, mopped his forehead, said uncomfortably, "Gosh, but it's quiet here!"

VIII

IT WAS quiet. What the human ear is used to consider silence is a blend of distant, unattended noises, meaningless at the moment—wind in the trees, rumble of traffic in the street, the sound of familiar feet about the house. There was no traffic here. There was no wind. There were no houses. Only the vast green graves of palaces and temples, empty of feet these fifteen hundred years. Only the forest, blind and deaf and purposeless and yet alive, victor and yet uncaring, hemming these five small human creatures under a heedless sky.

It was the silence that gave them a sense of their position. They had come here in less than two hundred minutes, but suddenly they visioned it—nearly two hundred miles. It stretched the nerves, stretched the blank eardrums. The mechanic, flopping a fabric boat out on the cabin floor, made nervous and unnecessary noise.

"Ain't there no birds in these durn woods?"

"Oh, yes," said Kane. "Not song birds, though."

"Don't they make no noise at all?"

"Rather," said Kane. "The first time you hear a *chachalaca*, I'll lay you a small bet you jump half out of your skin."

"Why don't we hear none now?"

"I guess our engine scared them."

They could imagine that. It brought back something of the sense of power. The machine was here, able to lift and carry them away, able to shatter and drive back this choking silence. Even the hiss of air, bloating the fabric into a double-sausage shape, was practical, comforting. Davison whistled cheerfully, thrusting it overboard. They forgot to listen to the noise of their own breathing.

They went ashore, talking a good deal, making small jokes about the instability of their rubber sausage, calling back and forth, laughing a little, loudly. Davison, catching the moss-incrusted head of a stone serpent as a mooring post, patted the massive, grotesque thing and murmured, "Nice old fellow! Just hold still a minute, will you?" Lois Maring, setting her modern foot on the first step of the blurred, humus-covered stair, made smart salute to imaginary guards and cried, "Ho, varlets! Just inform His Majesty that he has visitors!"

There were no empty spaces here for ghosts to haunt; the stairway disappeared in solid earth, a solid growth of bush; they had to use machetes to get up the bank. Sylvester Maring wielded his, a light one, with a frantic eagerness that made up for his lack of strength. They could stay here only a few hours, and he must take back some idea of this, the most important find of his career. His practiced eye saw symbols in the carving of the great stone snakes, the grouping of the mounds; these ruins marked an unknown period. If he could only find a date! He gained a bit of rain-washed parapet, its inscription half uncovered—writing, he knew; a pattern of rounded frames, each of them filled with symbols, singly familiar, meaningless in combination, like a strange rebus—and he fell on it like a frantic terrier, hacking at roots, scratching with eager fingers.

But he found no date. Only those hieroglyphics that for him, for any living man, held their dead secret more securely than these mounds held the dead work of nameless architects.

He asked Kane, "Do you know what a date glyph looks like?"

But the big man didn't answer. He was standing on the parapet, his head lifted, gazing through tangled vegetation at some spot beyond and below the mound.

Sylvester Maring clambered up, but he was too short to see the opening through which Kane peered.

He demanded, "What do you see?"

"Huh?" said Kane. His strange absorption broke; he was himself again, an engineer from Kansas, peering at ruins that he did not understand. "Did you say something, doctor?"

"What are you looking at?"

"There's a big wall down there, with a stone ring stuck on it at right angles—maybe two feet across, carved like twisted snakes, with a hole about ten inches in diameter. Only four or five feet from the ground," he said, as if the distance somehow troubled him.

"Oh," said the little man, disappointed, "that's just a *tlachtli* court. Any city later than the third century is likely to have one."

"*Tlachtli?* What's that?"

"A game. The courts were usually about two hundred by four hundred feet, and the walls were thick enough for the gallery to sit on. The player who succeeded in driving the ball through the opposing ring could claim the cloaks and personal possessions of the opposing gallery. It must have been quite a feat," said the little man, smiling. "The ball was heavy, and they had to strike it with the hip or shoulder, and the rings were eighteen feet above the ground."

"Oh," said Kane, "then this one is just—filled up?"

Sylvester Maring didn't notice; it was Lois, later, who deduced that Kane was looking somehow for a ring higher than this one.

"Naturally," nodded the scientist: "The ground level probably rises here about a foot a century. But in the later ruins you can see courts almost in their original proportions. The game was still played on some occasions in the sixteenth century. And by the way! That was how Europeans first saw rubber used."

"That so?" said Kane politely.

"Yes! A Spanish priest saw the game played, and was astonished that a solid ball would bounce. He wrote: 'The ball contains no ox bladder, but is made of some black substance they distill from trees. It is not light, but heavy, yet it bounds to a great height.'"

Kane said nothing. He only stood there on the parapet, his interest gone, his huge machete dangling from its leather thong about his wrist.

"Imagine," mused the little man. "If they could only see what uses are made of rubber now!"

Kane gripped the horn handle of his machete and climbed down. "Which way shall we work?"

Sylvester Maring wondered vaguely why the man had wished to come here. He didn't enjoy flying, and the jungle was no novelty to him. The ruins didn't interest him; after the *tlachtli* ring he paid no real attention to anything they found.

It was Lois Maring, later, who supplied a guess: Whatever Kane was seeking was not here.

The girl sat with Captain Davison and the mechanic on the great stone steps under the bank. There was nowhere else to go; there were no open glades in which to wander. Only the bush, matted, unstirring, choking the space between the trees. The sun rose, and the lake was blinding, so that they turned their faces to the shadows for relief.

A thin swarm of *jejenes*—rock gnats—tiny, almost invisible, discovered them. The tiny stings were incredibly painful, lifting white blotches almost instantly. Bill, the mechanic, gritted his teeth and slapped and rubbed his face and hands and unprotected ankles.

Davison was in little better case, though he wore putties. Only Lois Maring was immune; *jejenes* didn't poison her. She was accustomed to the jungle. She wore trim, high boots, with pongee breeches under her pongee skirt, and she had a scarf to shield her neck. The gnats that zipped against her face were only an annoyance.

Davison said profanely, "How do you stand these blankety-blank gnats?"

He didn't say blankety-blank; he was explicit. He had learned long ago that women didn't really mind profanity. They liked to be shocked if you did it skillfully. They liked you to be hard-boiled, and Captain Davison was so. He looked hard and he was hard. You got pretty close to elemental facts when you survived two years of single-handed hell, saw men go down like flaming gnats in the high air. Human conventions looked pretty small when you were used to elemental space.

Women were elemental facts. This was not theory with Captain Davison; he knew. He knew that Lois Maring felt his hard, bold masculinity. And liked it.

She laughed, "Oh, the gnats? You get used to them."

"Is it always as bad as this?"

"Worse," she explained, "where they're used to human blood. These are just trying a new taste."

"You knew it would be like this?"

"Sure. I've been out with dad lots of times."

"Lucky dad," said the gallant captain. "You're the one thing that keeps the day from being a complete washout."

And he smiled into her eyes. His manner had been paternal when he let her fly the plane; it had progressed to that of an indulgent uncle, affectionate, admiring, not too old. Now it began to change again.

"Bill," he told the mechanic, "you're getting fat and lazy. You go help the professor with his chopping—and take these beasts with you."

The mechanic didn't mind. He hoped that motion might dislodge the

(Continued on Page 41)

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(Continued from Page 39)

gnats, and the lady was out of his class anyway.

The girl didn't mind. She liked hard men; she liked the sense of danger they stirred in her. She was modern. This man, too, was modern—self-possessed, outwardly light and flippant, inwardly elemental. She knew the game. Instead of waiting to defend herself, she struck.

She saw his eyes. She laughed, "All right; begin!"

"Begin?" he said, a trifle disconcerted.

"Aren't you going to make love to me?"

"Sure," said the gallant captain. "How did you guess?"

And they both laughed. He saw how lightly she had forced him to the use of buttoned foils—forced him to pretense, to exaggeration. She was worth fencing with.

The noise of chopping had receded into the bush, still loud because there was no other noise, yet insignificant against the depth of stillness. Only the sun moved, swinging up, hanging there, swinging on toward the west, trailing the empty shadows. The air was hot. The gnats persisted. Davison and the girl insensibly had dropped their voices almost to whispers, fencing, but almost with naked weapons now. Exaggeration went beyond exaggeration; it was Lois Maring who retreated finally.

She looked at her wrist watch and called, "Coo-e-e-e! Dad!" The clear soprano sound flashed almost visibly into the stillness, cutting the distant noise of chopping. Silence. Maring's voice replied, far off, perfectly audible.

"What is it?"

"When do we eat? It's almost two o'clock."

You almost heard Sylvester Maring sigh resentfully. He said at length, "Well," and a slow, steady crackling marked their return along the passage they had cut.

Silence marked Davison's return to his official self. He told his employer crisply, "We'd better get out of here by three. This is no place for night flying."

Sylvester Maring sighed, admitting it. But he had seen enough to make immediate regret seem nothing. These great mounds were the dead heart of a vast skeleton whose scattered bones stretched far into the jungle—thousands on thousands of stone doorsills buried there, buried beyond recovery, meaningless now except to gauge the size of the vanished city, the number of its vanished homes. But this was the imperishable heart. These were the palaces and temples, places of ceremony, places where records were preserved in fadeless stone.

The little man was trembling with fatigue, but he denied it; his small body was a trifling thing against the depth and color of the pictures in his mind.

"Captain," he said, "we must begin to make arrangements. Can you arrange to work with us, fly back and forth to bring men and supplies? We must get to work at once, get something done before the rainy season. Can you? Will you?"

The flying man met Lois Maring's eyes and smiled.

"Will I!" said he.

"Good night!" groaned the mechanic. "Who furnishes the flea powder?"

His red, perspiring face was blotched with insect bites. Maring assured him, "You'll soon cultivate immunity; they won't poison you so much. Look at my daughter. Look at me. Look at Mr. Kane."

No blotch marred the bronze sunburn of the big man's face. He sat on an upper step, grave, weary, motionless; the light, reflected from below, made his bright beard seem brighter, darkened his somber eyes. He seemed dispirited.

"I'm afraid," said Lois, looking up at him, "you're not as happy about this as my father is."

Christopher Kane smiled somberly and shook his head. His eyes were masked. She didn't pursue the question. But her father said, "Mr. Kane, I am under great obligation to you. If there is any way I can help you find—whatever you're looking for, you have only to let me know. I shall have men here, and material. They are at your disposal, to the limit of my resources—and I mean to spend here everything I can raise."

"Thank you," said Kane, and let it go at that.

Davison looked at Lois Maring and cocked a facetious eyebrow, humorously calling her attention to this man of mystery, and she smiled. But she didn't think it was very funny. Davison didn't know the jungle, and Kane did.

The big man's somber mood depressed her. It blended somehow with the hot, unstirring air, the vastness of the hot, unstirring forest that had held this place in silence for a thousand years. It made their presence here precarious, foolhardy. She had never been so far from human habitation. Sitting here, trying to pretend that it was a picnic!

Only the airplane, floating there on the still water, was a friendly thing. She said, "Make all the cracks you please about machinery. I say, thank God for it!"

"You bet," laughed Davison. "If any ghosts still walk around this joint they've seen something."

Silence fell on this light, complacent boast. Then, suddenly, a sound broke on it, ripped it—loud, long-drawn, malignant, raking the nerves almost beyond endurance—an obscene parody of human mirth, a sound like insensate laughter.

IX

THE yell of a *chachalaca* was no unknown sound to Lois Maring. But today it struck on ears already strained with the lack of sounds, on nerves already tight with heat and the sense of too great isolation. She could feel her muscles jerk. Bill, the mechanic, leaped to his feet so wildly that he almost fell into the water. He couldn't see where it came from. It seemed everywhere. It stopped, and silence closed as abruptly as it had broken.

He cried hoarsely, "What was that?"

Kane grinned. "Asking for song birds, weren't you? That's one. That's a *chachalaca*."

"Bird?" howled Bill. "It sounded like a hyena!"

"Just a nice, timid little gray hen. Like to have one for a pet?"

"You have her. Have this whole blame' country, far's I'm concerned. Give me a nice, quiet boiler factory!"

"Me too," said the girl defiantly. "Let's go! This is no place for night flying."

Kane nodded, and his eyes went bleak again. Sylvester Maring wanted to stay on, spend a few more excited minutes poking about the bush, but she was firm. The little man submitted, sagging a little with reaction now. Heat and exertion had already drained his puny strength.

The roar of engines was a welcome sound, prosaic, practical. She insisted on going aboard at once. Setting her foot in the unstable rubber boat, she was aware of human insecurity, aware of stifling depths. She was glad to feel the light, strong, modern fabric of the airplane, vibrant with power that could lift and carry her away; glad of the drone of engines, warming prosaic metal, beating with good monotony on ears too empty of familiar sounds. Now let the jungle yell! She smiled at Davison—this hard, efficient man, master of the machine.

She looked at Kane, but the man depressed her. The jungle had got into him.

Well, let him be gloomy. In a few minutes now they would be free. Up, up, up! She fixed her eyes on the bright, glassy surface that the plane would slash in its exhilarating leap. She visioned the wide horizon, visioned the good familiar houses of Belize, only two hundred miles down there; less than two hundred minutes.

She shouted to Captain Davison, "Can't we go yet?"

He grinned and patted her clenched hands, gently derisive. She relaxed them hastily, indignant at herself.

She wasn't afraid of flying. She was afraid of not flying. Flimsy the airplane felt, yet she was conscious of its mass, its heavy weight. What if it couldn't rise—this time?

The pilot nodded now, assured, decisive, and the drone of engines burst into good moving thunder.

Light, transparent wings of water lifted, running alongside, higher, higher, and the gloom of trees fled backward. Faster, faster. Now they were skimming reedy marsh. She didn't know her hands were clenched, her breath held, waiting.

She wasn't surprised to feel a sudden jar, see the flat lake swing upward, see the reflected sun blaze squarely into her eyeballs—blaze in a blinding arc and burst. She thought it was her eyes that burst. She thought it was her body that felt thunder, bruising her, crashing in giant darkness. Numbly she thought in words, "I knew we couldn't."

She was calm. No use to struggle with a thing like this; the sky had crashed, pinning her there on glassy water. No, that was glass—actual glass. Her cheek was jammed against it. She could see the water just outside, no longer motionless, but roiled with mud and stained with red that dripped and splashed and was diffused.

Six inches from her nose the glass was broken, Davison's face against it, bleeding. His eyes were closed. A weight moved somewhere, and the red drops ran faster. She tried to say, "Don't move, somebody. You're cutting his face on the glass."

But her lungs were jammed. Her father's voice said querulously, "Get off me, can't you?" Bill, the mechanic, muttered vaguely, "We hit something. We hit something." The weight moved, and the girl cried, "Don't! You cut his face. Be careful. Who's on top?"

"I am," said Kane. "I—just now realized it. Sorry."

His hobnailed boot appeared, heavy, groping for foothold that would support his weight. The plane had plunged nose down into the mud; they lay on the narrow cabin end.

The boot nudged Lois Maring's face. The weight lifted. She began to laugh. That thick, dull boot against her face, like the insensate hoof of some dull, groping animal. Five human beings tangled here like worms, squirming, grinding the head of one of them on broken glass. He didn't care. Davison didn't care. He didn't know it. That was his own head, and he didn't even know it!

This was the jungle's joke. Five human creatures trapped, stripped of their human dignity, their proud machine crumpled like cardboard in the mud—all in a flash of time. And what could you do about it? Laugh. Laugh, if you knew the jungle.

Lois Maring laughed. Somebody tried to lift her; she resisted, screaming, "Him! Get him! He's hurt!"

Christopher Kane said curtly, "I know it. He's losing a lot of blood. Get up, so I can reach him."

That was funny—horrible and funny. It was her own weight that was jamming Davison against the glass. Her knees were crazy. There was no place to stand. She fell into the arms of Bill, the mechanic. He smelled like stale tobacco. Lying there in his arms, she screamed with laughter.

Her father begged, "Oh, please, dear! Please don't laugh!"

He couldn't see that it was funny. Squirming here on the tilted floor, trying to make room for that big, clumsy Christopher. He crowded against her knees, lifting that gory head, swabbing that scarlet gash with blue. Blue! Where did he get that? And sticking plaster. Wiping the cheek swiftly, roughly, closing the gash to a thin line, pressing the plaster on—swiftly, unfeelingly.

And bandages. Out of his knapsack! Suddenly she understood. She screamed at him, "You knew it! You knew this would happen!"

He paid no attention. She wondered if her laughter really made any sound. Yes, she could hear it. Bill heard it, and her father heard it; they kept begging her to stop. But that big, wooden Christopher finished bandaging the head, laid it down carefully, got up and asked in a conversational tone, "How do you get these windows open?"

Bill tried to show him, but the glass was jammed. They broke it. The crash made her laugh harder.

Kane cleared the splinters and crawled through and disappeared. But he appeared again, his legs all muddy, and crawled in.

"The mud's too deep. Can you blow up the boat?"

That was a joke. It was the engine that blew up the boat, and that was dead. So Bill took out a silly pump, like the ones people used to use for bicycles. Lois Maring sobbed and shrieked with laughter.

"Stop it," said Kane.

He paid attention to her now. This great, angry fellow with his legs of mud!

"Stop it, I tell you."

He spoke in a cold, even tone. What right had he to speak to her like that? His eyes bored into her. His beard bristled. Did he think she enjoyed laughing?

Then, with exact brutality, he slapped her. The laughter broke; but when she tried to scream her rage she laughed again. And he slapped her again. Bill, the mechanic, shouted, "Hey, fella! You can't do that!"

"Keep your mouth shut," said Kane, and slapped her with both hands, one after the other, so that her head bobbed. In a red daze she tried to fight him, but he was too strong. He crushed her arms down, crushed her against him, patting her back as if she were a baby, murmuring, "There, there!"

(Continued on Page 44)

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

CANADA

Here's a wonderful

Christmas Dinner

"Dinner is served!"

Three magic words that lift the curtain to the climax of Christmas Day. And whether that feast is built around America's magnificent bird—the turkey—or is truly English with prime roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, there is one crowning touch that will make the event memorable to everybody—Canada Dry Ginger Ale.

Here, indeed, is a rare beverage. No tender, firm-fleshed oyster on its bed of crushed ice is more elusive in its flavor. No plump, green olive is more zestful in its tang. No stately plum pudding is more full-bodied in its goodness. No brilliant Christmas morn is more dazzling in its sparkle.

Bring those dark, green bottles, chilled through and through, to the table. Fill the slim-stemmed glasses slowly. What a delicate, fragrant bouquet! What color—radiant amber! And then for the thrill! Lift the glass to your lips for a sip. Your taste will be aroused instantly by a delicate, mellow flavor that is not matched by any other ginger ale made.

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DRY

CANADA DRY'S

Sparkling Lime — Golden Ginger Ale

Sparkling Orange

These three delicious beverages are also made under the Canada Dry seal. Try them soon. They are all delightful and refreshing.

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(Continued from Page 41)

What was the matter with her? She was crying. She didn't want to cry, but she couldn't help it. He was too strong. He smelled of tobacco too, but he felt twice as big as Bill, the mechanic. She hated him. She hated him for his brutality, for his invasion of her dignity, for forcing her to wilt like a spineless baby. And his momentary tenderness meant nothing. As soon as she gave up he pushed her roughly into her father's arms and turned to help Bill with the rubber boat.

x

THE plane had veered in striking that submerged obstruction, veered and pitched into reedy marsh. The jungle here grew thick, impenetrable to the water's edge. Christopher Kane said briefly, "No telling what we'd get into. Better go back where we came from." Bill, the mechanic, held the rubber boat under the open window. It would safely carry only two people at a time. Kane told the girl, "You first."

"No," she said coldly, and reminded him of the unconscious Davison. "He must go first."

"And be left alone while Bill comes back for us? He might roll off the steps. He may be out of his head when he comes to, and try to pull that bandage off. Somebody's got to be there."

"You go, then. You're strong enough to hold his hands. I'm not. I'm just a poor, weak woman."

"That's just why. If he's delirious you can soothe him. He won't fight a woman."

"No," she said with bitter emphasis, "he wouldn't."

Kane said evenly, "Use your head, Lois. I couldn't let you waste your strength that way. You'll need it all."

"I can stand up and travel as long as you can."

"You're just angry because you were hysterical. That's nothing to be ashamed of, Lois. I've seen men go to pieces too."

"Oh," she said, "if even men do it!"

And in cold, trembling silence she crawled down into the boat. She wouldn't let Kane help her. It was bad enough to be paralyzed with terror without being slapped and ordered about by a man who was always right.

The lake was still, glassy again under its weight of centuries. There was no memory of roaring engines here; only the slow and painful toil of human muscles. Their unwieldy craft moved slowly, leaving no wake. There was no sound but the faint splash of their own paddles. Distances had expanded, time had expanded, stretching now into awful reaches where a human hour was nothing.

Bill, the mechanic, turned his white, blotched face. The sun was hot, the air was hot, but he was no longer red. His voice was a husky whisper:

"You think he can get us out?"

"Who?" said the girl coldly.

"The big fella. He seems to know what to do."

"He's bigger and louder than the rest of us, that's all."

"Well," said the mechanic shakily, "I'm sure glad somebody knows his stuff. I never been up against nothin' like this. I been in crashes, all right, but somethin' was always sure to come along—an automobile or somethin'." He managed a pale grin. "I reckon nothin' ever comes by here."

"No."

"Reckon they won't send out ships to look for us?"

"If they do," said the girl dully, "they won't find us. They'll just think we've crashed in the jungle somewhere."

They came in silence to the great stone steps. The great stone serpents had not stirred. In all their thousand years they had not stirred; they had no memory of human hands.

"So long," said Bill. "I hate to leave you here, Miss —— What's your name, anyway? I never noticed. It wasn't none of my business. But I reckon I better find out what to call you, now."

Yes, they must be together now—days, weeks, months maybe, if they lived that long. The jungle wouldn't care. It didn't care that kings had walked here once where she sat now. It paid no heed to that strange, modern shape protruding yonder—that proud, roaring monster it had trapped and stilled. Forever. The thin fabric of the machine would soon dissolve; its metal skeleton, more wonderful than steel, would melt in time. How long? It didn't matter. Time had no meaning here. It lay too still, too deep.

You dared not think of it that way. You had to grip yourself, hang on somehow, face it a minute at a time.

She gripped her trembling nerves and smiled, and said in a clear voice, "That's right. My name is Maring. Shall I call you Bill?"

After all, that was the way you always had to live—a minute at a time. When days and hours and minutes ran in familiar grooves, when you could see ahead, you were not conscious of this slow, blind groping; but you couldn't leap into the future, ever, any more than your short arms could reach over the horizon.

She fixed her eyes on the only thing that moved—Bill, in the rubber boat. She pinned her attention on it. She saw Davison crawl down through the window into it, apparently unaided; he was already conscious. But he seemed pretty weak. He didn't try to paddle, only slumped down and held his bandaged head in his two hands. He staggered dizzily when Bill, clutching the stone snake with one hand, tried to help him out. The girl caught him, eased him down on the step beside her, sat with her arm around him.

He said wretchedly, "I feel to blame for this."

"Nonsense," she said. "I was sitting right by you, and I didn't see anything to hit."

"I did," he groaned. "The reflection on the water hid it till we were right on it. Too late to miss it. But I tried to throw the ship into shallow water."

"You saved us all from drowning, then. What was it?"

"A sunken log. It ripped the pontoon like paper. One log, in all that water, and I had to hit it!"

"Them's the breaks," said the girl cheerfully. "You can't blame yourself for that."

"I could have taxied up to have a look before I tried to take off. But that's the stretch we landed in, and it seemed clear."

"Sure it did," she said, patting him. "Snap out of it! Relax. Got a cigarette?"

He gave her one, and lit one for himself; and for the first time in years Capt. Arnold Davison apologized for a word before he used it. "If you don't mind the word," he told her, "you've got guts."

"Mind?" said Lois Maring. "It makes me proud. It helps me to forget that I'm a—a poor, weak woman."

They were sitting there smoking companionably when the boat came again, bringing Sylvester Maring, with the big man relieving Bill. Kane set his passenger ashore and lingered a moment.

"Captain," he said, "do you smoke much?"

"Am I under oath?" said Davison.

"I mean, are your nerves dependent on tobacco?"

"I see," said Davison. "You're reminding me that we're some distance from a cigar store?"

"Exactly. If the lack of tobacco is likely to affect you much, you can make a few cigarettes go a long way. Don't smoke; when you feel the need, just put a crumb of tobacco in your mouth."

"Thanks," said Davison, lighting another. "Have a cigarette, Miss Maring?"

"Sure," said Lois. "Won't you join us, Christopher?"

Kane sat a moment looking at them, unamused; his eyes were quite impersonal. Then he pushed off.

Sylvester Maring said, "My dear, you are inconsiderate. You don't need tobacco. Why do you take it from those who will?"

"Because," said the girl flippantly, "the man wakes every evil impulse in me. Is he our papa?"

"He seems quite to have taken charge," said Davison. "Doesn't he? It was rather my place to have been the last to have come ashore, but he pushed me out before I quite knew what was happening."

"You're injured," Maring reminded him.

"I'm still responsible for my passengers."

Maring tactfully changed the subject, asking, "Is the plane damaged beyond repair?"

The pilot made a flippant horizontal gesture with both hands. "Washed out. Wing smashed, frame buckled, both propellers undoubtedly gone to splinters the instant they touched the water. We might, of course, salvage the engines if we had a crane and a machine shop handy." He contrived a stiff, one-sided grin through his bloody bandages. "I don't suppose the original inhabitants left one buried around here?"

"A machine shop?" The tired little man faintly acknowledged the humor of the idea. "Hardly. They never achieved so much as a wheelbarrow. With all their magnificent attainments, they never stumbled on the principle of the wheel."

"Magnificent?" said Davison with tolerant contempt, and touched the grotesque snake on which he leaned, and waved a hand toward the formless mounds. "It looks pretty crude to me."

"It wouldn't if you studied it. Their art was highly formalized, far from the primitive—though it contained elements that our modern artists are just now discovering and calling by that name. Of course," said Maring, and his weary eyes began to glow, "you can't see much here. But Mr. Kane says there are greater ruins north of here that by some miracle have been preserved from burial by the jungle. You may see there what the ancient Mayas really accomplished."

The girl said in exasperation, "Oh, for heaven's sake, dad! Wake up. We'll be doing well if we can keep ourselves from being buried!"

"Mr. Kane says there's a local colony of jungle Indians. He thinks that's our best chance."

"Oh," said Davison, "so that's all settled!"

"Yes," said the little man, unaware of any irony. "We're nearer now to settled portions of Yucatan than to Belize. Mr. Kane thinks we'd better try that way. Don't you?"

"If it matters what I think," said Davison grimly, "I should say the settled coast is nearer. Much nearer, by the map. Of course I realize that Mr. Kane is superior to maps."

"No," said Maring. "He knows the coast is nearer. He tried to get out that way when he was here before, but he couldn't make it. The jungle is impassable."

"How far," asked Lois, "is this Indian village he speaks of?"

"Thirty or forty miles, he estimates."

"He estimates!" said Davison. "Do you know how far he missed this lake—by estimation? Only fifty miles!"

"But he found it."

"By guesswork, and from the air. But in that bush you can't see twenty miles. You can't see twenty feet. Or do you credit him with some infallible instinct—like a homing pigeon or a cat's faculty for coming back?"

"I don't know," sighed Maring. "I don't know much about instincts. I don't think anybody does. But he's been in here once and got out alive. That's something." He got up, stiff and weary. "Do you feel able to help gather firewood?"

"Are we going to need a fire? It's not cold, and we haven't got anything to cook."

Maring said patiently, "It'll be pretty dreary without a fire. Besides, there are jaguars in these woods."

"Jaguars?" said Davison. "That's different!"

The girl explained, "They're not considered dangerous. They're afraid of human beings. Here, of course," she added lightly, "they may not know what human beings are. They may take us for a new kind of game."

Davison grinned, "Firewood it is—and lots of it!"

He was pretty weak. He wasn't used to being weak; he had no more than climbed the bank when he had to lean against the parapet, setting his teeth against a wave of dizziness. He wasted effort, picking up rotten sticks that wouldn't burn. He was humiliated to discover his own ignorance. But Maring, practiced, cleared a space inside the parapet and had a fire prepared before the rubber boat came back.

Christopher Kane went past the clearing without speaking, his knapsack strapped on, his huge machete in its scabbard, his shotgun in his hand.

"Ah," said the military man, "the infallible Mr. Kane, in heavy marching order! Has he deserted us?"

"Hunting, I guess," said Maring. "Something to eat."

"I hope he gets it," said the girl fervently.

Bill, on the steps, deflating the rubber boat, called up the bank, "Say, cap'n, the boss says we better cut this up for rubber blankets to sleep on. That all right with you?"

"Certainly not," said Davison with dizzy calm. "Though it's kind of you to ask, since you've changed bosses."

"I didn't mean no harm, cap'n. He just says there ain't no water to cross where we're goin', and it's too heavy to carry in one piece."

Davison said nothing. Bill regretfully put his jackknife back in his pocket.

The sun was nearly down. It touched the higher trees beyond the lake; and instantly, as if that were a signal, all the air filled with butterflies—thousands of butterflies, millions of butterflies, colorful, lightly dancing. It seemed incredible that so much life

(Continued on Page 49)

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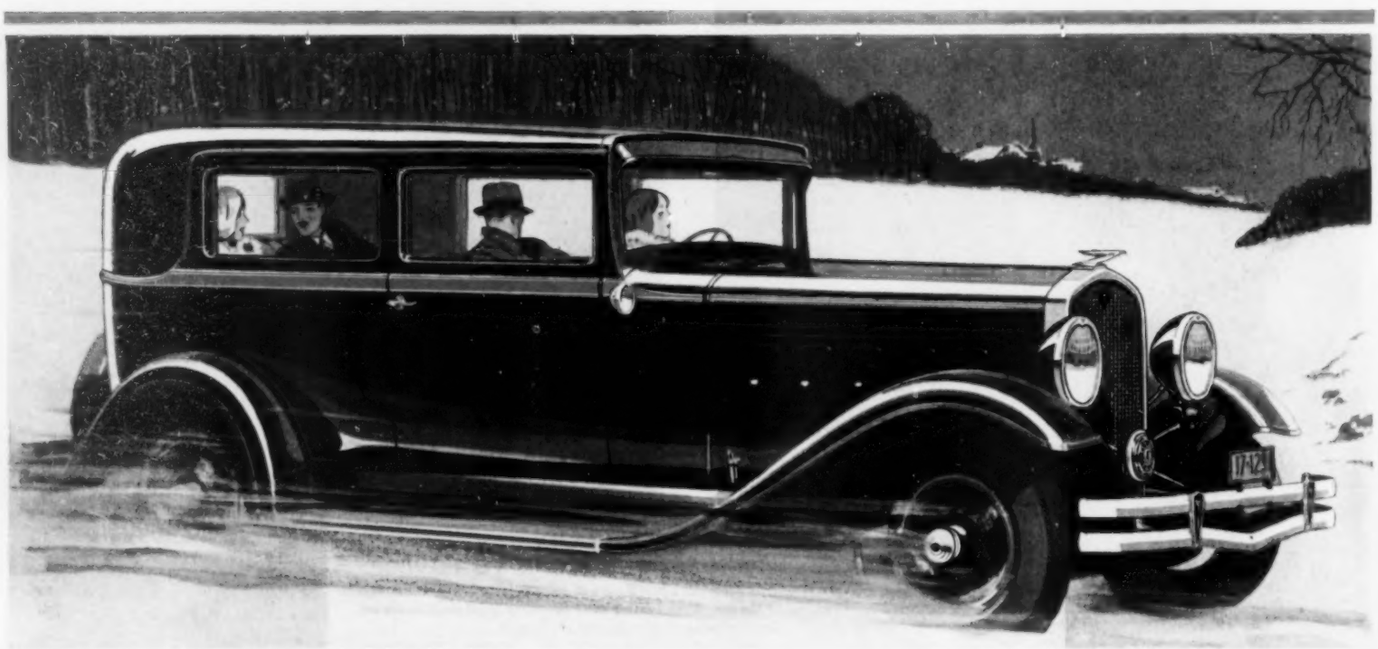

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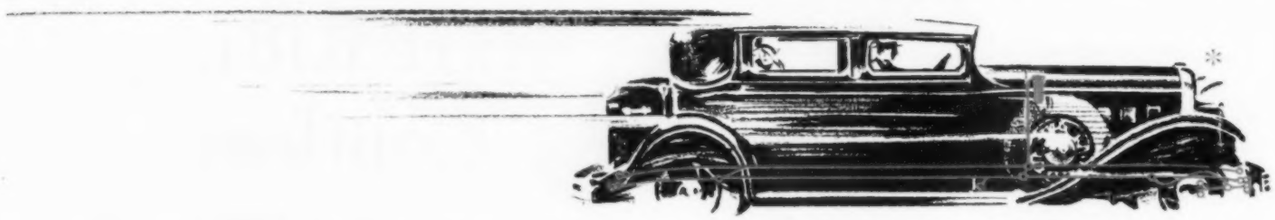
NOTHING TO PUSH ››› NOTHING TO PULL



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ALEMITE PRODUCTS

* Note the copper lubrication lines that lead from the supply tank to the vital points of chassis lubrication, as indicated in red on the motor car shown above. The correct amount of pressure is automatically developed in the tank mechanism itself, insuring at all times and under all conditions the exact amount of lubrication necessary to maintain the fullest operating efficiency.

(Continued from Page 44)

could have been hidden in this silent bush. And how much other life? Davison, leaning weakly on the parapet, was bitterly aware of his own ignorance.

Now he was grateful for a fire to look at; for the sun vanished and the light was gone. Christopher Kane appeared—this huge man in his heavy marching order—bringing a slender, two-foot lizard in his hand.

"That's all I could raise," he sighed. "They won't move when it starts getting dark."

Davison stared at the little monster. It was the ugliest lizard he had ever seen; it looked like something mythical—like a small dragon, ruffed and spined with horn.

"What's that?"

"An iguana," laughed the girl. "Looks awful, doesn't he? But he's very nice inside. I only wish he was twins, or triplets."

"Ugh!" said Davison. "You can have my share."

"I hope you'll change your mind," said Kane. "You're the one that needs food. You've lost blood."

"This solicitude is touching."

"It's common sense," said Kane. "There isn't enough meat here to divide among us all; this is for you and Doctor Maring."

"Don't I get any?" said the girl. "Not even a bite?"

"Dream on!" said Davison, dizzily grim.

Kane squatted silently to prepare the iguana. It emerged a thin, pale sliver of meat, not at all repugnant now. On a wide-pronged fork of a green twig, it broiled; the smell made Davison faint with hunger. Kane took a horn salt box from his knapsack, and the dizzy man ground his teeth, remembering how he had sneered at this provision only a dozen hours ago. But at least Kane didn't say, "I told you so."

He only divided the morsel in two halves, and handed the first one to Davison. Davison set his teeth and said with great politeness to Lois Maring, "Will you honor me by eating this?"

"I will," said the girl defiantly.

"You won't," said Kane.

And his big hand intercepted it. He was on his feet, but his deep voice was oddly quiet by contrast with the abruptness of his movement.

"Listen to me, both of you. And please believe me. This is a matter of life or death for all of us. We've got to keep our heads. We can't beat the jungle at its own game. If we go savage now we're sunk."

"I," said the flying man, "am civilized. I'm not in the habit of eating while a woman goes hungry."

"Look at it this way," said Kane quietly. "Our chance to get out alive is measured by the strength of the weakest one. We can't abandon anybody. If you don't eat now, you'll still be weak tomorrow. You've lost blood, and Doctor Maring has worked hard today. He's older than the rest of us; he's used up his reserve. You, Lois, have got plenty of reserve. You've got fat on your body. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly," said the girl, furious. "Incredible as it may seem, Captain Davison, the man's right. I'm all wrong. Please eat it."

Davison got up, swaying with rage and faintness; but the girl stepped between them, laid her hands on his shoulders.

"Please," she said. "For all our sakes. We're going to need your strength—tomorrow, and day after, and God knows how long. I know you'd like to give it to me, but you need it most."

"No," said Davison.

Kane said quietly, "I can't make you eat it, Captain Davison, but I can, if necessary, keep anybody else from eating it. I don't think it will be necessary."

"No," said the girl. "It won't be necessary."

"Can you?" said Davison.

With his left hand he pushed the girl gently aside; his right held an automatic pistol.

"Mr. Kane," he said, "you seem to think the Lord Almighty appointed you to take charge of this expedition. Permit me to remind you that you are wrong. Give that meat to Miss Maring."

"I don't want it," said the girl steadily. "Mr. Kane is a little dictatorial, but he's right."

Kane said nothing. Davison, still holding her aside with his left hand, lifted the pistol, covered the big man's abdomen at point-blank range. Bill, sitting beyond, was rolling hastily aside; he knew a man's body wouldn't stop a steel-jacketed bullet. Sylvester Maring cried, "Don't, captain!" Lois Maring watched the flat black thing with a sort of horrible fascination. She looked at Davison's face and saw his teeth bared in the firelight, and remembered that he had killed many men. Surely not one who only stood and watched him!

"I shall count five before I fire," said Davison. "One!"

And a long second dragged. An ember crackled once. A slow and stealthy rustle was in the forest now; a little wind was stirring. But it only deepened the vast, empty sense of isolation.

Christopher Kane sighed.

"I was afraid you'd feel that way," he said. "So I unloaded it. I've got the cartridges right here."

"You ——" said Davison, and his hand contracted and a little click sounded inside the automatic. Dizzily, furiously, he tried to strike Kane with the pistol, but the big man caught his wrist, thrust him back easily.

"You're in no shape to fight, Davison. Use your head."

"You—you ——"

Now Captain Davison used words without apologizing for them in advance or afterward.

Kane only stood there, huge, motionless, the red firelight glinting on his golden beard.

"Use your head, Davison. You'd better eat."

"I'll see you damned first," said the shaking man. "I can't fight you with my bare hands; you're too big. But you were a little rash to tell me where you'd put those cartridges. You'd better not go to sleep tonight."

"Certainly I shall sleep," said Kane. "And you'd better not come near me while I'm doing it."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

RAINBOWS

(Continued from Page 21)

nobody's business—now, is it? But maybe you can guess.

Friends, honestly now, as we pause here at this great ringside, surrounded by a pulsing throng in a velvet night, I want to ask, is this the first time that Dan Cupid has played his tricks? It has happened before, hasn't it, that a boy has hitched his wagon to a star in love's sweet dream? The little lady with her millions and Sammy Small in his dapper tweeds—it gives a bit of romance just to think of it. Frequently last winter Sammy has been seen with the little lady in question, riding, dancing in the moonlight, and more than once at a prominent table in a Broadway night club. And what happened is nobody's business, but maybe papa wishes he wasn't interested in book writers now. . . . And here's a seat waiting for her so she can see her dream man fight. . . . That's romance, friends; the same romance you get in the smoke of the Mellow Sweet Cigar. . . .

When interviewed yesterday at his training quarters, Sammy Small was discovered sitting on the front porch of his bungalow, reading to himself from a limp leather volume. When questioned regarding the prevalent rumor, he seemed ill at ease, and some noticed a blush beneath his tan. At this point his private secretary appeared in natty doeskin trousers and passed each visitor a piece of typewritten paper which read as follows:

"Though fully realizing my duty as a public figure, I must decline to discuss the rumors of my forthcoming engagement. The press has had a lot of fun with me lately, and fight fans seem to have gained an impression of me which is unfortunate. Won't you, the fairest public in the world, give me an even break and let what I do speak for itself?"

As this statement was being read, Sammy Small, who gave evidences of being trained too fine, exhibited traces of nervousness.

"Will she be present tomorrow evening?" one of the boys is said to have inquired.

"Fellows," said Sammy Small, "I wish we could talk fighting, but that is a fair question. There will be a seat reserved for the lady in question, if she chooses to be present. I can't say any more than that, and I want to ask you for an even break."

Well, there's the whole picture painted for you with this bit of local color and romance which gives this battle a high society note not usually connected with modern fistic exhibits . . . and you can listen, if you want to, while everyone is stamping and whistling. They want the thing to start, and do you blame them?

There's something happening now. Oh, yeh. . . . I got it. . . . It's Benny Rheinstein, the popular coldtonic boy with the nightingale voice, climbing through the ropes. Benny is going to croon one for the crowd through his megaphone to keep 'em quiet while we wait, and I'm going to put him on for you too. This is Benny Rheinstein now. And Benny is going to let one go—his famous one about rainbows. Hold on tight now and light one of those Mellow Sweet Cigars. . . . Rainbows—spring it, Benny!

I'm not fit—that's it;
I'll say I know
You're high—way up in duh sky-y-y—

(Continued on Page 52)

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THE SEAL OF UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE

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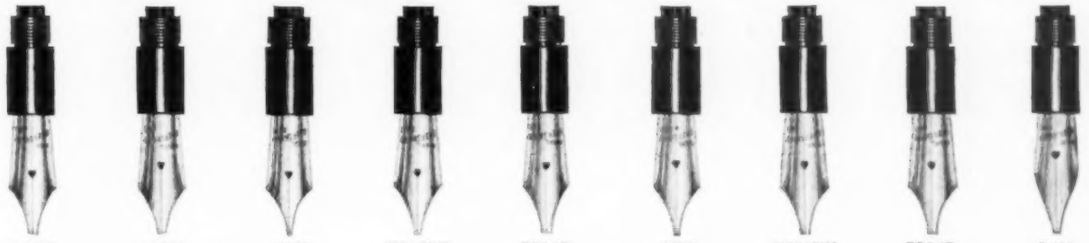
POINT FOR EVERY HAND



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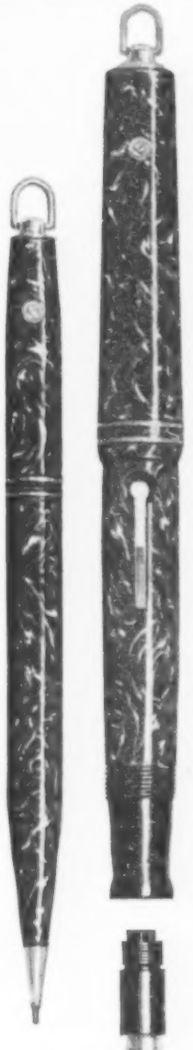

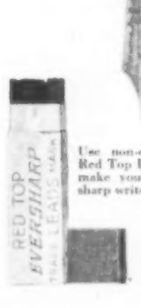

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(Continued from Page 49)

I'm down bee-low,
So it seems
That I gotta build a ladder outa dreams;
That's the only way that I can go
To y-e-e-e—ow.

Rainbows—rainbows,
That's where my brain goes,
Climbing the ladder to you;
Blue skies, blue eyes—that's all, I guess—
Sobs, tears, groans, sighs and happiness,
All go to make my ladder outa rainbows,
The ladder of my dreams that be-eams
For y-e-e-e—ow.

Rainbows—rainbows,
That's where the pain goes,
And my tears' stain shows
Just rainbows—rainbows—rainbows!
And I get sadder—madder—gladder,
Climbing up my rainbow ladder
Into the blue
To y-e-e-e—ow.

You have just been listening—we've all been, I'll say—to Benny Rheinstein, the popular cold-tonic boy and all-round singin' fool, who has just been giving us so much pleasure. If you have enjoyed that bit of colorful whimsey, send him an applause card, and maybe if he gets enough, perhaps he'll get out of here and start a night club of his own. . . . Rainbows! . . . Maybe Sammy Small is building his ladder out of rainbows in his dressing room out back . . . I don't know what else he's doing.

Wait a minute . . . something's happening out here. . . .

All right, we can cut out this stuff now. Here comes Johnny Jones, the challenger. He's climbing through the ropes, and I want to say he looks good, even under wraps. Short hair, a day's growth of beard like Dempsey, and nice legs—heh, heh!—his looks are in his legs, I'd say. The crowd is giving him a hand now. Don't tell me Johnny isn't popular—listen for yourselves. . . . Johnny's shaking hands in the air now. Now he's on his stool with his hands on his knees, hunching his neck into his shoulders. . . .

And now here comes Sammy. You can spot that fancy Japanese kimono Sammy wears, like a whisky breath in a Sunday concert. Sammy has now reached the ring, surrounded by a platoon of athletic valets. He certainly has that matinée look—light curly hair, and boy-scout complexion, and financial polish, and strong—oh, my—and yet so gentle. No wonder some little lady has lost her heart to him. Will you listen to the raspberry this champion is getting? All the floor is booing, and the back counties are returning the Bronx cheer.

Seemingly surprised he hasn't got a hand, he looks around, worried, and gives the appearance of not having slept all night. And now some of these cut-ups are starting in to sing "Rainbows, that's where the pain goes." He's looking over in back of his corner, like he expected somebody who isn't there, while that catchy tune of Rainbows is being taken up on all sides. Don't tell me there isn't romance in this angle. He's looking over at that empty seat. Is she going to let him down? Maybe she will, but I'll tell you something that won't, and that's one of those Mellow Sweet Cigars.

Now they're in the middle of the ring for those formalities that are inseparable from the commencement of these arguments. The boys are posing for the news photos, shaking hands. Johnny is giving Sammy a dirty look. He said something to Sammy then, and it couldn't have been just "heigh-ho," because Sammy's face is getting red. He's looking back of his corner again at that empty seat.

Here we are at the ringside of Sweeney's Thirty Acres through the courtesy of the Mellow Sweet Cigar Company and the Oronoco House and Cottages. Jack Hamlin—that solon who is refereeing tonight—has beckoned Johnny and Sammy to the center of the canvas for the usual talky-talky about not doing a thing he wouldn't do, and . . . something tells me Jones will try for a quick finish.

All right, now we're down to brass tacks. . . . The boys are doing the shoe-and-rosin act, and there's the bell. . . . All right . . . they meet in the center of the ring and fool around, and Sammy leads with a straight left. Johnny slips it and comes in, but Sammy ties him up. They are now locked in a close embrace, and Johnny is saying something in Sammy's ear, and Sammy gives the impression of having a pain, and not having his mind on this. He's looking at that empty chair. Now Sammy jabs his left and misses, and shoots a pretty right to Johnny's jaw, but there isn't any steam to it, and Johnny laughs, and then he wades in and . . . fetches a right-hand sock to the middle . . . and buries another right and left. Sammy's mouth drops open . . . Sammy backs away and Johnny is right there after him . . . Jones . . . wait a minute . . . as Jones bores in, he takes a right from Small to the back of the head, and lands a wild right . . . flush to the face . . . which sends the champion rocking on his heels . . . and as Jones sets himself . . . Sammy Small staggers into a clinch and hangs on with his head on Johnny's shoulder, staring toward his corner, his face a bloody smear. . . . And now everybody's on their feet, and Jones is fighting to get away. . . . And now they break, and Sammy pushes out a left, and he's a sight. . . . It's just as well his girl can't see him now. . . . Johnny tears at him, ripping in rights and lefts, and Small, half blinded, is trying to fight back. . . . And there's such a noise you can't hear yourself think. . . . And now Jones is rushing again, and—there's the bell!

Folks, you have the Mellow Sweet Cigar Company and the Oronoco House and Cottages to thank for a first round which nearly tipped the champion's crown off the wabbling head of Sammy Small in the fifteen-stanza bout here at Sweeney's Thirty Acres.

Small is wandering toward his corner like a sleepwalker, wiping his eyes with his glove and staring over a sea of yelling faces toward a single empty chair. He doesn't seem to know what's happened when he sees that chair is empty. His seconds are pulling him onto his stool and sponging him off like he was on fire. And the gossip is that something has happened out back before the boys came on. There's some talk about legal worries, but the inside money says the worries aren't legal. It's a certain little lady who is letting Sammy down. Sammy is saying something to Jake Ledoux, his manager, and looks like he's going to cry. . . . And now the boys are singing Rainbows. There's no sympathy for a champ that's going down . . . and there's the bell!

Right here before the eyes of a million-dollar throng, through the courtesy of the Mellow Sweet Cigars and the Oronoco House, the hopes of a champion are going. Jones is out of his corner with the gong, and tearing into Sammy. . . . They're in a clinch, and Sammy's mouth is open like a fish. Can you beat it? He's still looking at that empty seat. The referee is breaking 'em. He's got blood on his white silk shirt. . . . Rainbows . . . rainbows. . . . It's all a dream to Sammy in that rain of blows . . . heh, heh! . . . And now he's backing off . . . and Jones is after him . . . and now they're yelling "Why don't he fight, the punk?" . . . and Sammy shoots a right to the head with a flash of his old form, as Jones tried to work him into a corner . . . and he bounces a right on Jones' jaw . . . but there's no steam to it. . . . As they clinch, it is clear that one good sock will finish this show. . . . Put . . . him . . . out. . . . Everybody's yelling to put him out.

In one desperate effort to stave off the inevitable, Small steps in and they trade lefts to the head. . . . Rainbows . . . rainbows . . . he's up there with them now. The welts on Sammy's body look like pancakes. . . . He's hanging on, and now the crowd is yelling "Yellow." . . .

He don't hear 'em. He's looking out over the first rows, and Jack Hamlin has to holler in his ear. Now they're breaking. . . . Jones takes his time . . . he's getting set. . . . There he goes . . . a left to the midsection bends Sammy over, and he tries to cover up; then . . . with a beautiful right . . . Jones connects with the jaw . . . and Small . . . sinks forward . . . on his hands and knees. . . . Hamlin waves Jones to a corner. . . . Jones skips over quick. . . . Oh, baby, hear 'em yell! . . . Hamlin's over Sammy. . . . He's counting in his ear . . . and a champ is going out . . . three . . . a champ is going out . . . five . . . Sammy's bending up . . . seven . . . no—yes, he's coming out of the rainbows . . . eight . . . nine . . . he's up and rocking, and Jones is diving at him, and—there's the bell!

The best minds here agree that the bell saved Sammy Small in the second round, through the courtesy of the Mellow Sweet Cigar Company and the Oronoco House and Cottages. And maybe Sammy doesn't wish he was right there now, nestled 'midst the Blue Ridge ozone, doing the tango instead of smelling the salts.

Jack Hamlin's coming over. I think . . . yes, he's going to stop it. No, Sammy's sitting up! He looks sick, but he's talking fast. . . . Yes, they're going on with it. . . . Ledoux is hollering at Sammy, and Sammy is looking back at that seat. Ledoux has grabbed Sammy's head and turned it away . . . and now the handlers are slapping his face. What with all the color and the romance that I've tried to give you, we find ourselves sitting to watch a light go out.

But . . . say . . . wait a minute. . . . Something's going on. A boy's just come to Sammy's corner with a telegram. Sammy sees it. Ledoux is tearing it open . . . Now he's reading it out loud. . . . Now Ledoux is slapping Sammy's back, and Sammy's shaking hands. Now Sammy's sitting up like he's had a shot in the arm, and just gazing at that scrap of paper . . . just gazing . . . and now he is sighing . . . relief . . . romance . . . rainbows. . . . As they give him another sniff of the bottle, he pushes it away and—here we go; there's the bell.

I don't know what that wire said—maybe it's nobody's business—but it's certainly changed Sammy. Jones comes in with his usual rush . . . and . . . Small straightens him up with a left jab, and now they're in the center of the ring swapping punches . . . and Jones misses . . . and Sammy comes in with a nice right. . . . Don't tell me there isn't anything to love. . . . Sammy jars Jones with two straight lefts. . . . Jones looks startled . . . he can't understand it any more than we do. . . . He comes in just in time to take a right hander . . . and now they're in a clinch . . . and Jones is tired! . . . Yes, Jones is tired. . . . As he attempts to nail Small in another rush, Sammy uncorks an uppercut that sends Jones back a step. . . . The crowd, dumfounded, is on its feet . . . and Small follows with a swing to the jaw. . . . Sammy has Jones on the ropes, and Jones tries to clinch as Small pounds at his body. . . . I've never seen an act like this, nor has anybody else. . . . As they break, the crowd is yelling for Sammy, and Small connects with his right. . . . Jones is boring in . . . and . . . Sammy props him off and . . . there he goes again . . . and Sammy nails him with another right to the jaw. . . . And . . . Jones . . . is . . . down . . . and . . . Sammy takes one look at him . . . and now he's walking away . . . and Hamlin's counting. . . . Five . . . six. . . . Jones is on his face . . . eight. . . . Sammy looks over just to see and looks away . . . and now he's commencing to grin in that boyish way you've seen in his photos and. . . . Jones is out!

And Sammy Small, snappy, dapper light-heavy champion of the world, retains his title by a knock-out in the middle of the third round—I wish I knew what that telegram said—in the middle of the third round, and you have been present at a first-class fight with love behind the scenes, through the courtesy of the Mellow Sweet Cigar Company and the Oronoco House and Cottages. . . . And now they're dragging out Johnny Jones, the rocky-jawed contender, still unconscious through the auspices of Small's sleep-inducing right. . . . And Small is donning his gold-and-purple kimono, so loved by the followers of good, clean sport. . . . And I wonder what someone is thinking now . . . I wonder . . . as another dream man has built another rainbow ladder to the skies. . . .

And now . . . wouldn't we all like to know what Sammy Small has to say about it? . . . Hey, Sammy! Sammy, will you say a few words to the radio audience?

Did you hear Sammy Small kindly agreeing to say a few words? And here he is now, right beside the microphone, with that smile which has endeared him to so many!

"Aw—shut up!"

Did you hear what Sammy said, friends? That was his own voice.

"G'wan—gimme dat t'ing, for the luva Pete. I can't wait all night."

Did you hear him? That was Sammy Small himself, speaking of the big treat he has in store for you. Now Sammy will say a word, and maybe he will tell you something about the rare aroma of the Mellow Sweet Cigar, and maybe he will tell you something else that every sport fan wants to hear. . . .

"Aw—cut out that hoke, will yer?"

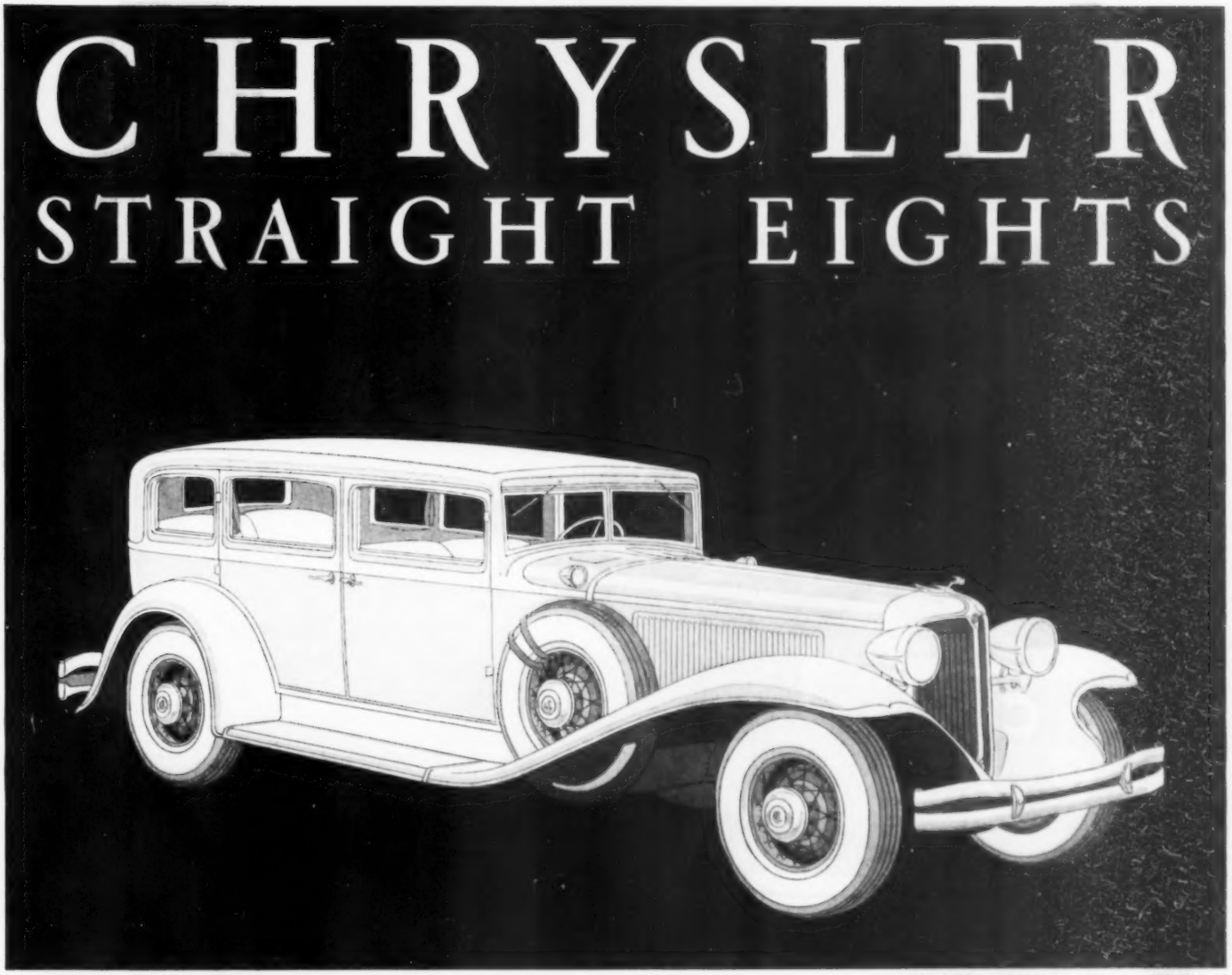
That was Sammy Small again. He's in a hurry to get back to his library—eh, Sammy?

All right, I'm giving up the microphone to our own Punching Apollo—and champion of the world and fighter all the time. Listen to them giving a hand . . . a big hand . . . to Sammy Small. . . .

"Good evenin', folks. This is Sammy Small speaking. I can't shovel hoke like that guy can, because socking is my racket—see? I guess you heard a lot of hooey about me tonight—and I ask you—kindly forget it, see? I don't blame 'em. They're paid for it—no, I ain't gonna give this back —— They been telling you off a lot of hooey—see?

(Continued on Page 57)

CHRYSLER
STRAIGHT EIGHTS



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WITH SPECTACULAR DUAL HIGH PERFORMANCE...

OUTWARDLY, these new Chrysler Eights fulfill in appearance the very spirit of swift motion. Inwardly, they suggest the quiet luxury of a richly-appointed drawing room. Extreme lowness of chassis design perforce creates extreme smartness—and likewise the unusually low center of gravity inspires a sense of safety at all speeds not to be experienced in conventional cars of needless height.

In the quick starts and sprints of traffic, these Chrysler Eights flash superbly away from everything around them. Their responsive power and getaway, their smoothness, flexibility and effortless speed make them most fascinating to drive. Superior performance is due not only to their superlatively engineered high-compression straight eight power-plants, but also is the result of an exclusive Multi-Range 4-speed transmission and quick, quiet gear shift, with the great advantage of *dual high* gears—one for normal city driving, flashing getaway and speedy hill-climbing; the other for the open road.

Furthermore, in a Chrysler Eight, safe and positive control is assured under all conditions and at all speeds by weatherproof internal hydraulic brakes—easy to operate, sure, always equalized. Because of what these Eights are, and what they have, and what they do—everybody is surprised by their moderate prices. Great values as well as great cars!

CHRYSLER EIGHT—*Coupe (with rumble seat) $1495; Sedan $1525; Convertible Coupe $1665; Roadster $1495. Six wire wheels, $80 extra. Sport Roadster (including six wire wheels and trunk rack) $1595.* CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT—*Five-Passenger Sedan $2745; Close-Coupled Sedan $2845; Seven-Passenger Sedan $2945; Sedan-Limousine $3145.* CHRYSLER IMPERIAL CUSTOM EIGHTS, *bodies designed by LeBaron—Coupe $3150; Roadster $3220; Convertible Coupe $3320; Phaeton $3575. All prices f. o. b. factory.*

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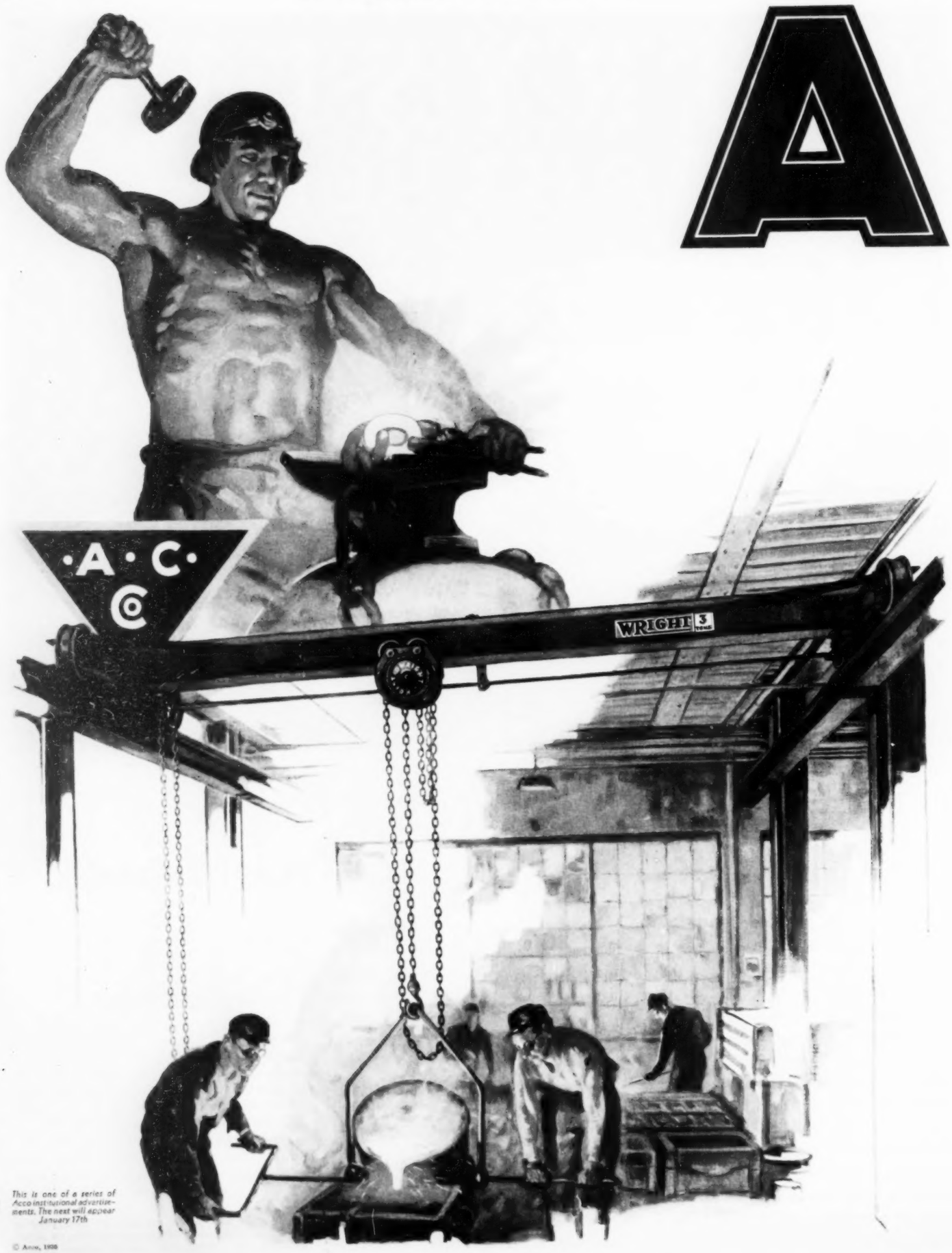

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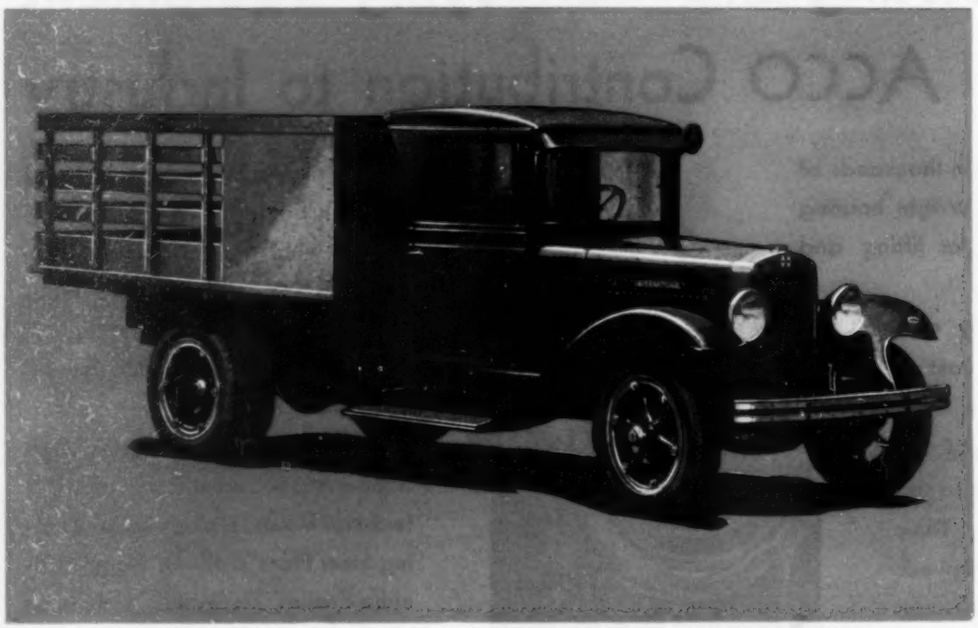
International Six-Speed Special



The new 136-inch wheelbase Six-Speed Special with standard stake body 8 feet long by 6 feet wide, with 36-inch stakes

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Come and watch this new "Six-Speed Special" perform. You'll admire its trim lines and speed on the delivery route. Its unequaled work on the heavy grade will amaze you and its economy is sure to please you. Any International Harvester branch or dealer will demonstrate the new "Six-Speed Special"—at your convenience and without obligation.

BRIEF FACTS

Wheelbase: 136 inches.
Rated Capacity: 1½ tons.
Engine: Powerful and unusually economical.
Clutch: Single dry-plate.
Transmission: 3 speeds forward, 1 reverse.
Final Drive: Spiral bevel gear of the 2-speed type, providing, with the transmission speeds, 6 speeds forward and 2 reverse.
Springs: Semi-elliptic front and rear. Auxiliary rear springs quarter elliptic.
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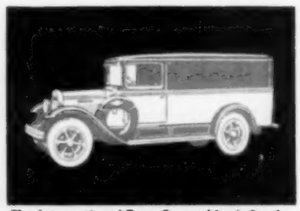
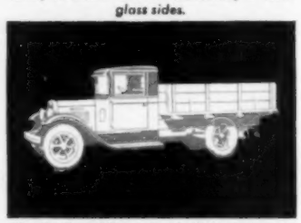
Body Types for all Requirements

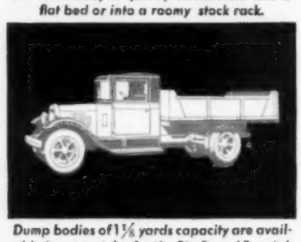


The International Type C panel body for the Six-Speed Special is available in 8 or 9-foot lengths (back of driver's seat).

The Type C body is also available with screen sides, as shown in this illustration, or with glass sides.



The Six-Speed Special with 60-bushel grain box. This body is quickly convertible into a flat bed or into a roomy stock rack.



Dump bodies of 1⅓ yards capacity are available in many styles for the Six-Speed Special.

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INTERNATIONAL

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 52)

"Ladies and gents, I wanta thank you one and all for your kind attention. This has been a good fight and Jones did his best. I wasn't going so good when I got in here, but I'm going all right now. . . . Something is off my mind, which is nobody's business. . . . Well, all I gotta say is I want to thank you one and all for your kind attention. Especially any personal friends who may be listenin' in. They know who. . . . And especially—yeh, especially—I wanna thank a certain little lady, who sent me the telegram tonight. It did me a lot of good to know she took everything I said the way I meant it—see? She understands a guy says things sometimes, I'll say. But I want to thank her for gettin' it straight, because I think maybe she didn't—see? And I want to thank her particularly for getting what I wish other birds would get—that I'm not the marryin' kind!"

POINT ARGENT

(Continued from Page 5)

"But I believe they are poor—poor, that is, for rich people," Charlton Weld proceeded—"and they are all burned up—I've just learned this one—because they can't get a dollar of the Lewes millions. Not without a miracle. A lot of pretty quick deaths. . . . Who's the girl dancing with the man in a white dinner coat and black trousers—the girl with the old-fashioned façade? I'll admit I like them squashy."

Jonson Baley didn't know. He had never seen her before. "You can't take too much for granted at Point Argent," he added. "Everyone is right tony."

"Tony hell," Weld answered. "That feeble bird can't do anything if I smile at his girl. Happy days are here again, old boy. The conventions are all dropped in the ocean." Charlton Weld rose. "I'll be back," he asserted. "Just now I'm going to dance."

Almost immediately Jonson saw him seated at the table with the girl he had referred to as squashy. Jonson Baley was glad to be alone. He didn't, he discovered, like what he knew about Charlton Weld. It seemed to Jonson that Weld, for all his apparent solidity, was squashy. His gabble about girls and drink was too juvenile. He discussed too readily the affairs of his employers. Anyhow, he would not come back then; Jonson paid for the ginger ale Charlton Weld had ordered; he gave the waiter a very small sum and walked back to the hotel. The night was cool, the sky brilliant with stars; the Point Argent Hotel made an irregular black bulk, with gold lights on its surface, against the stars and sky. The rhythm of the orchestra at the beach club was lost in the sound of the waves breaking on the sand and sinking away. The waves, breaking and sinking away, filled his room with their sustained sound. Jonson Baley's pajamas, worn bedroom slippers, were laid out in readiness for him. William China. The privileges, the pleasures, of education at a great university had done Charlton Weld little enough good, Jonson told himself; it was probable they had seriously damaged him.

Jonson's duties were irregular; they were implied rather than stated—he occasionally walked through the different corridors at night; he briefly inspected the kitchen and, now and again, glanced into the laundry; he paid a brief attention to the garage attached to the hotel. Jonson at times stood leaning on the railing about the salt-water pool that occupied a lower floor. He watched the children floundering at the shallow end with grotesque, inflated rubber animals, and slim girls, adroit young men, dive with conscious grace into the deepest part. The woman who had charge of the small hotel drug store was pleasant. He ignored the shop where the details of women's clothes were sold. Usually he spent the afternoon on the beach in a faded bathing suit. Most of the bathers went back to the hotel and cottages for lunch; the afternoon music at the beach club hardly began before five; and, consequently, for three hours or more the sand was peaceful, the shade of the beach umbrellas unoccupied. Then Jonson Baley swam and slept by turn, forgetting the past, ignoring the future, in the satisfactory, sunny emptiness of the immediate day.

A change, however, took place in that comfortable arrangement—Sims Lewes and Weld had a lunch brought from the beach club kitchen to their umbrella and canvas lounging chairs. They stayed on the sand, in bathing suits, from late morning until early evening. They were near where Jonson was accustomed to sit, and, before he could definitely move away, Sims and Charlton Weld established a customary intermittent speech with him. Jonson's pleasant impression of Sims Lewes deepened—Sims' manner was direct, he knew when to talk and when it was better to listen, and he owned a quick intelligence, a beginning worldly hardness.

That, Jonson told himself, was part of the boy's inheritance and position. The rich were shrewd, capable, in their own way. They had to be in order to preserve what they had, what they were. Jonson, at the same time, grew increasingly indifferent to Charlton Weld. Weld, he discovered, hadn't one positive quality. This, however, was not wholly true; Charlton Weld—as, indeed, he had admitted—had a passion for the easiest possible existence. His single ambition—and even that was not strong enough to create the slightest effort—was to enjoy the idleness money brought. And he did, Jonson was forced to add, like girls.

In a very few days Weld had spoken to, bathed with or sat beside almost every woman in the Point Argent Hotel. He went from cabane to cabane, umbrella to umbrella, talking, laughing, and always vaguely or openly personal. He was full of the easy familiarity of a small sensuality. Miss Emily Millard, Jonson thought, had made a bad selection in Charlton Weld. At times Weld read poetry, in English or Latin, to Sims; there were books of history and mathematics beside them, but the books were rarely opened; the tutor instructed Sims for perhaps a half hour on alternate days. For the rest Weld was busy about his pleasures; he was never, actually, drunk, but he was never far, long, from the Lewes whisky. Ladies occupied him to an enormous extent.

A great deal of this, Jonson discovered, Sims Lewes understood. It was plain he regarded Charlton Weld without enthusiasm.

"I'm not going to have a tutor after this summer. That is, if you call Mr. Weld one." He was lying on the sand beside Jonson Baley. His instructor was beyond them, out of hearing, sitting with a girl in brief yellow. "I'll tell Emily—that's Miss Millard; she's my guardian with Uncle Persifer—I want to go North to school and stay with her in the summer. I don't think I want to live in the South; if she is a Virginian, I notice Aunt Emily is mostly at Newport. It's a wonder Mr. Weld hasn't been married more than a hundred times already. He's a scream about girls. It makes me rather sick. He has had some dreadful ones along when we were traveling. Mr. Weld borrows money for them from me. I suppose he thinks I don't know what it's for. I don't mind, because they all fool him worse than he fools me.

"I suppose I'll like girls when I grow up, but not the way Mr. Weld does. I'll give them presents if—if they don't especially want them—I mean, not the presents." Sims Lewes was uncertain of his meaning.

However, Jonson understood what he had tried to explain. "I understand," he said. "We can drop all that—what you just mentioned—for the present. Sims, when you are older what do you think you will do? What will you work at?"

Sims Lewes said at once that he wouldn't work at anything. "That is, I don't believe I would if I didn't have to. And, of course, I won't. It would be silly to make more money. Perhaps I can be like General Vanderbilt and invent things or be useful if there is a war. I don't like to fight exactly; I'd want to be somewhere at a headquarters, terribly important and valuable. I don't think I'll play games much or racing horses. You see, it really is rather difficult."

The difficulty of Sims Lewes' life did not impress Jonson. The boy was decidedly sensible about his future. Charlton Weld returned by way of the Lewes cabane. It was plain that he had stopped for a drink.

"I am about to get a break with the girl in yellow," he told them. "She has a store in Savannah, Anita Fulge. Here by herself until next Thursday. I made five engagements with her. She wants to see everything there is of Point Argent. It was all she could do to bear it when I told her there was a gambling house."

Sims Lewes said quietly, "I expect now you'll need money for gambling."

That was very thoughtful, Weld answered. Perhaps he had better have some money along with him tonight.

"Don't take any you want to bring back. I don't mean the house is crooked. It doesn't have to be," Jonson said. He turned to Sims Lewes. "Remember something later," he proceeded. "Never forget it—bet 'em they won't, see? Bet against a horse, or a car, or a number on a wheel, and you can't lose. The rest is all a come-on."

"I know a man who won nine hundred thousand dollars on a horse race," Weld objected.

"Maybe," Jonson replied, "but you don't know the nine hundred thousand men who lost. Gambling is a come-on," he repeated to Sims Lewes. "If I know you at all, being a fool isn't in your blood. Mind you, I don't say it's wrong for you to gamble. You can afford to lose. But if you take the long end, don't look to win."

(Continued on Page 60)

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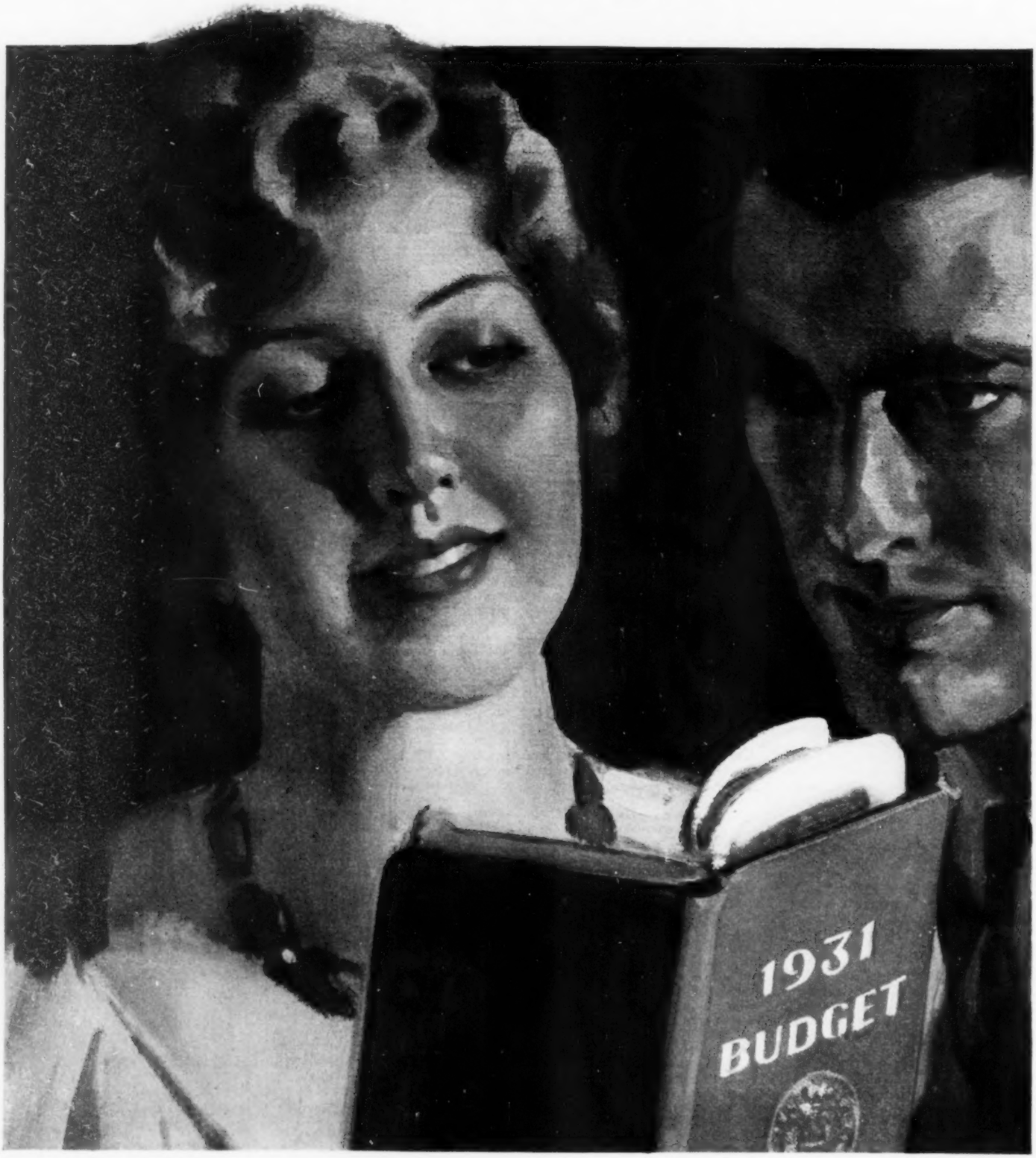

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(Continued from Page 57)

Charlton Weld laughed. "You sound like his tutor," he said. "You might be Miss Millard or a preacher."

Jonson studied him with a cold curiosity. "If I was Miss Millard," he asked at last, "where would you be? I'll tell you—somewhere else. If you had your wish, it would be a night club."

Weld wasn't annoyed. He laughed some more. "Why not?" he demanded lazily. "Why not?"

Was he, Jonson wondered, like Charlton Weld? In a manner he resembled Weld—he had no more ambition; he was equally without purpose. That possibility irritated him. Jonson didn't want to resemble the tutor. Weld was a squash.

The possibility of such a resemblance was so distasteful to Jonson Baley that he went into the ocean and swam as vigorously as his newly closed wound would allow. The tide was high; the water was tranquil, with a slight undulation, and warm. Jonson floated, facing a tranquil, azure sky. The boy, Sims Lewes, was all right, he decided; Charlton Weld had no effect upon him; Sims was already too wise to suffer from Weld's cheap, pleasure-loving spirit. What, Jonson speculated, would he have done if the boy's character had been different? If Charlton Weld owned the power to corrupt him? He was amazed merely at the existence of such a question; he had no interest in life. What, in the future, might happen to the Lewes boy couldn't possibly concern him. Nothing actually did. Jonson left the ocean and, avoiding Sims and the tutor, he went, in a bathrobe of harsh gray flannel, directly to the bathers' elevator at the hotel, and his room.

Jonson Baley was, he suddenly realized, sitting over a private drink of gin and bitters, a lonely man. The easy movement of Weld from group to group, girl to girl, his intimate chatter about persons and personalities, at least showed Jonson that much. He had, too, long ago, it now seemed, liked girls in a reserved and intense manner. Once, in Butte, he had been in love. Nothing came of it. "Bet them they won't," he reiterated to himself, without much meaning. Jonson violently threw most of the gin and bitters away. It was a damned depressing drink.

Late in the evening, Jonson Baley made a perfunctory visit to the beach club. The tables immediately about the dance floor were filled; most of the tables farther removed from the music, under glazed white awnings, were occupied; and at one of them he saw Charlton Weld with two women.

"Baley," Weld called at once, "we have been looking for you. Come and sit here while I dance with Mrs. Cumberland. Unless you can get Mrs. Savile to dance. She says she doesn't like it."

It was impossible to escape; Charlton Weld had risen; the women were regarding him expectantly. "This is Jonson Baley," Weld proceeded; "you know about him. Mrs. Cumberland. Mrs. Savile. We understand you won't drink publicly, Baley, but Mrs. Cumberland will have a charge in your glass without even you seeing it."

She was, Jonson realized, obviously attractive, the prettiest woman he had seen at Point Argent. Mrs. Cumberland was not, in Weld's phrase, squashy, but neither was she a flyaway. She had light hair at once short and soft in effect; her bare shoulders presented a frank pattern of entrancing curves; her dress was simple, expensive and fragile; a diamond necklace, a great diamond in a platinum ring, were impressive. She rose and left the table with Charlton Weld.

There was nothing, Jonson had decided, impressive about Mrs. Savile. She was a small woman with a white face and arms, in an amber-colored dress. Her hair was dark, severe; she wore no jewelry and her manner was cold.

"It wasn't really necessary for you to stay here," she explained in a voice like her manner. "I didn't really mind being alone while Mrs. Cumberland danced with Mr. Weld. Since she seemed to want to. We only met him after dinner. Perhaps I ought to explain that. A Mr. Harris, at the hotel, introduced Mr. Weld to us. He suggested the beach club, and Mrs. Cumberland seemed to love any gayety so much I really couldn't object."

All that explanation, Jonson thought, was unnecessary. They were at the beach club, weren't they, and with Charlton Weld? There was nothing more to that.

"It's pleasant enough here," he replied indifferently.

Mrs. Savile glanced at him fleetly. She wasn't, he began to feel, without exactly knowing why, as uninteresting as he had first believed. Her shoulders, in a quiet way, were finer than Mrs. Cumberland's. They were so precisely graceful, so white, they resembled marble. Her face was like white marble.

"Mr. Weld said you were down here recovering from the effects of the war," Mrs. Savile proceeded.

"It doesn't matter if I am or if I'm not," he answered her, almost savagely. "What I am is house detective. I am paid to see the bootblack doesn't take the laces from shoes. I keep the waiters from stealing caviar eggs. When old women with all the money in the world hide hotel towels in their trunks, I find out about it too. One of my duties is to prevent guests from going away with the room keys. That is why I am at the Point Argent Hotel and what I do."

She calmly lighted a cigarette. "It seems to bother you," she observed. "Really, your affairs are as important as most others."

Jonson's resentment evaporated. He sat with his elbows on the table, gazing squarely at Mrs. Savile. Her impressiveness—it almost amounted to positive charm—increased. She was—he still could not think why—disturbing. It was her eyes, he thought; they were pale blue, with a fixed, contemptuous stare. No, her mouth was Mrs. Savile's most remarkable feature—it, like her eyes, was pale, clearly without rouge. Her mouth had a full heavy underlip. At once sullen, ugly and—and interesting. A dumb word. Her hands were strange, too—long thin fingers, almost square at the ends, with soft-looking thumbs.

When Mrs. Cumberland and Weld returned, Jonson found that the larger woman, compared with Mrs. Savile, was commonplace, uninteresting. In spite of his objection, Mrs. Cumberland poured some whisky into his glass from a gold flask. Her cigarette box—a square, ample case—was gold and platinum, with initials in rubies. Who was she? What was she? Who was Mrs. Savile? He soon learned about Mrs. Cumberland.

"When I played in The Sable Mantle," she announced, "on location at San Sebastian, I had a flask given to me by His Highness the Duke of Grenoble. It bore the duke's crest. That," she admitted with a picturesque sigh, "was long ago. I should say

(Continued on Page 63)

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(Continued from Page 60)

about forty pounds ago." Mrs. Cumberland addressed herself to Jonson Baley: "I won't ask you to guess what all that means—I was Lily Ventura."

He recalled the name vaguely. It seemed, to Jonson, he had heard of The Sable Mantle. It was, he now remembered, the title of a moving picture celebrated before he went to war. Lily Ventura. Of course, she had been a celluloid star.

"Yes," she assured him, "it is true. Here I am like this. I must say you're not very complimentary. Why don't you tell me I'm better than ever? I might be, at that. In the right part. I left the screen for that very reason. I told Solomon Daniel there were no parts now with dignity to them. None like Miska in The Sable Mantle. I said pictures were growing mercenary. Turning into an industry instead of an art. If that was true, Solomon told me, he'd keep me at a fifty cut in salary. I called that bird something, and 'lousy' wasn't among the missing. Solomon said I could stay with the company as art. I had a dozen other offers right away—some at very large figures in the best companies—but they didn't satisfy me. I told Mr. Metrole himself, I said pictures are an industry instead of an art. I had some wonderful chances on the New York stage too. Perhaps you saw me in the all-star revival of The Heart of Maryland. Then I married and Mr. Cumberland made me leave the theater. It didn't suit me, he insisted. Mr. Cumberland thought I was too sensitive for a public life. He wanted me, he said, all for himself. My stage was to be his palatial estate on the Hudson near Peekskill. We didn't enjoy it long, Mr. Weld. I'm telling you, and not someone else I could name, about this. Mr. Cumberland passed on eleven months after our marriage. He left me alone with my memories."

Her memories and bonds and diamonds, Jonson Baley silently thought.

"I sold Cumberland Park," Mrs. Cumberland went on; "I couldn't bear it alone. The loss was something wicked. It was full of special built and expensive whatnots nobody could realize on."

Mrs. Savile, Jonson saw, spoke hardly at all. He was, now, absorbed by her good looks, her extraordinary charm. Jonson Baley ignored his resolution not to drink in public places; he had a second highball and then a third. He danced, unavoidably, with Mrs. Cumberland.

"I can see you're taken with my little companion," she commented. "Well, she's a wonderful woman. Not very chatty, but refined with it. You wouldn't believe it, I never spoke a word to her before tonight. We were on the same train to Point Argent yesterday. It just happened we started to see the beach club at the same time, and I said there was no call to be solitary. Her husband, it seems, had to leave suddenly for San Francisco and she didn't want to stay alone in the apartment. It sounded to me, I told her, like they were newly wedded. I didn't get any satisfaction out of that. Does she give you the creeps?"

No, Jonson Baley replied decidedly, Mrs. Savile did not give him the creeps. Well, it was no crime to ask, Mrs. Cumberland pointed out. He returned with immense relief to the refinement of the other woman. She was, he thought, faintly glad to have him back. The music came to an end; it was midnight; Jonson Baley walked with Mrs. Savile up to the Point Argent Hotel. A very short, black, velvet coat—a novel garment to him—emphasized the pallid stillness of her countenance. Her mere walk was more graceful, more seductive, than the measures of a dance. Jonson put a tentative arm about her waist, but immediately he took it away; she was, apparently, almost in total ignorance of its presence there. Her indifference, in itself, was engaging; infinitely more attractive than Mrs. Cumberland's obvious charms. He wanted, for the first time in his life, to talk to a woman, to tell her what he was like, explain what he thought of life, and listen to her replies. She was, he realized—in a sense that, until now, he had only applied to men—an intelligent and superior individual. But then, he had never before encountered a woman like her.

Seated on the beach, under an umbrella he had found vacant, Jonson Baley thought about Mrs. Savile. She completely, in almost no time at all, dominated his imagination. It was the middle of afternoon, and Mrs. Cumberland and Mrs. Savile had agreed to be on the beach soon after four. Charlton Weld, Jonson could see, was reading to Sims. It was clear and very hot; the shadow of the umbrella was printed sharply and dark on the sand. Yes, he had never before met a woman like Mrs. Savile. So quiet and collected. And then, her looks were wonderful. Jonson liked the fact that you might miss them at first; they were kind of private, tony good looks. Not everybody would understand or appreciate them. He was rather pleased with his own attitude and understanding. He wondered how long Mrs. Savile would stay at Point Argent. A week, two weeks, he hoped. He had had no time at all, the night before, to find anything out except, that was, what Mrs. Cumberland had told him. She didn't know the things he was curious to discover.

Charlton Weld finished reading and came over to where Jonson was sitting. "We had pretty good luck at the beach club," he observed, "so far. I must say my number seems more congenial than yours. I doubt if you get a break."

He didn't want a break, Jonson intimated. "Mrs. Savile suits me like she is. She's intelligent."

Weld said that he saw. "Everybody works different with the dames. I never mix brains and pleasure. But I must say I'm glad you're satisfied. She would never suit me; they have to be weak and comfortable to take me for a conversation. I was thinking we ought to get a car and ride them somewhere. Have supper. Sims will provide the ride; he's very liberal—particularly when he doesn't know it. The supper will be on Sims, and I wouldn't be surprised if he supplied the whisky."

Jonson Baley looked away from Weld over the ocean. His distrust of Charlton Weld deepened to contempt. He hoped again there was no resemblance between Weld's character and his.

"Here," Weld said, "come the chorus."

Mrs. Cumberland and Mrs. Savile were in bathing suits. Mrs. Cumberland's was pale blue; she wore blue beach clogs and a straw hat with an immense brim bound in blue silk. A short Chinese coat hid an infinitesimal part of her charms. Mrs. Savile was completely folded in a glazed black wrap; she had on a hat of the same material, with a ruffle; black linen sandals tied with strings about her slender

(Continued on Page 65)

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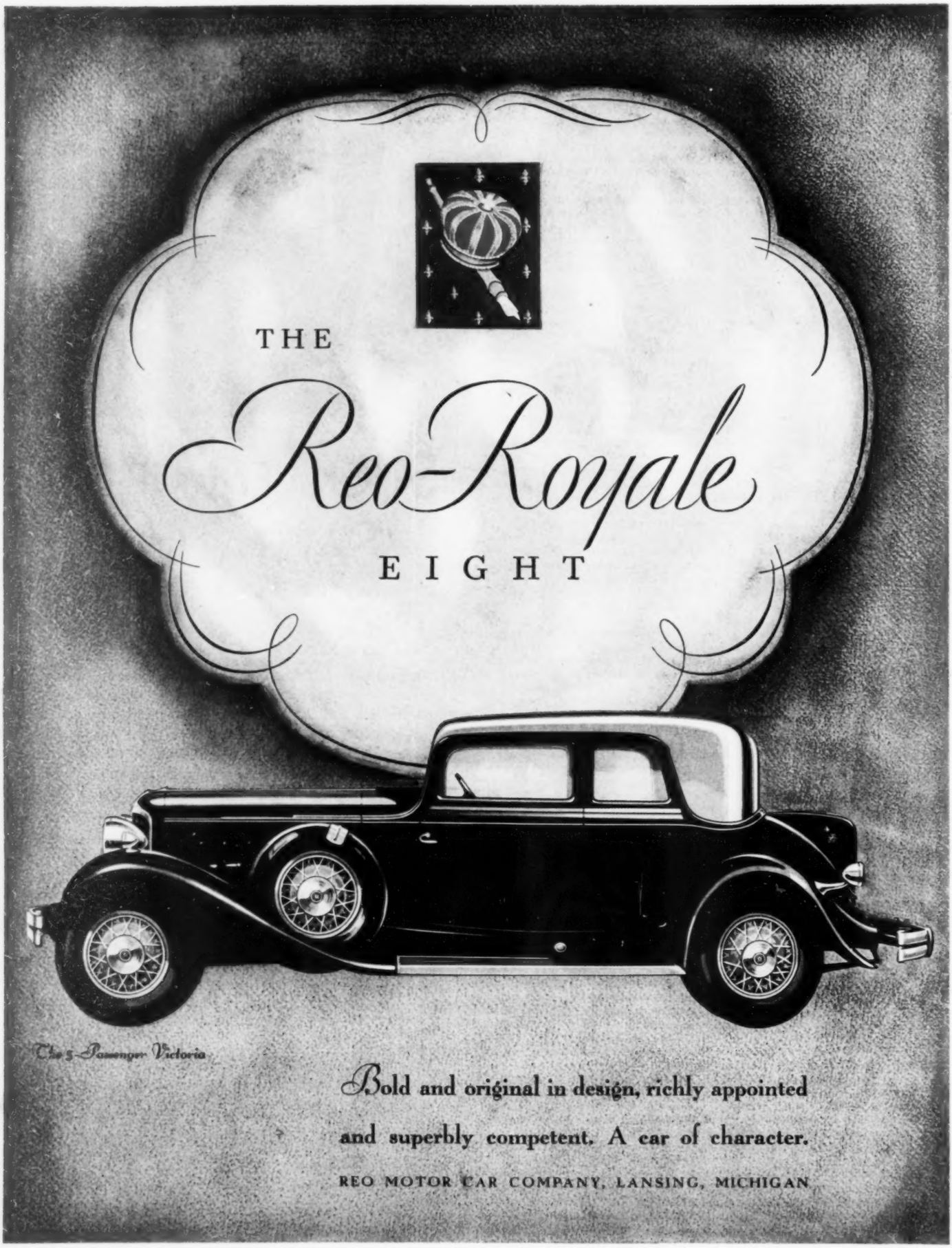
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(Continued from Page 63)

ankles. She sat under the umbrella, but Mrs. Cumberland disposed herself in the sun.

"When I was Lily Ventura," she explained, "I couldn't get sunburned. I couldn't get anything. The company could not afford to take chances. You just ought to seen the morality clause. The littlest thing and I was out. Now, if my nose peels it doesn't take the skin off anybody else. Let it peel," she cried recklessly. "Life has some compensations."

Mrs. Cumberland moved closer to Charlton Weld. The glazed black cloak slipped from Mrs. Savile's shoulders. Her bathing suit was dark green. Charlton Weld sat staring at her; he forgot his companion. Jonson's contempt for him now changed into anger. He had an overwhelming impulse to smack Weld on the jaw. "He ought to be punched in the nose," Jonson Baley told himself. Jonson had, privately, another glance at Mrs. Savile. His appreciation of her intellectual qualities deserted him.

Charlton Weld moved to the other side of Mrs. Cumberland, nearer the umbrella. "I wish you would pay some attention to me," he complained. "It seems you'll only talk to this comic detective. How do you know you don't like me if you never try me? Just because I didn't rush in on you, I suppose, I don't get a chance." His back, now, was turned upon Mrs. Cumberland; she slapped him good-naturedly on the shoulder.

"I'm still here," she reminded him.

"So you are," Weld agreed. "So you are." He didn't turn his head, but continued to address Mrs. Savile. "Can you take that sea suit into the water?" he inquired. "Because if you can, now's the time."

He rose and, to Jonson Baley's great surprise, Mrs. Savile got up. Charlton Weld and Mrs. Savile walked away together toward the ocean.

Mrs. Cumberland watched them with a suddenly ugly mouth. "You're the hell of a sport," she informed Jonson.

He was surprised by her attack. "Me?" he replied. "Why?"

She laughed shortly. "You let Mr. Weld just pick and choose. It's nothing to me what he does or who he bathes with, I'll assure you that. I'm just down here to rest anyways. Only it looked like nothing to me, the manner you let him walk off with Mrs. Savile."

Jonson pointed out that Weld hadn't, yet, walked off with her.

"Wait and see," Mrs. Cumberland predicted. "Did you hear what he called you—a comic detective? The minute he said that and she went bathing with him, you were out. Believe me, I can tell you most there is about women—where men are concerned, that is."

Jonson Baley's annoyance spread to include Mrs. Cumberland—she was a wholly common woman entirely ignorant of a sensitive person like Mrs. Savile. Mrs. Savile couldn't refuse to go bathing with Weld; her breeding was too good for that; and, anyhow, a few minutes in the ocean meant nothing. She would soon see through Charlton Weld and drop him. Jonson decided he'd ask Mrs. Savile to have dinner with him at the County Golf Club; it was near the Point Argent Hotel, free from such individuals as Charlton Weld and Mrs. Cumberland; there he could listen all evening to Mrs. Savile, or dance if she cared to, without interruption.

"The water must be cold," Mrs. Cumberland proceeded; "they are coming out."

Mrs. Savile stopped by the rim of the sea and Weld approached. He secured the glazed black cloak. "See you later," he said generally. "We are walking up the beach. If you get overheated, I can recommend the sea." He left them, moving up to the Lewes cabane for, Jonson Baley knew, a drink.

"Well," Mrs. Cumberland demanded, "now that they are out of your life, what will you do about it? Personally, I wouldn't bother with a teacher. That's honest. A detective is something, but what is a teacher? Can you answer that?"

He couldn't. Jonson Baley's pride had been violently assailed. He felt humiliated—he had shown Mrs. Savile his regard for her, and she had walked off without a word, with Charlton Weld. She had made a fool of him before Weld and Mrs. Cumberland.

Mrs. Cumberland rested a hand on his bare knee. "I'll tell you something more," she said. "I didn't see it until now. She had her mind on Mr. Weld the minute she set her eyes on him. When she drew him to the table last night. Maybe before. Women are queer. Did you see her make the play with her figure? That cloak didn't come off her shoulders accidental. It was started off. She'd never done it because of you. Never in the world. You're a different kind of man, and Acacia Savile knows it. With you she'd acted dignified."

Acacia Savile; her name was Acacia; a lovely sound. Mrs. Cumberland, in her dreadful way, was right. She had made it plain that Mrs. Savile was not interested in him. Why, in God's name, was she engaged by Charlton Weld? He couldn't understand that. Mrs. Savile, he was certain, saw through people. She had a better, a sharper and colder, mind than most men. His sense of injury returned; Jonson was profoundly unhappy. Life, it had seemed to him, suddenly proceeded to be pleasant after all; vague prospects and hopes had appeared. Just the fact of Mrs. Savile, the simplest knowledge of her, had made his existence almost enjoyable for a few hours. That, he realized, supported by Mrs. Cumberland's superior understanding, was quite over. Mrs. Savile had never been interested in him; she had listened to him with her different preference cunningly hidden for an appropriate moment. Music sounded from the beach club, gayly colored groups returned to the sand. He rose.

"This is all the time I have," he told Mrs. Cumberland. "I got to be back in the hotel."

She would, she decided, go with him. "This glare gives me the headache," Mrs. Cumberland admitted. "Why don't you stop in my room before dinner—say half-past seven—have a little drink and begin again?"

Jonson Baley didn't have a little drink with Mrs. Cumberland; he stayed in his own room and took a big drink. His mind was disturbed; the philosophy that had so lately and wholly supported him had fled. For one thing, he had lost the reassurance of his bitterly gained detachment. Without exactly knowing why, Jonson was, he felt, once more engaged in the intense pressures of active living. Events, unseen but potent, seemed to be gathered about him. That was all nonsense, he informed himself. He had been turned down by a woman and he was mad. He had a right to be mad, he continued, when Mrs. Savile had showed a public preference for Weld. Charlton Weld! There wasn't a thing to recommend him.

Jonson was, however, troubled by him no further. Weld, completely ignoring Sims Lewes and his duties, was continuously with Mrs. Savile. They spent the mornings and afternoons on the beach together; in the evening they sat at a table for two in the beach club. Jonson Baley talked occasionally with Mrs. Cumberland. She was very sharp about Mrs. Savile.

"She hardly bothers to speak to a person but that teacher," she asserted. "I can't for the life of me see why. See here," she added excitedly; "I bet I have it. There is a plot to kidnap Sims Lewes or something. I've thought for hours—until my head hurt—what that woman looked like, and it's a kidnaper. Do you remember when I asked you did she give you the creeps and you took it wrong? Well, that's what I meant. A kidnaper!"

He paid no attention to Mrs. Cumberland's excited nonsense; he paid no heed to Mrs. Cumberland. They were standing on the tiled passage that led by the pool in the hotel, and she slipped a hand under his arm. "My," she sighed, "you're thick. You don't see what's right under your nose. . . . I'm going home," she declared suddenly; "back to New York. It could be divine here under different circumstances, but it ain't. Not like it is. With everybody so thick. I got a sweet little place all done in celestial blue and silver, and modern. A cellar even Mr. Weld couldn't drink up. Do you ever come to New York?"

"Never," Jonson said firmly. He didn't need to be so disagreeable about it, Mrs. Cumberland replied. He was safe. She never gave out an invitation twice. Later, back in his room, he cursed Mrs. Cumberland violently. It was, he recognized, an absurd and unreasonable thing to do; actually she had been kind and nice to him. A simple-minded, pleasant woman with a warm heart. It was late afternoon; a steady sea breeze swept through his windows and ruffled the newspaper in his hands. Jonson folded the paper more firmly; his attention was held by headlines, names, with a particular significance: Trouble had swiftly developed again in China. Dr. Persifer Lewes, with his wife and two children, had been slain. The United States Marines were in motion. Persifer Lewes, a professor in Canton, China, had been Sims' uncle. Jonson carefully read every detail of the murder. A local rising, without warning or apparent immediate cause, had broken down the gates of the Lewes compound and killed all four of the Leweses, an English governess and two faithful native servants. An account of the Lewes family and its connections followed, with pictures. Persifer Lewes was survived by an aunt, Miss Emily Millard; Sims Lewes, heir to the Gardner Lewes millions, was his nephew. The fatality in the air was noted. There was, the account continued, another branch of the family proceeding from an earlier marriage by Doctor Lewes' father. It was represented by Jules Fenceible, M.D., and a daughter, Acacia. Among the pictures was a representation of Acacia Fenceible, and Jonson studied it with a sudden interest. He held the paper farther from him and then brought it close. He squinted his eyes. There was no doubt possible—since her name was Acacia—that the Fenceible woman was Mrs. Savile.

(Continued on Page 68)

Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

Lupe Velez

in "RESURRECTION"

Count Leo Tolstoy's ***"Resurrection,"*** the world's stormiest and most dramatic love story, found an echo in millions of human hearts throughout the universe. It is regarded as the noted Russian writer's masterpiece. It is the story of an intense love that was won, then lost and won again, and in picture form it will be UNIVERSAL'S finest contribution to the screen—no less thrilling than ***"All Quiet on the Western Front,"*** the greatest picture of all time.

"Resurrection" has a tremendous appeal to women, and it hits the men right between the eyes. Prince Dmitri, gay, handsome and dashing, falls in love with a peasant girl. Ordered to St. Petersburg, he forgets her. Broken hearted, she becomes a public woman and is eventually haled into court on the charge of murdering a rich merchant. Strangely enough Dmitri is one of the jurors. He recognizes her and his love breaks forth anew. He does his best to save her, but she is convicted and sentenced to Siberia for life.

Dmitri abandons friends, estates and position and follows her into exile to share her misery. He feels that he is responsible for her plight. He pleads with her for love but she refuses to listen. When he finally prevails on the Czar to release her from prison and asks her to marry him, she gives him an enigmatical answer. See the play and learn for yourselves what her answer was.

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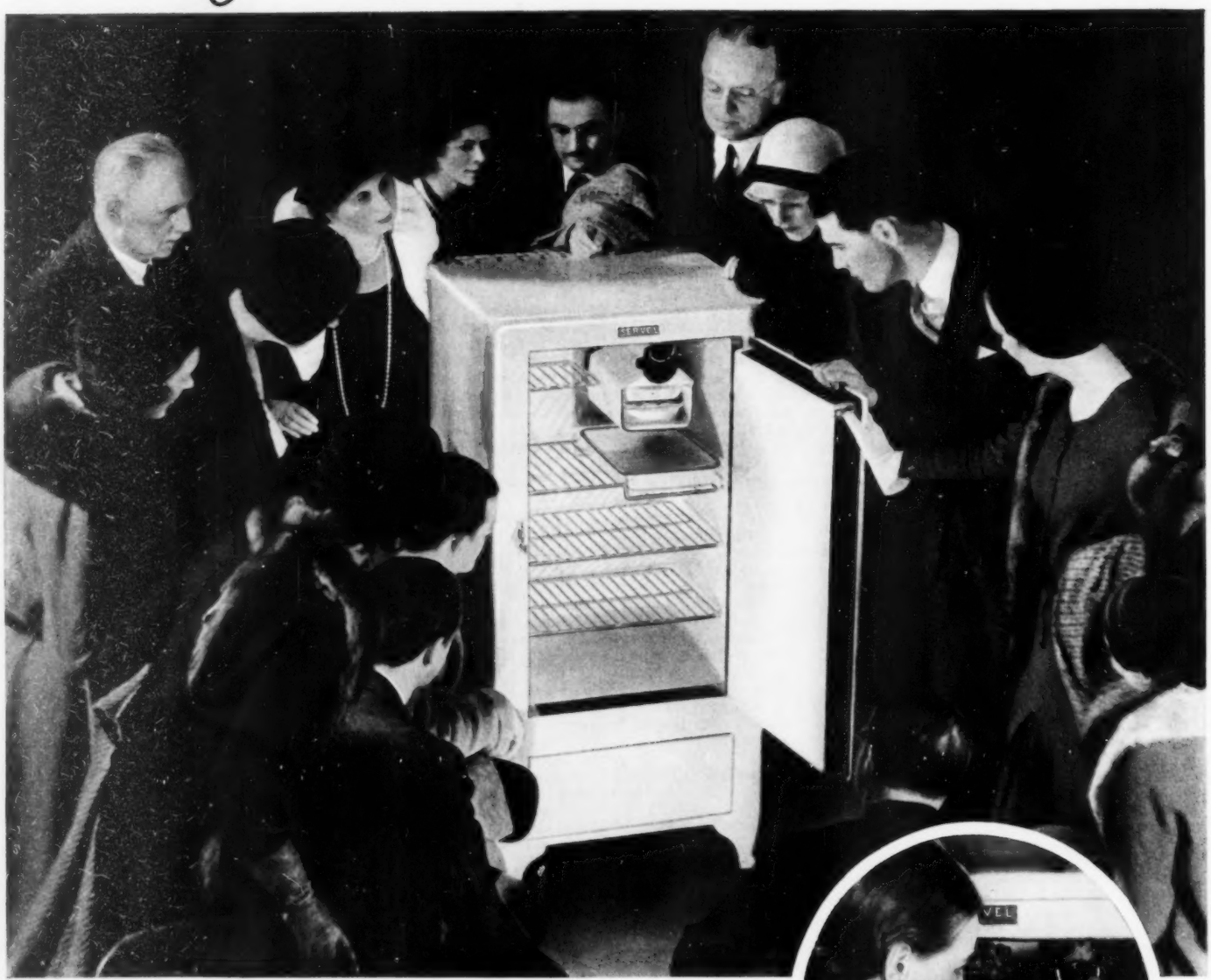

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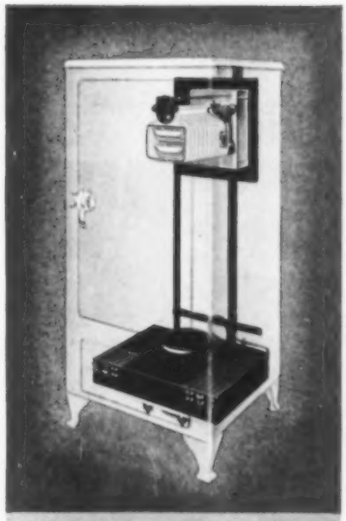

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Flat, "ribbon-type" shelves permit dishes to slide smoothly without tipping

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(Continued from Page 65)

It wasn't, naturally, a good picture, but it was sufficiently accurate to assure Jonson Baley of that. He was familiar enough with Mrs. Savile's features and expression. This, he found, was devilish strange. Why, for example, had Mrs. Savile hidden her relationship with Sims Lewes? Any bitterness that existed between the two family elements could not account for that. Especially with how things had turned out. If Mrs. Savile disliked the Leweses, why did she make such a play for Sims' tutor? He recalled Mrs. Cumberland's absurd idea, her conviction of the existence of a plot to kidnap Sims Lewes, and found that a great deal of the absurdity had evaporated. He didn't believe in the kidnaping, but something was definitely very wrong. What that could be, Jonson suddenly realized, it was his business to discover. All at once he had an imminent and serious responsibility. Unaccountably, that knowledge cheered him up. He was relieved to be at least mentally active once again. The indolence, the dishonesty, of Charlton Weld had stayed unpleasantly in his consciousness.

There was nothing, he saw, immediate for him to do. If Acacia Fencible wanted to call herself Mrs. Savile, that in itself was not a crime. His business was to find out why she had changed her name, concealed her relationship with Sims Lewes. Perhaps Weld knew about it; it was possible she had confided in him; but that, now, promised nothing. He couldn't, even in an official capacity, question Charlton Weld. Weld—and quite properly—could either tell him to go to hell or lie. Jonson might, of course, speak directly to Mrs. Savile, show her the newspaper—a Baltimore sheet—and deduce what he could from her attitude. It was, he concluded, too soon for that. If anything was darkly in the air, an admission of his knowledge would only serve to make Mrs. Savile increasingly careful. He turned, accordingly, to Sims Lewes. Jonson encouraged the boy to stay with him, talk, on the beach.

"I think Mrs. Savile is making a frightful idiot of Mr. Weld," Sims admitted to him. "I don't exactly understand it, either; he hasn't needed money for over a week. He can't have any saved up, and he takes that woman about all the time. The night before last he got in after four. He said they had been gambling. Sometimes, if you notice, she sits with us. She sits and stares and stares at me. I said to her once, 'What are you looking at?' and she said, 'The Sims of the fathers.' That was just foolish, and I let her see I thought it was. I like the other one better—if she was common—who left. Mrs. Savile isn't ordinary. She's worse. I'll get rid of Weld when I leave here, and that won't be long now. When Aunt Emily comes back to Locust Bank the first of August."

Charlton Weld walked up to them. "Sims," he inquired, "have you finished the chapter on President Hayes' Administration?"

Sims Lewes didn't answer him.

"I asked you," Weld persisted, in a sharper tone, "if you had finished the work I laid out for this morning."

"As a matter of fact," Sims said, "I haven't. I'm not going to read any more about Hayes."

"I have charge of you," Charlton Weld told him; "there is a certain amount of study to be done every day, and I insist on your doing it."

Sims Lewes gazed coldly at the tutor. "What about you?" he demanded.

"There is a certain amount of teaching to be done and Miss Millard will insist on your doing it."

He was, Weld asserted, impertinent.

Sims was indifferent. He turned away from Charlton Weld, who stood irresolutely above them.

"I ought to take you back to your books," the tutor told the boy.

"Try it," Sims replied, rigid with anger. "I'll have you put out of the United States. Thrown off the globe. You don't seem to remember who I am." Charlton Weld's face was pale. He was, Jonson saw, trembling with helpless rage. "Go away," Sims said; "gather your rosebuds. Where did we read that? I'll tell you this, too: The one you are gathering now has plenty of thorns."

"What are you smiling at?" Weld turned to Jonson Baley.

"You," Baley answered.

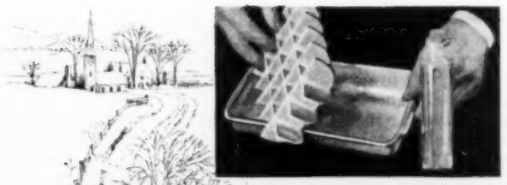
"The comic detective," Charlton Weld repeated. "The sleeping beauty."

"Go away," Jonson, too, advised him. "Take it where it's coming to you most. That will be plenty. My advice is some different from Sims'—don't get into any real trouble. You're not hard enough; you're not actually hard at all."

A wind, at once heavy and hot, came from the land; the waves vanished and the sea became a smooth, leaden, blue expanse; the wind shifted to the south and formed a rapid, treacherous current along the sand. Jonson Baley sat under the awning of an unoccupied cabane, gazing idly at the deserted beach—it was just past three o'clock and the heat of the day at its worst—trying to arrange in an orderly pattern all that he knew about Mrs. Savile and Sims Lewes. It was necessary for him to have some knowledge of the affairs that concerned him before they actually happened; he was paid to prevent unfortunate occurrences and not, afterward, simply to secure the ends of justice. He had, in the execution of his duties, certain privileges, a not inconsiderable power, but he could bring little or nothing of all that to the support of mere suspicion. And, consequently, later, with the assistance of William China, he carefully examined the contents of Mrs. Savile's room. It was without any extraordinary or questionable features. There was, however, a letter from Jules Fencible that made her identity certain. It was a long letter, written by an old man dominated by a sense of injury, questioning the wisdom of his daughter's sudden and informal marriage. Doctor Fencible couldn't understand why Charles Savile had not been presented to him. He knew nothing about Acacia's husband. What were the sources and amount of his income? Was he recognized to have a good character? Why, the week of the wedding, had Mr. Savile gone to California without her? It was all very irregular and confusing to the doctor. "I love you dearly," the letter ended; "you are my only child. If this seems unduly to bother me, it is only because until now you have been so entirely candid in all your acts. You know, Acacia, I have a boundless regard for your intelligence."

So had he, Jonson silently added. He recognized Mrs. Savile's superiority and, like Doctor Fencible, he was troubled by it. There were, in addition, two nonsensical and sentimental notes written on the Point Argent Hotel paper by Charlton Weld. "I hated to leave you tonight," Jonson read. "But then, that always makes me rage. I am thinking about all you told me. The injustice of life infuriates me. Even God ought not to let you be unhappy. I have your

(Continued on Page 70)



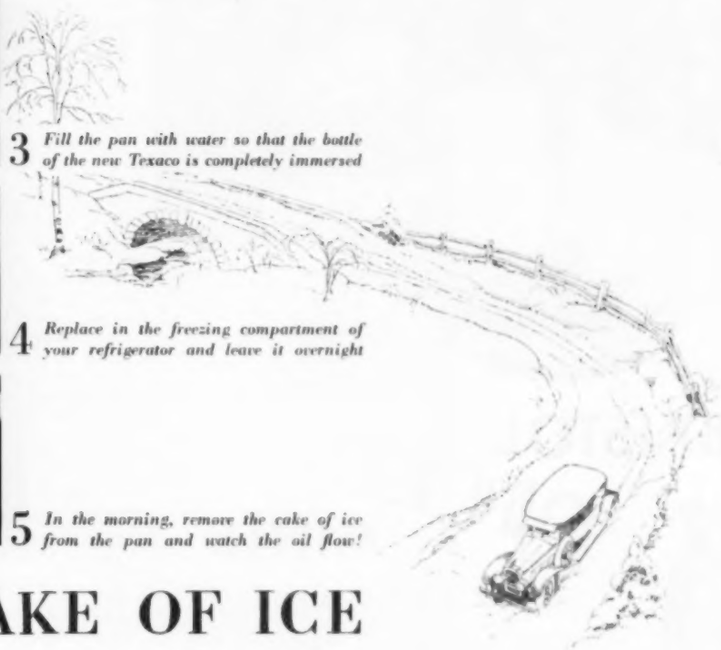
1 *Remove the ice-cube separators from one of the freezing pans of your refrigerator*

2 *Place a bottle of the new crack-proof Texaco Motor Oil, not entirely full, in the pan*

3 *Fill the pan with water so that the bottle of the new Texaco is completely immersed*

4 *Replace in the freezing compartment of your refrigerator and leave it overnight*

5 *In the morning, remove the cake of ice from the pan and watch the oil flow!*



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Discriminating hostesses serve them after dinner . . . at luncheons . . . bridges . . . teas. Bristol Diced Mints, a *"Satin Finish"* confection, are the vogue in aristocratic circles of smartness.

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Weight—11 and 24 oz. Decorative Vase of *Satin Finish* Assorted Hard Candies. 25c and 50c

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Weight—4 oz. *Satin Finish* Baby Sticks 15c

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If your dealer hasn't Bristol Diced Mints or other Satin Finish Candies write in his name and we will see that he gets them for you, or we will send you upon receipt of thirty-five cents in stamps an 8 oz. jar of Bristol Diced Mints, . . or any other of the jars, prices of which are shown.

BRANDLE & SMITH COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pa.
Manufacturers of *Satin Finish* Candies

(Continued from Page 68)

handkerchief. The green one. It is as perfumed and fragile as one of your sighs." He was going good toward the end, Jonson considered. That was a knock-out about the handkerchief. The other note was shorter. It contained, in fact, but three words: "Anything, darling. Charlton." No one could guess what that let Weld in for. It was the hell of a dangerous admission.

There was, literally, nothing else. Jonson was surprised at the delicacy and profusion of Mrs. Savile's personal belongings. She had more than a dozen pairs of short white gloves, all alike, carefully rolled and laid in an upper drawer. He examined other details of her dress with a healthy curiosity—there were brief affairs as sheer as the handkerchief Weld described, set with lace and embroidered with her name—Acacia—there were, literally, more than a hundred pairs of stockings, hardly varying in color and texture, and, like the gloves, beautifully rolled and laid in what, he discovered, were folds of a scented flannel. The scent of the flannel was identical with the perfume on a dressing table. There was an amazing array of bottles and jars and atomizers, lipsticks and rouges and powders, fine brushes of strange shapes. As much again—lotions and bath salts and powders in flowered boxes—was in the bathroom. Jonson Baley was impressed. It would take big money to keep Mrs. Savile in the way it was evident she expected to be kept. William China, who had been standing at the telephone, guessed it was time for them to move. Mrs. Savile was leaving the beach club with Mr. Weld. They took an elevator to the office floor.

"China," Jonson said with deep conviction, "that is a complicated baby. From now on I'll want to know every move she makes. You can tend to it. If you've got a boy with sense, let him linger near Weld."

Later, Jonson Baley went up to Sims Lewes' rooms. Sims was very glad to see him; Weld was silent with a highball at a window of the sitting room; Henry Planter, the valet, was busy with preparations for the evening.

"Your things are ready, sir," he said to Weld. "The bath is drawn." Charlton Weld rose and followed the servant out of the room.

Jonson liked Planter's appearance. "When are you leaving?" he asked Sims.

"This," Sims replied, "is Thursday. Next Monday, I think. I hoped the old Millard would stop here—she really is a good jane—on her way to Locust Bank, but it turns out that's too hard. Big transportation trouble. She'll have to go direct."

"I'd like it better if you went tomorrow," Jonson absently admitted. Sims Lewes asked why. There was no answer. "I thought we might go down to the public casino tonight," Jonson said suddenly; "play all the how-do-you-do's and so-on's there and generally have a time until ten o'clock. I came up to suggest it."

That, Sims agreed, would be splendid. "Mr. Weld, of course, will be busy with his flower."

Jonson had no interest in what Weld did; he was only intent upon keeping close to Sims Lewes until he left Point Argent. He wasn't comfortable, the truth was, unless he knew exactly where Sims was, what he happened to be doing. They did not, however, stay long at the casino. It was very crowded; the games were dull; the heat, although the wind had grown heavier, was intense.

All night the wind battered against the high sheer walls of the hotel; it continued through the next morning, and, laden with burning particles of sand, it kept empty the beach. Jonson had an early lunch and then, following his old custom, he retired to his room. But he didn't, now, sleep. His mind was restless with premonitions, with questions. Why had Mrs. Savile concealed her relationship with Sims Lewes? What was the truth about her interest in Charlton Weld? He had asked himself all that a hundred times, but, without answer, with no satisfaction, he continued to search the serious implications of suspended events. His telephone bell rang. It was William China.

"Mrs. Savile has gone down to the beach," China said. "The boy and Mr. Weld were in the swimming pool and they joined her below the hotel."

It was an idiotic time for the beach, Jonson told himself; the beach club was deserted; the tide too dangerous for bathing. His restlessness grew more acute. Jonson got up and put on his shoes and coat; he brushed his hair and secured a hat. "I'll just step down there," he thought, "and look about." The south wind beat against him on the long brick walk to the beach club; Jonson Baley was forced to hold on his hat. The sea, without waves, was leaden. There was a faint, treacherous undulation of its surface. The awnings of the cabanes were rolled up, the gay umbrellas and canvas beach chairs put away. The platform for the life guards was empty. He could see no trace of Sims and Mrs. Savile and Charlton Weld. On the left the curve of the beach was hidden behind dunes, and, the wind at his back, Jonson Baley walked as fast as possible in that direction. His restlessness had changed to a formless oppression of dread.

He came, sudden and silent, upon Mrs. Savile and Charlton Weld. Weld had on a bathing suit. Mrs. Savile was in white. The wind whipped her skirt about her slender, firm body. Where, he was at the point of shouting, was Sims Lewes? Then he saw Sims. The boy was standing in the sea with an intent, troubled look on his face.

Jonson forgot the others. "What is the matter, Sims?" he called, hurrying to the edge of the water.

"I can't get back!" Sims answered in a clear, thin voice. "If I move, it just makes it worse! The current ——"

Jonson Baley hurried forward. The sea, smooth and powerful and vicious, rose above his knees; it cut the sand from under his feet; he moved with great difficulty, leaning sharply against the force of the water. Jonson caught Sims Lewes' hand; there was a momentary struggle, a dragging weight of water, and Sims was safe.

"It was awfully funny," the boy weakly explained; "and happened in a second. We were so hot Mr. Weld thought a dive in the ocean would be better than the pool, and the next thing I knew I couldn't move and Mr. Weld was on the beach with Mrs. Savile. I guess he didn't understand how bad the current was. I had asked him to help me," Sims said.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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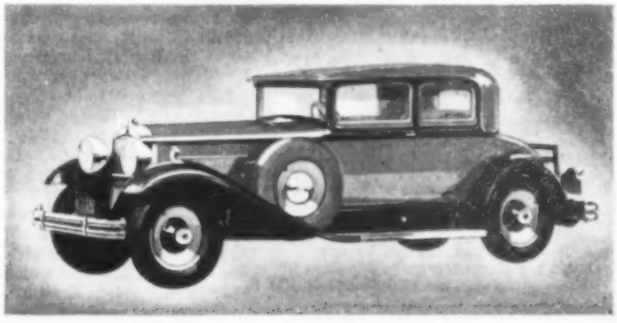

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THE GREEK AMPHORA

(Continued from Page 17)

"I suspect that a fuss has become essential. I shall interview Zambo."

Which he did forthwith. Zambo was in his little cubicle off the entrance, and listened with ill-concealed dismay. One of his charges had gone astray, and it reflected definitely upon his shepherding. He closed his eyes and sat back in his chair to think.

"What about bandits?" asked Caroline abruptly.

Zambo shook his head. "He is a visitor. Also, there are not bandits in this part. In the mountains—yes. By Palermo—yes. But here are only good people. Also, bandits do not harm visitors. No. No. That is historical."

"Then what could it be? Can he have fallen and hurt himself?"

"More possible. Yet word would have come."

"He might have gone poking off alone to some spot where he wouldn't have been found."

"Does your father own a property in Sicily?" asked Zambo.

"No."

"Or do a business here?"

"No."

"Then it could not be ——" He hesitated and stopped.

"The Maffia?" asked the professor.

Zambo nodded.

"I agree with you. Bandits seldom if ever interfere with travelers. He has no connection which could have demanded the attention of the Maffia. But, Zambo, things are not as they were."

"What do you know about bandits and Maffia?" demanded Caroline.

"I have studied carefully the Sicilian dialect, and in my studies the characteristics of the people of this island. There is much quaint information worthy of the attention of the student—superstitions and magic. I am able to recite spells and incantations ——"

"They won't bring back dad," said Caroline practically. "What's the next move?"

"I was thinking," said the professor, in Sicilian, "of those returned from America who have forgotten the old way and have learned new ways."

"I think of them also. San Pancrazio guard and keep him. This hour I have thought of him whom I showed you on the streets. He came for no good."

"That *ricottaro?*"

"None other than he."

"He has been to America?"

"And there done much evil," said Andrea.

"I think," said Erasmus, "we should go at once to the authorities."

"It is a thing to do, but will it avail? Nobody will tell anything to the authorities."

"Nevertheless, we shall go," said Erasmus.

So they aroused authority from slumber; and authority, never having been faced with such an emergency, obviously swam in waters beyond its depth. It made great stir, however, which promised little to Erasmus Orson, who drew Andrea aside.

"I am a stranger," he said in the dialect, "but it is the will of Sant' Alfio that I am not without knowledge. There are those to whom news of all happenings come. Is it not so?"

Andrea eyed him sidewise. "The *signor* speaks of the wise women?"

"Of them," said Erasmus. "The matter is important if the hour is late."

"Gna Filippa does not sleep. God has willed that the grandson of Bastianu has a rupture. Tonight Filippa cleaves the oak."

"What," demanded Caroline impatiently, "are you gabbling about?"

"We are going to Gna Filippa, a wise woman," said Erasmus soberly.

"A fortune teller! When my father may be in danger!"

"More than a fortune teller," said Erasmus Orson. "We are in Sicily. Let us make haste." He looked at his watch. "She will be leaving the house directly."

"You seem to know a lot about Sicily," she said ironically.

"Much. An interesting language, compounded strangely. One notes the influence of Greece, of Spain, of Africa. You will note the doubling of initial consonants and the substitution of *g* and *d* for *l* and of *u* for *o*. For instance, if you would say beautiful daughter, it is not *'bella figlia,'* as in Italian, but *'bedda figghia'* ——"

She stamped her foot. "Oh, you exasperate me," she exclaimed. "Don't talk. Don't be an idiotic pedant. Do something."

"You will note that I am walking," he said. "Andrea leads us to Gna Filippa."

"But why?"

"The place," he said dryly, "to search for knowledge is where it lies."

But at the house of Filippa disappointment awaited them. The wise woman had gone out upon her mission of magic and of healing.

"They cannot have been gone long," Andrea said. "We will overtake them, for they move slowly. Gna Filippa has an evil in her leg."

And it was so. As they took the upward, winding, stony path which leads to Castel Mola and the clouds, they presently came upon a little party trudging silently. Two men, three women and a carried child.

"Gna Filippa," called Andrea softly, "one desires speech with you."

"I am busy," the old woman said sharply. "I am not to be disturbed."

Through the stillness came the hoot of the *cucca*, and Gna Filippa drew together her emaciated shoulders. "Someone must die," she said. "You will take this stranger away. I am busy."

"Mother," said Erasmus Orson, "trouble is upon us, but we are patient. Let us go with you, and when all is done, then we may talk."

"An accident to you!" Filippa snapped. "I am concerned with things of God. You will break the spell."

"No. We will stand by in silence. See. The beautiful young lady is in sorrow."

"I am respected because I have broken many evil charms," said Filippa shortly.

"And we come to you because you possess much wisdom."

"As God wills," said the old woman, apparently mollified. "Come in silence."

Presently they left the road and gathered about a tiny oak, previously selected for the rite. Gna Filippa took the child in her arms and, in spite of his whining, removed his patched little breeches and shirt, so that he was naked in the night air. Then she removed the kerchief from her hair so that it fell about her shoulders and the moon shone upon her elf locks—two matted cords which fell from among her sparse locks to the ground. In these resided power—uncombed, never to be touched by brush, they were as the locks of Samson.

Bastianu seized the little oak above its crotch and, pulling mightily, split it so that the cleft ran east and west. Then four of the party made a cross about it as Gna Filippa muttered her incantation:

"Take this child and pass him through;
In the name of San Giovanni you must do.
I give him broken unto thee;
Return him sound again to me."

And so they passed little Beppinu back and forth through the cleft oak. Then Gna Filippa stood him before her with hands on his shoulders and rushed pell-mell through the intricate words of incantation. After that the tree was carefully bound with a new rope so that the split was covered.

"As this tree heals so may Beppinu heal," said Gna Filippa. And then, in a practical tone: "Ah, it is as San Giovanni wills. If the tree heals in a year then Beppinu is well; if it does not heal we must try again."

She turned suddenly upon Caroline and pointed.

"She wants a recall?" she asked. "I will make a prayer to the sainted souls of the beheaded dead. A loved one goes away, eh? I have power to loose and bind. I will make the *lacciu* to draw him back again."

"So you know, mother?" asked Erasmus.

"The little ladies confide in me. They dance upon my bed and torment me and pull my hair—but also they whisper in my ears."

"Did they whisper, mother, what road the father of this young lady traveled? Or who was with him for company?"

"He seeks a thing of clay—the work of the ancients who lived when the world was young. There is talk of it. An old jug. I have old jugs," she said sharply, "which I would sell him for a few *soldi*, and they would hold water as well. A spell is on him."

"None saw him go away," said Erasmus Orson.

"There are eyes that are not eyes," Filippa said proudly. "Must I see him pass my door? No, *signor*. At dawn his feet traveled this road—his and another's."

"To Mola?"

"Where else does this road lead?"

"Then he is up yonder?"

"Unless he is a bird to fly."

Caroline tugged at his sleeve impatiently. "I'm freezing to death. What's all this shootin' for anyhow? Don't you realize mother is worried to death, and that something has happened to father?"

"I realize also," said Erasmus Orson, "that we find ourselves in a land where ordinary methods are of no avail."

"So you try to find dad by witchcraft!"

"I fancy I have found him. At any rate, I know where to look for him. If you will be so good as to behave yourself and—er—behave yourself I shall make additional progress."

He turned to Gna Filippa. "Did the American *signor* travel this road alone?" he asked.

"He was alone, yet one preceded him."

"And that one?"

(Continued on Page 75)

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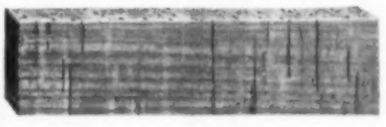

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(Continued from Page 72)

Gna Filippa made the sign of the horns, a specific against the evil eye. "It is not well to speak of bad people," she said with an air of smugness.

"Yet with precautions one may do so and suffer no harm."

"There is power in the name of San Pancrazio. Also I know the ancient '*razioni*'—the charms against evil." She paused and rattled off some verses of doggerel at headlong speed. "It was a stranger whose name I do not speak."

"From Palermo perhaps?"

"The *signor* is not without wisdom." She frowned. "If it became known that my wisdom had seen these things a trouble would come upon me. Yet the good name of Taormina is precious. The *signor* will see no harm befalls."

"It may be depended upon. But why to Castel Mola? Eh? Has the unnamed one a brother-in-law there?"

"The nephew of his wife's sister's husband, whose nickname is Ammazzacarusi."

"The Boy Killer, eh? A name of malignity."

"Who knows? Everyone must have a nickname. His house is beyond the *piazza* and behind the church."

"Tomorrow," said Erasmus Orson, "gratitude will express itself."

"The saints attend your steps, *signor*, and those of the beautiful young lady. I have potent love charms ——"

"Which I do not require," said Erasmus hastily. He turned to Caroline's growing impatience. "If you will go back to the hotel with Andrea, I shall look for your father."

"Where is he? What have you found out?"

"More than the police could have learned by using rack and thumbscrew," he said. "I think your father is in Mola, and probably in the house of a man known as the Boy Killer. A crude attempt at kidnaping, but the crimes on this island are crude and direct."

"You are going now?"

"At once."

"Alone?"

"Naturally."

"If you think," she said, "that after all the education I have spent on you, I'm going to let you go spangling off into the dark and get your ribs all full of stilettos, you're mistaken. I abhor waste. And Zambo is coming too."

"Yes," said Zambo. "It is an affair of mine. I come."

Erasmus bade a courteous good night to Gna Filippa, and, with a shrug of the shoulders, turned his face upward. Caroline and Zambo followed.

It was not a walk one would choose for his pleasure, for though there was a moon there were also shadows, and the road was such as no wheeled vehicle could traverse. Stones cluttered the way and little gullies washed by rainstorms, and the pitch was of a steepness incredible. Presently the few lights of Taormina glowed yellow beneath them, and far, far below, a black gulf which was the sea. And then the clouds were about them, shutting them in so that they seemed to have left the world and climbed to a tiny planet of their own. It was a Jack-and-the-Beanstalk adventure. On and on, and up and up they trudged, winding, twisting, veering until the walls of Mola loomed grim and dark above them—the walls of this little town perched upon its mountain peak, built outward to the very face of the precipice and even beyond, perching like a nest of eagles.

Slantwise they passed between the walls and came to the little *piazza*, stone-paved, and silent and mysterious with that light which is neither of the moon nor of dawn, but tells of the departure of one and the approach of the other.

"Do you know this house, Andrea?" asked Erasmus Orson.

"I know it, *signor*."

"Then lead," said the professor.

"It's a rescue party," Caroline said to herself hopelessly. "If anybody laughs, I shall scream." She turned to the professor: "And now what do we do? Find these bandits or gangsters or whatever they are, and ask them please to return dad right side up with care?"

"It may be necessary," said Erasmus Orson, "to resort to violence."

"For which," said Caroline bitterly, "intensive study of the dead languages has equipped you."

The professor paused, irritated. "Miss Luce," he said impressively, "if I may be permitted an observation, it is that the most patent defect in your character is a tendency to utter too many words at the wrong time."

"Eh?" gasped Caroline at this unexpected counter.

"Precisely," said the professor. "In many libraries you will see exposed a placard upon which is printed one word, 'Silence.' Be so good as to pretend you are in such a room."

Caroline gasped again. "Of all things! Of all the nerve ——"

"What I meant," said the professor patiently, "and put in such words as even the immature intellect of irresponsible youth can comprehend is—shut up!"

The young woman blinked. She stared. She opened her lips and closed them again, and then wagged her head weakly from side to side. "It's you, isn't it? Somebody else hasn't sneaked into your clothes?"

"I am accustomed to finding myself adequate to such emergencies as arise," said Erasmus Orson gravely. "I can gag you, if necessary. Let me repeat. When I request you to be silent I mean—er—can the chatter. Immediately."

Caroline rubbed her eyes. "Darned if you don't almost make me admire you. Lead on, strong, silent man!"

They crossed the square and entered the blackness of a narrow, involved, declining way—a road of unexpected stone steps and eccentric service—and so, presently, came to the little church. Here Andrea led them to the right and into a warren of ancient stone or plaster houses. "The third on the left," he whispered.

Now what, Caroline wondered. Here was the house. Behind those walls and dark windows, her father, possibly, was held captive. Here they were, with a young, pedantic, extraordinarily learned but impractical professor in command—and what next? Her curiosity was almost as strong as her apprehension for her father's safety. How in the world, she asked herself, would Erasmus Orson arise to the necessities of this emergency?

"Well?" she whispered, with a jeer in her voice.

But Professor Fox was saved the exercise of taking action, for a soft voice just behind them spoke, in a brand of English intelligible enough for practical purposes.

"The door she is-a ope'. Walk-a in da parlor, eh? One-a, two-a, t'ree-a—go!"

"Who's there?" demanded Erasmus Orson.

"Nie-a fella wit' beeg gun," said the voice. "You go inside lik-a I say—queeck!"

(Continued on Page 77)

L&N

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Broken slices packed in the same syrup as used in Grade 2. Grade 3 costs the least because broken in form, but the fruit is of good, wholesome quality.

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S-120

(Continued from Page 75)

"Rise to this emergency, Professor Fox," Caroline said bitterly.

"I fancy I can arise as well inside as here," said the professor. "My aversion for firearms is marked."

"Scoot," said the voice from the shadows, and Erasmus, taking Caroline by the elbow, pushed open the door of the house Andrea indicated and entered.

Zambo followed and the possessor of the voice brought up the rear.

"How about a light?" asked Caroline.

"Sure, miss," said the voice.

A match spluttered and a candle wick ignited. A chicken perched on a chair back ruffled its feathers and blinked, and a form on a pallet under a blanket made an odd sound and floundered about.

"Dad!" cried Caroline, and ran across the little room to throw back the covers and expose the head of Mr. Luce, incapable of speech by reason of certain wadded rags secured between his jaws. She struggled with the knots and presently her father was waggling his jowls to loosen the strained muscles.

"So this," he said with some acrimony, "is Sicily."

"Eet is Sicily, *signor*," said the man at the door. "An' you are unite' wit' da family, eh? Dis mak-a all t'ing mooch better. No troub' for anybody now. In-a da morn' da yo'ng lady go down-a hill, eh? You mak-a da hand-write to da banca. She come-a back wit' da mon'. Ver' nice for all."

Mr. Luce stared about the dim room until his eyes fell upon the professor. "This bird wants twenty-five thousand dollars to turn me loose," he complained.

"And Erasmus Orson Fox marched us in here to make it easier for him," said Caroline tartly. "Well, twenty-five thousand just means one less picture for the old museum."

"I'd like to wash my face," Mr. Luce said. "I feel like the chickens had been roosting on me."

"The *signor* desires water and a basin," the professor said in Sicilian.

The *ricottaro* shrugged his shoulders and motioned to the Boy Killer, who sat hunched on a stool, some sort of fowling piece across his knees, and the man arose and went out, to return presently with an earthen jar black with the patina of generations of smoke and of handling. Into it Caroline dipped her little handkerchief and bathed her father's face.

"When," Caroline demanded of the professor, "do you rise to the emergency?"

"I call your attention," he said, "to the fact that one individual stands armed before the door, while another faces us with a gun. I am not impervious to bullets."

"Leave the boy be," said Mr. Luce. "He found me, didn't he? He did his best."

"Zambo will go down with the young lady and bring back the money," said the *ricottaro* in his own language.

"Have you not been amazed," Erasmus Orson asked of Caroline, "to observe the burdens Sicilian women carry upon their heads? The—er—equilibrium alone is astounding. I fancy it requires long practice."

"Oh," Caroline said, "that interests you, does it?"

"Exceedingly. This water jar, for instance. Its weight is considerable. Its proportions are ill calculated to carry upon the cranium, yet these women would do so with apparent ease."

"He's forgotten there's a little matter of kidnaping pending," Caroline said to her father, but the professor clung to the subject that interested him.

"This jar is two feet or more in height. Containing water, it is all I can lift—see?" He raised the jar in his arms and succeeded in elevating it to his shoulder.

"The *signor* is perhaps a little mad," said the *ricottaro* to Andrea, who tapped his forehead in agreement.

Balancing the jar on his shoulder, Erasmus Orson took a couple of steps. "Not a simple matter," he observed, "even with the hands to assist in balancing." He executed some rather grotesque maneuvers to raise the jar to his crown.

"Do sit down," snapped Caroline.

"It is a fascinating problem in physics," said Erasmus, half turning. Then he made a supreme effort to set the jar on the top of his head while the captors watched with amusement, but the effort was destined to disaster. He staggered, lost his balance, clutched, and dropped the heavy water-filled earthen jar unerringly on the head of the Boy Killer, so that man and chair and jar crashed to the floor startlingly. The Boy Killer did not stir.

"Oh! Oh!" Erasmus uttered startled cries as he bent over the man. The *ricottaro*, shaken from his pose of nonchalance by the suddenness of the accident, sprang across the room instinctively, and as he came within reach of the spot where the professor crouched, a very strong hand shot out to grasp him by the ankle and to jerk suddenly sidewise, so that the man upended himself with a crash, heels in air, breath quite knocked from his body, American automatic rattling across the floor.

With an agility quite surprising in one whose life was lived in classrooms, Erasmus assumed a strategic position on the *ricottaro's* chest, whence he looked sidewise at Caroline.

"The emergency," he said dryly, "seems to have passed. A few—er—sheets or ropes or bindings of some nature are indicated."

Zambo and Caroline became efficient, and presently the pair of kidnapers were securely trussed and laid neatly side by side.

"I go now for the officials," said Zambo enthusiastically.

"It was glazed," said Erasmus.

"What was glazed?" asked Caroline.

The professor indicated the water jug which lay unbroken on its side. "Undoubtedly glazed," he said musingly. "Peasant earthenware does not bear glazing; it is rough clay. Time could give it a semblance, what with grease and smoke. Also, it seemed to me, the shape, the—er—contours were rather more seemly than one would expect."

"What in the world are you talking about?" demanded Caroline.

"In the day of the most celebrated decorators of cups, of amphoræ, and so on," said the professor, "such as Euphronius, Brygos and Douris, there were hundreds of workshops in Athens, in Sicily, which rivaled her in culture, in Etruria and in the islands."

"I'm not interested in a lecture on Grecian jugs," said Caroline. "I want breakfast."

"Of unquestionable age," said Erasmus. "No mere generation could overlay any surface with so much dirt."

"What are you getting at, professor?" asked Mr. Luce.

"Why," said Erasmus, "you were lured by a tale of a Greek amphora. To cap the situation with humor the discovery of a Greek amphora is required. And why not? Recall the story of the filthy Arab and the companion to the Portland Vase? Why not, indeed!"

He was rubbing and picking industriously but deftly, and as he scoured, the dirty black of usage gave place to a dull red, and then to a solid black, and from the concealing patina there emerged a head, banded, straight and bridgeless of nose, vague as yet, but unmistakable. No hand but the hand of archaic Greece could have wrought that profile.

"*Quod erat demonstrandum*," said Erasmus Orson stolidly. "Mr. Luce, your amphora. In the circumstances I fancy we are justified in regarding it as spoils of war. Er—Andrea, can breakfast be obtained on this mountaintop?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And donkeys for the downward journey?"

"Of a certainty, *signor*."

"Then let us leave these gentlemen to their reflections. No. No. No police, Andrea! Police are troublesome. They cause annoyance and delay."

"Exactly," agreed Mr. Luce.

"And the water jar," said Erasmus, "soothes all ruffled feelings. It is growing light. Let us arouse a maker of coffee."

The professor walked ahead bearing the jar, Andrea followed, and at his heels came Caroline and her father.

"The most exasperating man alive," she said snappishly. "Every time I think I have put it on his eye, he gets away with a miracle. Even if he did rescue you and all, I despise him. I loathe him. Daddy, I abhor that professor man so much that I'm afraid I've got to marry him."

"Break it to him gently, daughter," said Mr. Luce. "Or shall I make a formal offer of your hand?"

"You keep out of this," Caroline said. "That self-satisfied young man is about to learn this and that. As a matter of fact, he's wildly in love with me at this moment."

"He acts it," said Mr. Luce dryly.

"Wait," said Caroline, "until I do what you're going to do to that clay jug."

"And what is that?" asked Mr. Luce.

"Scrub off the patina and get down to the real thing," said Caroline firmly.

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of stories by Mr. Kelland. The next will appear January third.

THE ART OF LATE CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

ABOUT THIS TIME of the year there is a good deal of finger-wagging at the people who do their Christmas shopping late. We do not approve of this, probably because December 24th usually finds us still buying knick-knacks in the fading twilight.

There is a thrill and a glow about last minute Christmas shopping that cannot be duplicated at any earlier date. Political and religious differences are forgotten. Small men knock off large men's hats with their bundles and get only a smile. Thin Santa Clauses chew their icy mustaches dejectedly on the street corners. The whole world seems to have a pleasant bun on.

Try buying your Enders razors any time from December 20th on. You will get almost as much pleasure out of buying them as your friends will out of using them. We say "almost" because, if you have taken the Enders razor lightly in your finger tips and let it whisk easily thru your whiskers, you'll know that you get a mild kick out of the neat little thing. And a kick repeated every morning is not to be sneezed at these days.

Now, as the berries from holiday holly wreaths start dropping on to the parlor floor, as iceman and janitor begin to wear an expectant, acquisitive look, as you look with gloomy eyes at a dwindling bank balance, now is the time to buy your Enders. Enders Razor Co., 105 W. 40th Street, New York City.

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THE HERALDRY OF THE RANGE

(Continued from Page 11)

Some of the cattle inspectors operating today in stockyards and on the range can recognize, with only an occasional reference to their brand books, literally thousands of brands. They say that Lod Calohan, head inspector for the Texas and Southwestern Cattle Raisers' Association at the Kansas City stockyards, can tell what brand an animal had on it by tasting the beef. An incident recalled by him will illustrate this genius for brands.

Reading a Cowskin

"A cow," he said, "was shipped to the Kansas City market by two ranchmen in partnership at Big Bend, Colorado. She was so branded up that she looked like the map of Jerusalem. I had to shear her to make out all the brands. Then I had to trace down her history to tell which was the holding brand—the brand of her last legitimate owner. One of the brands, together with the earmarks, told me that she had been calved in Arizona. Carrying this Arizona brand, she had been driven into New Mexico, where three successive owners branded her. Then she passed into Colorado, where a fifth owner burned his brand on about the only vacant space left on her hide. The shippers had not known whether the cow belonged to them or the man in the moon. She was in their herd and they sent her to market. The brand of that fifth owner—the Colorado man—happened to be one of the 15,000 represented by the association for which I work, and the money for which the cow was sold was sent to him."

John Rigby, another brand inspector, was one year stationed at Elgin, Kansas, where the season's shipment averaged 400 cars a week. Most of the cattle were steers from Texas that had been brought to the Osage territory in Oklahoma for fattening.

One day he was sitting on the shipping-pen fence with Sol Myers, waiting for Myers' herd to come in. As soon as the lead cattle were distinguishable, Rigby turned to Myers and said:

"See that red, mottle-faced stag leading the herd? Well, that steer belongs to Cyrus B. Lucas. He's got Lucas' brand, the Bradded L——just behind the left shoulder, and he's got ALF on the left side. I knew the steer two years ago when I was working for Lucas in Goliad County."

As the steers began to trail into the pen, a feisty young rider wearing a fancy hat and silver-plated spurs galloped forward to where his employer was still sitting on the fence.

"Mr. Myers," he ripped out with an oath, "they're daisies, ain't they?"

Disregarding the remark, Sol Myers sternly asked, "What do you mean by driving strays up here with my cattle?"

"If there is a stray steer in this herd I'll eat your hat," blustered back the dapper young boss. "Every one of those steers has an L on him."

"Yes, and there are two other cowmen running L steers in the Osage," returned Myers. "The first steer that walked into these pens today is a stray. Here's a man that knows him personally, and more than that, knows how to read brands. You're a hell of a cowman not to know one L from another."

The upshot of the matter was that John Rigby cut out three Bradded L steers for Lucas; and the next Sol Myers herd that came into Elgin for shipment had a boss who could distinguish one L from another.

Deciphering and remembering the letters, figures, curves, and other configurations that make up brands is not enough. The thoroughgoing range man is a master of brand nomenclature, on the esoteric principles of which somebody ought to write a grammar. Generally, be it said, brands read from top to bottom and from left to right. Many brands—probably a majority of them—are so simple that nearly anybody can call them properly. The brand H4 can be nothing else than H Four; will easily be conceived to be the H Triangle. But only the initiated denominate as Lazy H, or as Crazy Three. Any letter "too tired to stand up" is "lazy"; though if it is merely in an oblique position and not on its back, it is "tumbling." or is Tumbling T.

A letter with curves at the ends is often said to be "running." The most noted illustration of this principle is the Running W brand, , of the 1,000,000-acre King Ranch, which, however, Mexicans call La Viborita—Little Snake. A letter or figure with "wings" to it is "flying"—thus, is the "Flying W."

Brands "walk," "drag," "swing," and "rock" as well as they "run" or "fly." is the Walking F and A is the Walking A. The projection at the bottom of the figure makes the Drag Seven. L suspended from a curve, , becomes the Swinging L. Many brands are on rockers, as the Rocking H—. But if the rocker is unjoined, then it is a half or quarter circle; so is H Half Circle. One of the most historic brands of the West is the Rocking Chair—.

Sometimes a brand rests on a "bench," as , the Y Bench. V-shaped prongs attached to some part of a letter make it forked. is Forked S, but is not Forked N; it is Forked Lightning.

Cow Trade-Marks

A brand bromide is of the Dutchman who met a cowboy one day. "Say," he asked, "have you seen anything of my old gray mare with a drag rope on branded Hell up and Hell down?" The cowboy had seen a mare branded —"L up and L down."

A straight mark is usually a bar, but if it is very long or leaning at an angle to the normal horizontal position, it is apt to be called a slash, and is Bradded Dash. The is called Cut and Slash. John Chisum, of Jingle Bob fame, branded 20,000 calves a year with a straight line running from shoulder to tail, and that bar was known all over the cattle country as the Fence Rail. A brand burner added to it thus———and the result was known both as Knot on the Rail and Bug on the Rail. The Kellog boys in the Big Bend of Texas branded N on the shoulder and K on the hip, connected with a bar, but instead of being called N Bar K, the brand is called N Chain K. might be O Bar O, but it isn't. It is Hobble O, for it resembles a pair of horse hobbles.

The identical brand may go by one name in one section and by another name in another section. The great Laureles—Laurel Leaf—Ranch on the Rio Grande gave the Laurel Leaf brand, but the same insignia 300 miles north on the San Saba went under the name of Flowering Lucy—a patent corruption of flower-de-luce, itself a degeneration from *fleur-de-lis*. A flattened O may be Goose Egg, Mashed O, or Link. is both Box and Block.

One time a rancher out on the Pecos started a new brand configured thus— . Somebody asked him what he called it. "*Quien sabe?*" he replied—Who knows? And as the Quien Sabe brand it was known ever afterward. Looking through a mixed herd of cattle or a brand book, one might note many brands of apparently *quien sabe* nature, but somehow the range men have usually found a name for the most nameless device—excepting always Mexican brands. Belden Gilpin of the border country took for his brand . Somebody might have called it Cross Triangle, but a Mexican said it looked like a *muñeca*—a doll—and the Muñeca brand it became.

Egyptian Cattle Kings

Confessedly, then, the names for a great many brand devices are purely a matter of personal interpretation. A well-known brand of Wise County, Texas, was the Gourd and Vine. It was run in this manner, so as to cover the whole side of an animal, and though everybody called it Gourd and Vine, the name was obviously arbitrary.

Some brands, because of the oddity of the device or name, became better known than certain simpler brands much more widely used. Such a brand was . Originally it was known as Pot Hooks. It was run on the Colorado River, Texas, by McAulay and Clampitt. In the drought of 1884 their herd of 10,000 cattle was reduced to 5000, and they moved farther west into the Green Valley country. Here the brand took the name of Straddle Bug. It began on the shoulder and ended at the rear of the animal's thigh. It was said: "The only way for a cow thief to burn the Straddle Bug out was to burn up the brute wearing it."

In the days of the open range, calves were roped out of the round-up and dragged to a branding fire near by. As a cowboy dragged up a calf he called out the brand and earmark to be run on it—the mark and brand, that is, of the mother cow, which he observed as he roped the calf. The cowboys sang out these brands loud and high, and frequently indulged in variations that stuck. One brand of the Pecos country was IDA—I D A Bar. As a cowboy dragged up a calf he called out, "Ida on a rail," and the name of the brand thenceforth was Ida on a Rail.

George Evans in the Davis Mountains west of the Pecos gave K A T E, as a compliment to his wife. He got his mail at a wide place in the road called Borracho. One day at a round-up near Borracho a harum-scarum cowboy dragged a calf up to the fire, at the same time yelling, "Katie, my wife, Borracho, Texas." Thenceforth the K A T E brand was often called "Katie, my wife, Borracho, Texas."

Though new brands are constantly being recorded over the entire range country, the most interesting and original belong to the past, though many of them are still in use. Just when brands were introduced to the world would be difficult to say. The claim has often been made that Cortés, conqueror of Mexico, originated branding not only in America but in the world. He may have branded first in America, but certainly not in the world. It is said that a tomb 2500 years old has been uncovered in Thebes bearing among other mural decorations the representation of a cow tied down and a man branding her with a geometric design. The tomb must have been that of an Egyptian cattle king. When Chaucer's pilgrims set out on their immortal journey from London to Canterbury more than 500 years ago, some of them probably rode on rented horses. At least, horses kept for rent at that time were, says the great historian, Jusserand—who cites authority for the statement—"branded in a prominent manner, so that unscrupulous travelers should not be tempted to quit the road and appropriate the steeds." Indeed, Will C. Barnes has traced branding in England back to the eighth century. In 1643, before the cattle industry in the Southwest was born, the New Haven, Connecticut, code stipulated how horses should be branded in order to prevent trouble between rival claimants of "horses running together in the woods."

A brand might spring forth full-grown without premeditation, but with most cowmen choosing a brand has always been a more serious matter than naming a baby. The practical cowman wants a brand that is plain and easily read. He wants it large enough that it cannot be blotched or run out by cow thieves, and at the same time not so large that it will ruin the value of a hide. In the old days it was more important than it is now to have a brand that does not lend itself to being run into another brand. The Straddle Bug, already described, well illustrates the fulfillment of this latter requisite. Some cowmen have preferred curves, for a square corner in a brand is often branded so deep that it becomes raw and sore, inviting blowflies and screw worms. Other cowmen have preferred straight lines and boxes. "Take a brand like or or ," said D. B. Gardner, manager of the Pitchfork Cattle Company. "The whole area between the lines of such a brand may be blistered by a very hot stamp iron, especially on the tender skin of young calves. The only good brand is a brand that peels with the lines."

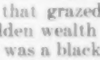
Personality in Brands

While such considerations have always entered into the selection of brands by real cowmen, at the same time many a brand expresses personality and autobiography. With elegant simplicity, Mrs. Katie Barr spelled out her whole name in KT—K T Bar. Jack Barber approached his last name with merely BR. Pete Coffin had both his jest and his name in . A man by the name of Hightower ran .

Some names naturally lend themselves to this sort of rebus brand better than others. Without any pictorial effect at all, John M. Doak was satisfied with D O K for his brand, but L. J. Story felt that he must tell the whole story, and he did with

S T O R Y—an absurdly long brand. Napoleon Daniel embodied in a brand his nickname—B O N Y. Ingenious but a little puzzling was Mr. Float's brand, , which does spell FLOT.

Often, rather than a name, the brand expresses some sort of idea. Thirty years ago a consumptive went West, recovered and took up ranching. He owed his life to the high, dry air. Fittingly he chose as his brand A I R. For years the dream of every landowner over a vast portion of the United States has been an oil well on his possessions. Neville Auley sought to conjure the well forth by marking every animal that grazed above the supposedly hidden wealth with O I L.

J. C. Studer was a blacksmith working for the Santa Fe Railroad when it built across the Texas Panhandle. He fell in love with the country, invested his savings in land and cattle, and out of respect for his trade adopted an anvil as his brand. One of the ship captains, Thomas Deerow, who used to sail in the Gulf of Mexico, quit the sea for ranching, but he could not forget the old seafaring life, and his Ship's Anchor brand—  —was a tribute to the memory. The famous John Marsh, of California, who, before the acquisition of California by the United States, was raising cattle for hides that were shipped at two dollars apiece, branded his herds with the same emblem.

There are legendary tales about brands, as there are about everything else with which man has had a vital connection. One of the most widely known of these legends tells how the Four Sixes—6666—originated.

Back in the early days a young cowboy by the name of Burk Burnett, who was just getting his start in cattle, rode into the village of Fort Worth one morning, bent on indulging his skill in the favorite game of the range—poker. At one of many gaming tables, then wide open to the public, he invested in a sombrero full of chips. At first he lost heavily; then the game became variable; about midnight his luck changed, and by daylight he had a barrel full of money.

One of his opponents was desperate. "Burk," he said, "I'm broke, but I'll play my ranch and cattle against your pile."

"You've made a bet," was the reply.

Four Sixes That Made Millions

On the deal Burk Burnett drew two sixes. He discarded three other cards, keeping the pair. Then he drew two more sixes. The four sixes won the ranch. Immediately, the story goes on, Burnett rebranded the cattle he had won with his lucky number, 6666. In time he increased his holdings until he had 300,000 acres in the Indian Territory stocked with Four Sixes cattle, besides an enormous ranch in North Texas. An oil field came in on his land and a boom city named Burkburnett sprang up. When his widow died, only a few years ago, she left several million dollars to Texas Christian University—probably the best poker hand that a Christian institution ever drew.

When queried himself as to how he came to select the 6 6 6 6 brand, Burk Burnett used to smile and say that in the beginning of his career he thought that if he should ever have 6666 cattle he would be a considerable cowman. Another account, vouched for by Burk Burnett's own nephew and range boss, is that Burnett bought out a small stock of cattle branded with four sixes and adopted the brand as his own. Whatever the facts, the poker story has fastened itself upon the imagination of thousands of recounters and will live for a long time. And Burk Burnett believed in his brand!

Occasionally the romance of lovers has expressed itself in brands. O. Henry wrote a story—Hearts and Crosses—on the theme that probably had its basis in fact. At a round-up out on the plains Asa Jones saw a heifer wearing on her left side DOLLY, but Dolly was so far away that she probably never glimpsed this expression of a lovelorn cowboy. On the frontier, where pretty girls were exceedingly rare, a cowman by the name of Plunkett—so an old tale goes—one time brought his daughter fair to live at the ranch. Her name was Lilybel, she said, but the cowboys called her Lil, and before long they were vying with one another in branding all the mavericks they could put their ropes on with L I L. The L I L brand became a herd not to sneeze at. Meantime Lilybel went on encouraging the rusties and writing to the dude back East to whom she was engaged. She married him, and her husband became owner of all the wealth created by his rivals.

A Scapegoat Cow

Old Man Drake on an adjoining range had a daughter whom Buck Custer tried to monopolize. As a facetious compliment to her ancestral name, the cowboys often referred to her as "the duck." One day she told Buck Custer to leave and never come back. He went, flaming with wrath. He had not gone far before he sighted a ticky, flop-eared maverick yearling. He "tied into it," threw it down, made a fire, put into the flame a cinch ring carried for such purposes, and when it was hot, seized it with a pair of sticks and burned on the side of the critter this word: D U C K. The Drake boys saw it, but whether it was Buck Custer they shot in retaliation, or merely the dogie, legend is at variance.

Tragedy, like romance, has been recorded in cattle brands. At a round-up in the Big Bend country about 1890, Fine Gilleland cut a maverick yearling out of the herd and was driving it to his bunch when a man by the name of Poe dashed up, disputing the ownership. Gilleland turned upon Poe with his six-shooter, killed him and fled. Cowboys then threw the animal of disputed ownership and in big letters branded across its ribs MURDER. Two or three other killings can be traced to the quarrel. The yearling was well branded. According to tradition, it became an outcast from other cattle, always grazing alone. No one wanted it. It grew gray with years and finally disappeared, presumably a victim to winter blizzard.

Out in Colorado, so another tale runs, a cowboy by the name of Jess Hitson failed to come in one night. This was in July, 1868. For three years his disappearance was a mystery. Then one day a grown steer was found bearing this brand: 7-4-68 INDIANS. HOT AS HELL JH. The brand told the story of how Jess Hitson was branding a maverick when he saw Indians coming. He took time to write his fate before he met it. The savages who got him let the branded messenger go.

No account of brands would be complete without consideration of the art of burning out brands. It was an art that reached the height of development during the days of open range, but it is by no means lost yet. Before the practice of counterbranding went out, a thief might void a brand by running a bar through it or by counterbranding the animal—as if it had been legitimately sold—and then putting his own brand on it. Again, he might rub out the owner's brand by taking a hot smoothing iron and burning all that part of an animal's hide covered by a brand. This was called blotching, or blotting. The result would be an enormous scar or blotch, through which the original lines were apt still to be visible. In any case, the blotch was evidence that the animal had been stolen, though not always could it be ascertained from whom stolen.

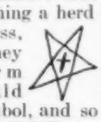
The most common practice by far was, and is yet, to run the original brand into something else.

One of the oldest chestnuts in the cow country is the I See You Too story. A ranchman somewhere started the I C brand. Before long he noticed in his herd some cattle wearing I C U. Not to be outdone, he did a little doctoring himself, and then the whole herd wore the I C U 2 brand. A similar bromide is of the fellow who started with B 4 for a brand. A longhorn neighbor presently claimed that cattle branded B 4 U were his. The king of brand alterers then rode in, and presently nobody could find on the range anything that was not branded B 4 U 2.

Could brands be subtracted from as well as added to, the problem of the brand burner would be much simpler; but in brands, as in Scripture, what is writ is writ. Running the 7 P into Seven Up appears simple, the result looking like this . But in order to make a new brand that is plausible out of an old one, the original must be reburned so that it will appear to be of the same age as the additional lines. If the old brand is burned at all deeply, it will not heal neatly, like the newer portion, and thus will still stick out like a sore thumb. To obviate this give-away, thieves sometimes run the branding iron over the old brand with a piece of wet blanket between iron and flesh. No matter what means are employed, the practiced eye of a good cowman can usually detect a flaw that reveals the trick. If the evidence is not conclusive, there is one infallible method of detecting whether or not the original brand has been mutilated. That is to kill the animal and examine the hide from the underside. From this surface the original brand invariably shows as distinct from the made-over brand. Many times in trial courts hides have thus been produced as evidence against cow thieves.

The Star Cross Brand

The classic story of brand burning has, fittingly, to do with the largest ranch the United States of America has known—the X I T, the 3,000,000 acres of which were granted by the state of Texas to the Capital Syndicate in exchange for the present granite capitol building at Austin. Wherever men talk of brands—and that is wherever range cattle graze—the story of the Star Cross burn is told. "I bet," confesses an old hand, "that when I was punching cattle on the plains I spent not less than a solid month of time trying to figure out some way in which the X I T brand could be burned. I've seen cowboys figure in the sand for hours, demonstrating various devices. I designed as something pretty good, but never mustered up the nerve to try it out."

One time, however, the yarn goes, a clever range rider solved the problem. He revealed his secret to no one; he never blurred a brand. He was an artist. Nevertheless, he was finally brought to trial. The evidence was conclusive that he had built up from nothing a herd of cattle branded Star Cross,  but the prosecuting attorney was unable to inform the jury how X I T could be altered into that symbol, and so the rustler was freed. The X I T people were helpless. They offered him $5000 if he would tell them how he achieved the Star Cross and would quit burning it on cow brutes.

The Rustler's Secret

Another prong of the story told by J. Evetts Haley, in his remarkable history of The X I T Ranch of Texas, discloses the legendary rustler's secret. The branding iron used to make the Capital Syndicate brand was, says Haley, a straight bar five inches long. With two applications the X could be made, with one the I, and with two more the T. Haste on the part of the man doing the branding or the squirming of the calf on the ground often resulted in a brand far from even or symmetrical. One day a rustler who had been doing a lot of figuring on the ground sighted such a brand. It was made thus: . According to an old saying, all that was necessary to start a herd on the open range was a rope, a running iron and nerve. The rustler had all three. He traced the X and the I and the crooked T into an almost perfect star cross.

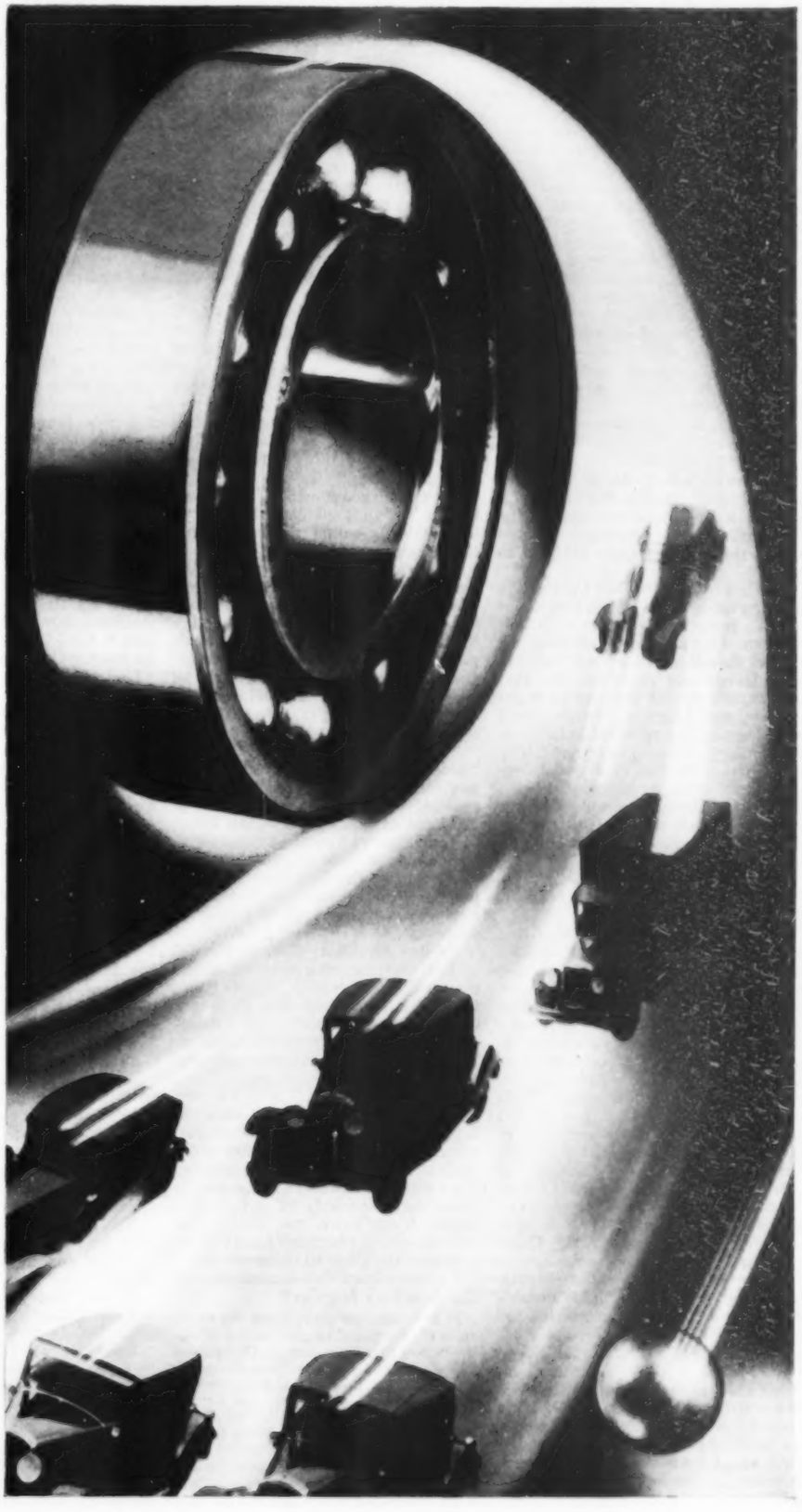
Among the thousands of Syndicate cattle were many other warped brands. That rustler must have ridden until he got them all. He is still riding. Whatever the story, it is safe to assert that in the range country more time has been consumed trying to run—on paper or in the sand—X I T into a five-pointed Texas star inclosing a cross than within the same region has ever been consumed on cross-word puzzles or ladder-grams.

Although brand burning forms a lurid and picturesque feature in the history of the range, its extent has often been overemphasized. After all, a great majority of range men were honest, and the brands on cattle, as a general rule, served the purpose for which they have always been designed—that is, to identify and maintain ownership.

When all the stories about picturesque brands have been told, the fact remains that the great majority of brands are not picturesque. They are a part of a great industry, and in every state where the grazing industry obtains they are to be found recorded in ponderous legal tomes, listed first under the letters of the alphabet, then under numbers from one to ten, and then under symbols.

If branding could be avoided it would be avoided. Humane societies have protested against the practice; experiments have been conducted with chemical compositions purporting to make an indelible but painless mark. But no substitute has been found for branding. Anyhow, branding is not unduly cruel and the resultant pain is of short duration. As long as there are ranches, there will be brands—and that will be until millions and millions of acres of rocks and arid soil are made fertile and moist. The heraldry of the range is not obsolete; it is not even obsolescent.

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS



This is the age of a new mobility — an era of a world on wheels—the day of the motorist. Distance has been annihilated and time conserved — all because friction has been minimized in the modern motor car. In ever increasing millions New Departures are giving smooth, efficient mastery over friction—prolonging car life —and saving in repair bills. New Departure Ball Bearings are specified by the engineers of more than ninety-five per cent of all American cars — proving their acceptance by the men who know their worth. "Nothing Rolls Like a Ball" and no other bearing contributes more to carefree, speedy, economical transportation.

NEW DEPARTURE MFG. CO., — BRISTOL, CONN.

●

NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

THE ALCHEMIST

(Continued from Page 13)

in New York. Some strange people were set adrift by the war. I thought, when I heard him speak, that he was German, but I've heard since that he spoke German with an accent too.

"Doctor Celsus? My name is Curtin, doctor; this is Mr. Brown. Mr. Brown's wife has invested some money with you, and what she tells us has interested us. In fact, if your proposition shapes up as well as Mrs. Brown has told us, we'd be inclined to—go further with it."

"Oh, yes?" said Celsus in a confident and guttural tone. He entered and sat with us, widening his unpleasant eyes at us. His manner was attentive, courteous, unhurried; above all, attentive. If you've ever dealt with a gentleman engaged in a shady business, you'll remember the first contact. Or—just as good—you've gone into a bank, as a stranger, to borrow money; and the banker was courteous, leisured and attentive, sounding the depths of your eyes.

"You make gold, doctor?"

"Yes." It wasn't a monosyllable, but was singsong.

"You made this?" interjected Brown brusquely.

"Yes."

"Tell us about it, doctor. The idea is novel to us, frankly. We know, in a general way, that science does some wonderful things nowadays, but we didn't think it had quite attained to that."

"It has not of late, Mr. Curtin," he said, regarding Brown, who looked not at all receptive. "Alchemy is not modern. Like astrology, and what you call witchcraft, it is a science that was once known and practiced, but that was suppressed for political or social reasons, and forgotten. Witchcraft, I have learned, has returned to honor in this country, though you do not call its practitioners witches or wizards; they cast their spells under other names. And I have heard of astrologers. Your pardon—you are the Mr. Curtin of the district attorney's office here, are you not?"

"By George," said Brown.

"You must be a wizard yourself, doctor."

"No," he said, disregarding the effect he had created. "Now, gentlemen, you must realize that I cannot teach you quickly the science of transmuting matter, even if I would. Tell me—are you chemists? Let me assure you, then, that modern chemistry is arriving at the ancient conception of matter as being one—the *prima materia* of the ancients. It discards the childish atomic theory and perceives again that differences among substances are only qualities—as the frown and the smile, the blow and the caress, differ in quality, but not in essence. By exposing other substances to the sympathetic radiations of gold, the whole mass is leavened and becomes gold. Come with me."

He ushered us into his dark little laboratory and laid his hand demonstratingly on a furnace in which a fire rumbled. "In the oven here is three hundred pounds' weight of gold, placed there by me. I put with it three hundredweight of iron. These metals are in a matrix that is largely chalk. If we open the oven now we will find, I think, six hundred pounds of gold only, but I shall wait yet a few weeks and not risk interrupting the communion of the elements."

"And that's how you make iron sash weights into gold?"

"Yes."

"Are you willing to demonstrate your process to chemists whom I'll send here?"

"You ask me if I will teach these men how to transmute other substances into gold?"

"You may put it that way."

"But surely not!" He frowned, shaking his marred head.

"You've been accepting the public's money."

"To buy the gold I needed, Mr. Curtin. Gold has an affinity for gold; other substances change into gold when exposed to its radiations in the matrix that I prepare. Gold itself is the *prima materia*, the original and still the commonest of substances. It is scarce on the earth's surface because of its great weight; we would find only gold could we penetrate the earth's crust and enter the nucleus. The earth weighs twice as much as it would if it were all ——"

"You haven't been selling the gold you made?"

"No. I paid the dividends to Mrs. Brown from the money I had of Mrs. Daisy Rogers or others. I could not disturb the gold."

Brown laughed shortly. "There it is, Curtin. The good old method. He pays his dividends out of the new money that is invested with him."

"This is my plan, gentlemen," said Celsus cordially. "I shall pay these dividends until the public has confidence, and then it will no longer take its money away from me, but will leave it here to compound and increase for perhaps a year. I shall not disturb the gold in my furnace, but shall meet the demands of the impatient ones out of the new money put with me."

"Precisely, Doctor Celsus," I nodded. "I understand your alchemy now, and, as you say, the method is ancient. You should add the works of 520 Per Cent Miller and of Mr. Ponzi to your library. You must suspend at once and pay back to your investors every cent you've had from them, or prepare to demonstrate your science to a criminal jury. . . . May I use that telephone?"

I called our office: "This is Curtin. Tell the chief that this establishment is the sort we anticipated. There's going to be trouble; I can see that. Are Grover and Ellis there? . . . The detectives; yes. Tell them to come up here to Amsterdam Avenue and take charge."

III

CELSUS was true to type—brazen. You can't confound those people; assurance is the bed rock they build their absurd swindles on. As usual in these cases, Celsus said at once that he would pay everybody off in full; that nobody would lose a cent. That's what they all say. We kept our hand on him and gave the story to the newspapers.

You remember this—an editorial in the New York Inquirer?

It is nearly two years since the sweet voice of the would-be abolitionist of the business cycle was drowned in the crash of falling markets. When business revives he will revive, too, no doubt, and soon he will pipe us the same old song, but for the present we may believe that what was will be and that there is nothing too old under the sun.

Here's a herald of good times, a familiar figure when business is booming; here again is a chap who will pay us 5 per cent a week on our money! He is an alchemist and his name is Doctor Celsus; he has found New Yorkers, to the tune of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to share the profits of his gold making. Who says business isn't fundamentally sound?

By request of his latest client, the district attorney of New York County, Doctor Celsus is to make a distribution this afternoon; but not, mark you, of gold. He is to give back the hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Will he do it? We wait to be shown, with cold and archaic smile.

I met Brown, and we went up to Amsterdam Avenue at the appointed time. On the affidavit of Mrs. Brown, made under I do not know what persuasion, I had taken out a warrant for Celsus and had it ready in my pocket.

The avenue before the quarters of the alchemist was swarming with angry and vociferating investors; mostly men and women in very modest circumstances. There were three hundred and forty-three investors, according to Celsus' account book. He had put on an exhibit for them; the paint had been scraped from a square in the window and through this aperture I saw a neat little pile of roughly finished and yellow bars. If this was humor, it wasn't well received; several stones had been flung through the window, and now a file of police was holding back the people who had paid good money down on Celsus' say-so and who were more eager than ever to prove what they thought of him and his gold.

"They'll kill him if they get hold of him," said the sergeant in charge, who was himself an investor; and through a hole in the window he put the evil eye on Doctor Celsus as well as he could. "Look at him in there, the blamed swindler."

Doctor Celsus had retained counsel; when we entered he was talking to a very capable if not overscrupulous attorney of my acquaintance named Krakower. Celsus turned to us, clicked his heels and bowed from the waist.

"Ah, we may proceed. Will Mr. Curtin call the names, so that the people may have their money in order?"

I gave the list to the sergeant. Celsus sat at his table and opened the proverbial black bag. I was curious to see how far he would go with his bluff; I was sure that he could not pay back the money he had had—not all of it, nor nearly.

"Rafael Campesino!" bawled the sergeant.

The summoned investor came plunging through the crowd, hurling himself along, crying, "It is I!" He struggled in to us, panting, and lurched to the table. "For me is one hundred dollars."

"One hundred dollars," repeated Celsus, handing him a new one-hundred-dollar bill. "I am sorry, but it is the law. . . . Eh? Halt, my friend."

The investor had been departing with speed; the sergeant caught his shoulder and swung him about; he snarled.

"Take, too, your weekly five dollars," said Celsus, presenting the bank note. "Was that not our agreement?"

"Joe Lempe!" shouted the sergeant. "Mary O'Haggin! Mary Brown! Fall in line here. Harold Stretch! Frankie Stretch!"

"Lempe," grunted Celsus, widening his eyes at his book like a man looking over spectacles. "Four hundred dollars—and twenty for the profit." He counted out the money to the investor.

There was a hubbub of questioning out in the avenue as those who had been paid emerged, money in hands. "What'd you get? You got it all? And —— Hey, he's paying in full. And the 5 per cent! Look!" Men looked into one another's faces, their anger evaporating. "Hey, what're we here for? I knew he was all right. Come on home!" Several—confederates, I was persuaded—left the throng and walked away, beckoning.

Before our eyes Celsus was restoring the confidence necessary to the success of his swindle. "A bold game, Krakower," I said angrily, "but it won't work. Hello, out there! Stay and get your money. And get it quick, because it won't last."

"Good enough," said Krakower, joining me in the doorway. "Hello, everybody; Doctor Celsus' lawyer speaking. Get your money now if you want it. Don't go away! No interest will be paid after today."

But you know what happened. Celsus paid everybody who could be cajoled or bullied into taking his money, plus 5 per cent; paid out a total of one hundred and five thousand dollars. A fair third of the investors were deaf to our appeals and threats and wouldn't hear of being reimbursed. Doctor Celsus then showed to us and to the reporters present fifty thousand dollars in currency still awaiting claimants.

His Negro had removed the pile of bars from the window, bearing them into the laboratory. Doctor Celsus acceding, the reporters went in there and attended a demonstration of his peculiar process; perhaps they understood it, though their explanations of it in the next morning's editions lacked something.

Brown and I departed, thoughtful and silent. Mrs. Brown, who had attended the dissolution of the Celsus enterprise, supplied small talk, finding cause for archness and wifely humor in the thousand and fifty dollars that she held before her husband's glowering eyes. The investors, too, made acrid remarks, flourishing their unwanted money; the reserves came and sent them home, richer, but dissatisfied.

As we were parting at the subway, Brown took my arm and drew me quickly aside: "What do you think of it, Curtin? Is it possible?"

"Is what possible?"

"To make gold. Science does some wonderful things nowadays. But I don't believe in this Celsus; do you? No!" And he went away shaking his head at me to keep me firm in unbelief.

New York learned that evening that Doctor Celsus had turned into the United States Mint at Philadelphia gold in bars of a total weight of six hundred pounds. You remember the newspaper stories, the interviews with Doctor Celsus, the Sunday-supplement articles, pro and con, by savants.

Perhaps you missed the discussion, though it was of natural interest in a time when everybody was seeking money to hold onto doggedly. Business was bad, and just about at its worst when Celsus returned to market with his Aureole Company, incorporated for him by Krakower. By the way, Krakower got nothing but his bare legal fees out of the Aureole Company; he tells me that Celsus tried to give him stock instead of money and made him laugh. It was bad, very bad.

(Continued on Page 84)

"What makes the Skin break out?"

THIS FAMOUS DANISH DERMATOLOGIST WAS ASKED

DOCTOR PONTOPPIDAN tells about one great cause—and how Fresh Yeast corrects it

DR. BORGE PONTOPPIDAN is physician-in-charge of the Municipal Hospital of Copenhagen. He is widely known for his writings on skin diseases, in which he specializes.

THEY are unpleasant, to say the least—those ugly skin blemishes—blackheads, eruptions and blotches!

What makes them come? What makes them so persistent, so hard to get rid of?

These were the questions put to the great Copenhagen skin specialist, Dr. Pontoppidan—one of the foremost authorities in his field today.

Here is the answer Dr. Pontoppidan gave:—

"A predominating cause of the more common forms of skin troubles may be an auto-intoxication brought about by abnormal processes in the intestinal canal.

"In my practice," he explained, "I have had excellent results in treating such skin disorders with fresh yeast. Results have likewise been excellent in cases of a general run-down condition of health when constipation has been the underlying cause."

Doesn't what Dr. Pontoppidan says impress you as sensible and sound?

Eating Fleischmann's Yeast, you know, corrects the very *cause* of most common skin disorders . . . clears the complexion by ridding the body of poison-breeding wastes. Intestines are "toned up" and cleansed. Normal digestion is restored. The radiant bloom of true health returns.

Thousands have found these benefits in Fleischmann's Yeast! Why not try it? Every cake is rich in the indispensable vitamins B, G and D. At grocers', restaurants and soda fountains. Write for booklet. Standard Brands Incorporated, 595 Madison Avenue, New York City.

POISONS from clogged intestines cause most common skin troubles, doctors find. Fresh yeast keeps intestines active, *clean*, as X-ray shows.

© 1930, Standard Brands Incorporated

"When I was in school I became run-down and my skin was not in good condition," *writes* Miss Marion Reardon *of Holyoke, Mass.* (at right). "After eating Fleischmann's Yeast the skin eruptions disappeared and I felt fine again."

Celebrated Specialists advise this Beauty Care!

Spain's foremost dermatologist, Dr. Sánchez-Covisa, says: "Common skin disorders are nearly always accompanied by constipation. Fresh yeast is of great aid in their treatment." Prof. Dr. Brandweiner, the noted Vienna skin specialist, reports: "Fresh yeast keeps intestines free of the poisons which cloud the skin."

Eat 3 cakes of *Fleischmann's* fresh Yeast regularly every day, before or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in water (hot or cold), or any way you like.

Drive safely use WEED TIRE CHAINS

13 out of every 100 automobile accidents are caused by skidding and loss of traction. What a waste of money! What a pity for the human suffering that can so easily be avoided by safe driving with Weed Chains. Get your Weed Tire Chains now and be on the safe side. Get *genuine* Weeds.

You can easily identify *genuine* Weeds by their brass plated cross chains, gray galvanized side chains and red connecting hooks, with name Weed stamped on every hook.

WEED CHAINS

A Product of AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, *Inc.* Bridgeport, Conn.

ACCO

Weed Tire Chain Radio Program: Tune in every Friday evening at 8:30 Eastern Standard Time, 7:30 Central Standard Time, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

(Continued from Page 82)

Copper was selling at nine and one-half cents; within a half cent of the lowest price it ever brought in the history of the industry in America. Rubber? Well, I'd like a shipload of it at the same price now, and I'd show the world how a millionaire ought to live. The staples—all of them—and that was only the beginning of the story. You could buy anything for less than it cost to produce, if you were a little clever. In real estate you could just about give the owners—many of them—their car fare and they would take it and leave you their houses. The New York Law Journal was prospering, running notices of sale under foreclosure; nothing but fear of their stockholders—plus Christian charity, certainly—kept the banks from owning everything. They squeezed eternally for money, adjuring the makers of notes to pay up; and when they got the money they had no place to put it. Call money was 2 per cent and 1½; 2½ on good commercial paper. The stock market was bumping along the bottom, and blue chips were paying 10, 15 and 20 per cent according to the last cash dividend; and no takers. Good news was coppered; if the president of a corporation or the President of the United States came out with a very conservative word of good cheer, down went the list. Looking back at the prices of those days gives a man a shooting pain in the pocket; Fortune knocked on our doors, and we peeped out the window and thought she was the sheriff.

The Aureole Company was incorporated for a term of one year; at the end of that period, by force of its certificate, it would automatically be dissolved and the directors would become mere trustees to realize on the assets and distribute the proceeds to the stockholders.

The directors were Doctor Celsus and two clerks in Krakower's office. Its ostensible purpose—all that the public heard of—was to make gold. For his secret process Celsus took to himself 50 per cent of the stock; the balance, in the form of one hundred thousand shares at fifty dollars a share, was offered for public subscription.

Our office fought the sale of the stock. Krakower enjoined us; as fast as we vacated his injunctions he secured others. There are many judges in New York with the discretionary power of restraining. The weight of scientific opinion was with us; we submitted the affidavits and opinions of scientists of undoubted standing to the effect that the transmutation of matter was chimerical, that Celsus' claims were absurd. Professor Carborn, one of the greatest physicists this country ever knew, was our chief witness. The cunning Krakower countered Carborn's testimony by producing an article that Carborn had contributed to a scientific periodical some twenty years before, at a time when it was rumored that two bicycle mechanics named Wright had flown a machine at a place called Kitty Hawk; Carborn had said in the article, and had given a mathematical formula in proof, that the story about the bicycle-repair men was ridiculous—and he spoke of the "chimera of human flight." Krakower, industrious in discrediting, jabbed an index finger at another expert and asked him if he had or had not publicly stated in 1929 that business depression was impossible and that business would get better and better, every day in every way. "Yes or no, professor!" And Krakower had his own experts. It was all excellent advertising for the stock, and it sold like hot cakes while the injunctions ruled.

Celsus completed meanwhile his preparations to make gold in a big way. He built a large and massive furnace in the Amsterdam Avenue place. For each ten thousand dollars' worth of stock sold, Celsus placed in the great oven a yellow cube said to be gold of five hundred fine ounces; with it he put one thousand fine ounces in iron sash weights. And his Negro solemnly shoveled on the powdered chalk. Within an elapsed six weeks the oven was full, containing, according to Celsus, five million dollars' worth of gold and twice its weight in iron. In the presence of a group of stockholders Celsus sealed the oven, turned on the electric heat and left his mixture to cook.

Our court battle went on; I believed invincibly that Celsus' pretended alchemy was a barefaced swindle and that the gullible buyers of Aureole Company stock were going to lose five million dollars. Since the stock was all subscribed for, I had to switch my attack, and now I brought a minority stockholders' action and demanded an accounting; I found a few shareholders who had grown skeptical.

I asserted that no gold would be found when the magical oven was opened, for the sufficient reason that no gold had ever been put into it. Five million dollars' worth of gold is a sizable quantity; it is about ten tons, and that much can't be bought or transported without somebody knowing it. I demanded that the oven be opened, and, if the gold proved to be there, that it be sealed again and kept under proper guard for as long a period, within reason, as the alleged alchemist pleased. I challenged Celsus to say where he got the gold; I could find no trace of its purchase.

I exhausted Krakower's dodges and sophistries, and secured my order to open and examine. He transferred the battle to the appellate division and then to the court of appeals. His argument was specious; he pointed out that Celsus had not fled the jurisdiction, and offered to consent to an injunction ordering Doctor Celsus to open the oven or to be kept in Ludlow Street jail until he agreed to do so.

His arguments and offers of compromise were appraised at their true worth at last, in the dry and clear air of the high court at Albany. His last appeal was denied curtly; the appointment of a receiver for the Aureole Company was confirmed, and he was directed to take over its affairs, liquidate its assets, if any, and account to the stockholders. This was a year after the incorporation; the farce had drawn to its inevitable close.

IV

BUSINESS had mended during the year; had completely recovered. Nobody knew just when the tide turned; we had been in the flats and shallows, and then there was water lifting under the keel. The stock market rose, even while brokers' loans were still falling; the small investor, the odd-lot buyer, had come unnoted into the market for his little ten or fifty shares. Raw materials were discovered to be scarce, and up their prices went. Rents soared, following a year of little building. During the slack time America had added three million consumers to her population. Money regained courage, left the bombproof of 2 per cent and ventured out into the lucrative field of business.

The notion that Celsus' gold making caused the turnabout by driving up prices is fanciful. Inflation of the currency would certainly have raised prices and galvanized business, but Celsus' addition to the gold stock, real or pretended, was only ten million dollars. That would have been a drop in the bucket. The ballyhoo about his gold making had a psychological effect, no doubt, but it was minified by his refusal to submit his process to scientific inquest.

I was conferring with the receiver in my office, arranging to go up to Amsterdam Avenue and witness the opening of Celsus' oven, when Brown came in to see me—Peter Brown, the merchant who had laid one of the first complaints against Celsus. He showed me a canceled check of his in the sum of fifteen thousand dollars; I saw that it had been deposited to the account of the Aureole Company.

"Perhaps I told you, Curtin," he said uncomfortably, "that I've been trying for several years to buy the house next to mine, so as to have a building plot. I could have bought it for five thousand over the mortgage during the depression, but I let it slide. Well, I bought it last week for fifteen thousand over the mortgage, and there's the check."

"Not so good," I commiserated.

"Oh, good enough! The house is well worth it. But here's my point: the Aureole Company—Doctor Celsus—bought that house when I turned it down—bought it for twenty-five hundred dollars cash over the mortgage. How does he come to be speculating in real estate? Curtin, I believe his gold making is a fraud."

"My opinion, Brown," I said. "But what do you care?" I saw him redden.

"I'm one of his stockholders! We won't go into that, but Mrs. Brown and I conferred rather frequently, and, to restore harmony, I took a flyer in the stock. I'm one of the come-ons that provided him with that twenty-five hundred dollars. Something should be done to that rascal."

"It's been done, Brown," I said. "Meet the receiver of the Aureole Company! Come along with us."

We got a car and rode up to the Amsterdam Avenue laboratory. Our errand was no secret; the newspapers had advertised it, though without being knowing and cocksure about it. Our car moved slowly through the great throng of stockholders, loafers, scientists, sensation seekers which had gathered to be in at the solution of the vastly debated Celsus case.

Doctor Celsus and Krakower awaited us in the tawdry little anteroom among the books and gimcracks. They conducted us with ceremony into the laboratory; at the furnace, in which the fire had been drawn some hours before, stood Celsus' black deaf-mute, hammer in hand, ready to strike off the leaden seal.

"Gentlemen," said Krakower, with the hint of a sardonic smile on his lean and drooping visage, "we stand ready to obey the court order and to turn over to the receiver all the assets of the Aureole Company. They are in this furnace."

"Let's have a look," I accepted.

"Just a moment," interposed Krakower. "Do you believe that you will find fifteen million dollars' worth of gold in there?"

"I certainly don't," I said.

"Not from what Mr. Curtin's been telling me," shrugged the receiver.

"It is your duty, Mr. Receiver," said Krakower impressively, "to act in the

best interests of the stockholders and to realize the largest possible sum for them."

"That's understood, Mr. Krakower."

"On behalf of Doctor Celsus here, I offer you fifteen million dollars for that furnace and its contents. As is—unopened. If you break that seal, the offer is withdrawn. . . . That's what you wished me to say, Doctor Celsus?"

"In substance," said his client, lifting his dragging lids. "You are to understand, gentlemen, that this is a matter of science and not of law. It may be that complete sympathy has not yet been established between the iron and gold; that the iron has not yet returned to its original state in the *prima materia*. It would be truly unfortunate to disturb them and to discover, perhaps, that no gold is there at all; that the original gold is in a median state and has become perhaps—iron! Open if you will, gentlemen, but know that I wash my hands."

"Well, Mr. Curtin," said the receiver, halted by this bizarre discourse, "if the doctor will pay fifteen million dollars I don't see what we can do but —— Have you the money with you, doctor?"

"In effect," said Doctor Celsus, leading the way back into the anteroom. He produced the little black bag and sat again behind the table. "Here, Mr. Curtin, is a certified check for one million dollars, drawn to my order on the General American Bank. Do you tell me to indorse it over to this man?"

He quested in the bag and brought up sheafs of stock certificates, deeds, certificates of deposit, bonds.

"Here are ten thousand shares of Universal Motors; you may confirm that the stock is quoted today at sixty dollars, making these worth six hundred thousand. Here are twenty thousand shares of Greening Locomotive, worth about a million. Here are two deeds, one unrecorded, to the Lamprey Hotel here in New York; the real-estate expert who bought it for me tells me that it can be sold today for at least a million dollars over the mortgage, and under the hammer. Here is an option on two million bushels of wheat at seventy cents; the price today is a dollar and twenty cents. Here is cotton—copper—rubber. And a dock in Long Island City."

He continued putting the evidence of concrete wealth before us while the receiver listed the items. "Fifteen million dollars, Mr. Curtin," he said at last.

"Doctor Celsus," I challenged, "can you account for having all this wealth?"

"To whom, Mr. Curtin?" he said, wrinkling his massive forehead. "It is enough, I think, that it is mine and that I offer it."

"I believe that all this belongs rightfully to the Aureole Company."

"Legally, too, Curtin," said Krakower, grinning tantalizingly. "Unless you insist on taking the ovenful of gold instead. Please, you are hurting my feelings; I refused to take the stock."

"I'd give something to know what's in that furnace!"

"But not," said the receiver decidedly, "fifteen million dollars. Mr. Krakower, Doctor Celsus, your offer is accepted. I'll have the court confirm it. Turn this into cash, give me the money, and I'll release to you all the assets of the Aureole Company."

The matter was arranged in that way. The Aureole Company paid a first and final dividend of 100 per cent. Every stockholder got twice the money he had put in, and Doctor Celsus received five million dollars. He took the money and departed into the unknown whence he had come. When the owner of that little building on Amsterdam Avenue reëntered his property he found some tons of iron sash weights and of powdered chalk; the furnace was empty.

Gentlemen, that's the case. To my mind, it was nothing but a fraud. I don't believe there was any gold in that furnace at all; there's no record of Celsus' turning fifteen million dollars' worth into the Mint, or fifteen cents' worth. He worked his hocus-pocus on a capital of perhaps twenty thousand dollars; he didn't pay more than that out, over what he took in. He deliberately invited my investigation of his first pretense at gold making, for the advertising.

As to where he got the fifteen millions, that's easy. Here's my opinion: He took the five million dollars his victims put up and he bought property and securities right and left; he couldn't go wrong, on the average. Everything was mortgaged up to the handle, and a little money, spent boldly, would work wonders. If he had been at all clever, he would have made much more. Do you know what he paid for the Lamprey Hotel? He paid fifty thousand dollars over the mortgages, and he sold it for a million. He could be wrong ten times and right once, and win. Copper, rubber, wheat, at those prices? Everybody knew that production would stop. Everybody knew that stocks representing the basic wealth and industry of the country wouldn't be sold on a 15 or 20 per cent dividend basis for long. Imagine a man like Brown taking his money out of the bank and putting it into a safe-deposit box.

Those are the people whose attitude I can't fathom—the people who had the money and wouldn't put it out. I didn't have any. I saw the opportunities, but what could I do? I knew then, as I know now, that all big fortunes are founded in hard times, but it's just my luck to have no money when times are hard. You'd never find me letting such chances slip. I was saying as much to Brown not long ago. By the way, he believes, too, that Doctor Celsus made a lot of money, but no gold.

"Pshaw, Curtin," he said, "you'd be very bold in spending other people's money, as that blinking scoundrel Celsus was, but if you'd had any of your own you would have buried it, like the rest of us."

"Oh, no, I wouldn't have, Brown," I told him. "Not in view of what I know now! I'll show you how to invest money, if I have any, when hard times come again."

Nothing is too good for very good children at Christmas—or any other time of year. That's why so many mothers look for this Blue Goose label when they shop.

Shop Late

and still get the best oranges and apples grown!

LAST-MINUTE holiday shopping lists can include oranges and apples of the most delightful flavor—if you make this mental footnote, "Be sure to ask for Blue Goose."

Only the cream of any fruit or vegetable crop can be marked with the Blue Goose symbol of excellence. The sweetest oranges you ever slipped into a Christmas stocking bear Blue Goose right in sight on their skins. Plump, juicy apples for Christmas baskets, for holiday pies, for dumplings and sauces, now come to you with the Blue Goose guarantee of goodness.

Grapefruit—and other fruits and vegetables, too—have also been selected for you by experts of the American Fruit Growers. A quick glance at wrapper, box, crate or barrel will tell you which are Blue Goose. Even if you shop late, Blue Goose will guide you to the very best.

This promise holds good for any time of the year. And if you'd like some new ways to serve these specially selected fruits and vegetables, write for the "Blue Goose Recipe Book," just published. It's sent free. Just address your request to American Fruit Growers Inc., 2100 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

BLUE GOOSE

THE HIGHEST MARK OF EXCELLENCE OF THE AMERICAN FRUIT GROWERS

Here's Some Christmas Money

There is a Santa Claus. You'll find his headquarters nearby at your Friendly Five dealer's. There on display are the smartest shoes you've ever seen, in sizes from 3 to 15, and in widths from AAAA to EEEE, and every fashionable pair priced at five dollars.

If you are not familiar with your dealer's location we'll gladly tell you, but see him in time to dress your feet for the holidays, and to accept the "gift" of a few saved dollars that will lessen the strain on your pocketbook.

JARMAN SHOE CO., *Mfrs.*, NASHVILLE, TENN.

★ *Tune in*

Every Thursday night at 7:45 E.S.T. Friendly Five Footnotes is broadcast over NBC coast to coast chain thru WJZ, for your enjoyment.

FRIENDLY FIVE SHOES

Sizes 3 to 15 · Widths AAAA to EEEE

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FRIENDLY TO THE FEET

GOVERNMENT INTERFERENCE

(Continued from Page 7)

it fits into a governmental policy of colonial development.

You need not travel outside the confines of the United States to ascertain the effects of government entry into business. Uncle Sam's debut in the wheat pit this year contributes a diverting chapter to the serial of official effort to alleviate economic distress. Fully to comprehend it, it is necessary to take a brief survey of the world wheat situation. The world carry-over of wheat, as of July 1, 1930, exclusive of continental European stocks, totaled 539,000,000 bushels, of which 275,000,000 bushels were in the United States. On the corresponding date of 1929 these figures were 591,000,000 bushels and 247,000,000 bushels respectively. Compared with the prewar period, there has been an increase of 14,000,000 acres in the wheat production of this country. During this time the annual per capita consumption of wheat has decreased seven-tenths of a bushel.

Going farther afield you learn that since 1915 Canada, Argentina and Australia, the principal competitors of the United States in the world market, have increased their combined wheat acreage by 28,000,000 acres. All these foreign countries have distinct advantages over the American producer.

Moreover, Russia is reasserting herself as a producer. Regardless of the success or failure of Stalin's attempt to industrialize the nation under the so-called Five Year Plan, she will again be a big factor in the situation before many years pass. Nearly 90 per cent of the Russians have been engaged in agriculture. They are by heredity and otherwise children of the soil.

The activities of the Soviet régime, including one-sixth of the habitable surface of the world and the practically impressed labor of millions of workers, are beginning to be felt in various commodity markets into which Soviet products are being dumped at prices that cannot be met by those engaged in agricultural and industrial pursuits under forms of government which recognize the rights of private property and the freedom of labor to contract for services. In October last we had a hint of potentialities in that direction when Russia sold millions of bushels of wheat short in the United States.

Government Fingers in the Pie

In the face of these facts, the American wheat grower has persisted in increasing his acreage. The carry-over that I have just indicated is the result. To meet this situation came the Agricultural Marketing Act, which put the Government into the rôle of wheat buyer.

When the Government millions began to stream into the market, wheat was selling at $1.10 a bushel. At the time I write this article it is around eighty cents. The same has been virtually true of cotton, which, despite governmental purchase, has gone from seventeen cents to eleven cents a pound.

Abroad, as at home, the same reaction obtains. The American Government's intrusion into the grain business has helped to rear additional tariff walls against our product. You have the answer in a protected wheat price of $1.60 a bushel in Germany and of $1.70 a bushel each in Italy and France. Contrast this with the distress price of seventy cents in Western Canada and eighty cents or less in the United States, and the consequences of national reprisal, the unfailing answer to governmental meddling elsewhere, are evident. Rumania and Jugo-Slavia have practically put a ban on American grain. The proposed British bulk purchase of wheat allocates only 9 per cent to countries outside the empire. This is another slap at our wheat. Milling regulations in France indicate the length to which resentment can go. Millers have been permitted to use only 5 per cent of foreign grain in their grinding. Substitutes, like rye and rice, are employed.

Voluntary restriction of the American output to American needs seems to be the logical remedy for the American grower. By reducing production to approximately a domestic basis, two useful ends would be served. One is that our tariff protection becomes effective. The other is that the home price is independent of the world level. So long as wheat production in the United States is on an export basis, the amount grown in excess of our needs is sufficiently large to determine the rate for the whole crop. Real farm relief, therefore, lies in crop rationalization.

Fighting an Irrevocable Law

The cases of coffee, silk, rubber, wheat and copper have been duplicated in a dozen other products. Take Cuban sugar, in which restriction of crop was followed by unwieldy surplus, once the lid was off; Chilean nitrates, where the government monopoly, reënforced through excessive export taxes, has brought price reduction; potash, which has failed to stand up under the Franco-German agreement and every other aid that official endowment can bestow; sisal, the Mexican control of which provoked widespread resentment, hostile legislation and ultimate price impairment; camphor, where again a Japanese monopoly failed to realize price stabilization. So, too, with Egyptian cotton, sulphur, quinine, Spanish mercury, Greek currants, and quebracho, the extract used in tanning leather, the main source of which is Argentina.

In every instance some kind of government interference frustrated the natural flow of the commodity, precipitating shortage or surplus and finally wreaking price hardship no matter which way the winds of control blew. In the end, the irrevocable law of supply and demand has risen supreme over the efforts to circumvent it. The sole logical justification for governmental control is wartime expediency. It is then a step to counteract economic distortion, to prevent hoarding and profiteering, and to stimulate output not only of the necessities of life but of the materials for national defense.

Some economists contend that governmental interference of one kind or another has an alibi with regard to responsibility for the commodity crisis. They attribute the trouble mainly to the shortage of gold. A brief analysis of the gold status in the light of commodity production is highly essential to this appraisal, because it bears directly upon the new agitation over the debts growing out of the impending reparations crisis. France's increasing hoard of the precious article, a contributory factor to the gold situation, refutes every argument made by her spokesmen in favor of relief from her obligations to us. What are the actual facts about gold?

In 1915 the world's production was $470,000,000, the largest ever known. For seven years thereafter output declined, until a low was reached with $319,000,000 in 1922. This, however, was due to the rise of wages and other mining costs, and not to depletion of the fields. That the gold source is adequate is shown in the later figures. The 1928 and 1929 productions were upwards of $400,000,000 each. In forty years the total of new gold has amounted to $13,700,000,000.

In view of this immense treasure, which is the most permanent of all commodities, it seems incredible that the world should be facing a shortage despite the fact that its average purchasing power is less than half what it was when the Rand mines began to disgorge their riches, and that a far larger part of the universe is on a gold standard than in the 90's. Though gold requirements have increased, actual gold has practically disappeared from general circulation since the World War. The monetary supply is now stored almost exclusively in central banks and government treasuries. This stock has mounted from $5,400,000,000 in 1914 to $10,300,000,000.

The fact to be emphasized, therefore, is that neither gold production nor the total of monetary gold could have anything to do with the prevailing world-wide industrial crisis and the tremendous fall in commodity prices during the past twelve months. The whole difficulty, as an eminent authority put it to me, "is not in the supply, but in the diversion of the supply by two leading nations, the United States and France." We have $4,500,000,000 of gold and France has nearly $2,000,000,000. These two reserves comprise 60 per cent of the total world gold supply.

At this point we reach a link between gold and the commodity-price slump. The vast accumulations in the United States and France have sterilized, as the phrase goes, a preponderant amount of the product. This gold, by being massed, is not performing its full function. Maldistribution prevents an equitable diffusion of its powers. Given a wider circulation, it would provide the basis for the expansion of money and credit. As compared with governmental interference in business, maldistribution of gold is by far the lesser evil.

Golden Pitfalls

There is another connection between gold and the commodity crisis well worth explaining, if only to show the ubiquitousness of governmental interference. In this case it is the premature return of various governments to the gold standard. The procedure reflects the prevailing passion for surplus because it shows overproduction of national pride and vanity.

In the light of subsequent economic events, there is no doubt that part of the commodity depression—certainly in Britain and Italy—followed the premature change to the gold standard. In 1928, John Bull thought he was turning the business corner. Foreign trade had perked up and unemployment showed some signs of decline. The gold standard came back in April of that year. Scarcely was the change made before a fresh slump began. Britain has been in the dumps ever since. (Continued on Page 89)

How *can* a man commit such folly?..

WHEN Smedley came East to take a big job as Sales Manager, he wanted to get married. Like his father and his grandfather, he believed in early marriage; said it settled a man, kept him out of mischief, helped to make him successful in business. Besides, living alone in a New York apartment was a pretty forlorn kind of experience. Yes, it was time he was married.

So Smedley began wearing his heart on his sleeve, and looking at every new girl with a critical eye.

There was one from Boston—the sister of a business associate. She was vivacious, pretty, and capable. And when she first met Smedley, welcomed his attentions. Smedley was instantly attracted; grew fond of her and was about to propose marriage when the girl suddenly made it plain that she was no longer interested in seeing him. It was a blow. He put her out of his mind.

After that there were several in whom Smedley got interested—three of them to whom he could have actually become devoted if given the chance. A young actress from Detroit; a successful New York business girl; and an older woman, the widow of an aviator. All of them were attractive enough. Any one of them would have made Smedley a good wife.

But Smedley never had a chance. They usually saw him once or twice and then made excuses for not seeing him again. One by one they dropped out of his life.

Yet, fundamentally, the man was attractive—good husband material. His buoyancy, his vigor, his charm, his success, were qualities not found in every-day men.

But he had one fault they simply couldn't overlook.

He still has it. And he is still looking for a girl who will marry him.

* * *

There is no greater barrier to pleasant personal and business relations than halitosis (unpleasant breath). It is the unforgivable social fault. It has cost many a man his job—many a woman her friends.

The insidious thing about it is that the victim never knows when he has it. And even a good friend won't tell him. The matter is too delicate to discuss.

No one can safely assume freedom from halitosis. Every day in even normal mouths, conditions capable of causing bad breath are likely to arise.

Among its most common sources are defective or decaying teeth, unclean dentures, pyorrhea, catarrh, and infections of the oral cavity. Also, excesses of eating and drinking.

The one way of putting your breath beyond suspicion, so that you *know* it doesn't offend others, is to use full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. Every morning and every night. And between times before meeting others.

Listerine ends halitosis because it is a germicide* which allays fermentation and checks infection—each a cause of odors. It is also a rapid deodorant and counteracts odors as soon as they arise.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. And carry it with you when you travel. It is as much a part of the fastidious person's toilet as the tooth brush. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

***While safe to use full strength in any body cavity, Listerine is an active germicide which kills even the resistant Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. (Fastest killing time accurately recorded by science.)**

For centuries the residents of the little Scotch Island of Lewis lived remote from the rest of the world—scarcely knowing the meaning of "toothache." Then, slowly, dental troubles began to spread among them. The cause, long a mystery, is now explained by science.

"A cargo of toothache for the Island of Lewis!"

From clues such as this science has at last found why 9 out of 10 Americans suffer from tooth decay, gum troubles or pyorrhea!

FINE teeth were a natural inheritance of the Scots on the Island of Lewis. Then ships came with new things to eat—refined, "civilized" foods.

Many of the islanders changed their habits of eating. Painfully they later discovered that the ships they welcomed had literally been "cargoed with toothaches!"

Science was puzzled. The new diet obviously lacked a mysterious "something" needed by the teeth and bones. But what was it?

Recent discoveries give the answer. The missing element is vitamin C. Lack of it caused the scurvy of sailing-ship days. And authorities now agree that an insufficient supply in our modern, careless diet is causing a modified "landlubber's scurvy" which is responsible for *tooth decay, gum troubles and pyorrhea!*

Our teeth, science says, are living structures. They are made, chiefly, from calcium and phosphorus. But they are made *by* vitamins. Calcium and phosphorus are the materials that go into the building. Vitamin C is the worker that sets them in place. If *any* of these elements is neglected, our teeth, gums and bones cannot be healthy.

Why We Need Vitamin C

So science warns everyone to feed his teeth as well as his appetite—every day.

Expectant and nursing mothers *must* have a fully adequate supply of calcium, phosphorus and vitamin C in their diets. The penalty of neglect is a weak child and serious injury to the bones and teeth of the mother herself.

Growing children, too, need ample amounts of these vital elements. The need is especially urgent until the full set of permanent teeth is safely developed.

And grown people can escape much of their tooth trouble by heeding science's advice about what to eat.

The Foods Teeth Need

However, it is not necessary to adopt the primitive diet of the Lewis Islanders.

Vitamin C is found in a number of fresh fruits and vegetables. *Oranges and lemons are accepted as the best sources.* They also supply calcium and phosphorus, as do many common foods.

But vitamin C is very easily destroyed. The body cannot store it as it does some vitamins. Therefore, you must have a *sufficient quantity* of it—*every day.*

Science's Recommendation

Science says the average person needs *every day* the amount of vitamin C contained in two full-sized (8 oz.) glasses of *fresh* orange juice to each of which the juice of half a lemon has been added. The lemon increases the vitamin C potency and gives a new tang and zest.

Thus you protect yourself amply against "landlubber's scurvy." You build sound, healthy teeth, gums and bones. And you prevent other ailments now traced to a lack of vitamin C.

By so doing, you gain also the beneficial *alkaline reaction* of citrus fruits which helps to prevent and correct Acidosis.

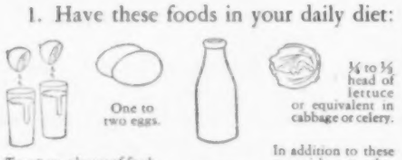
Send NOW for New Vitamin-Health Booklet

Send for free booklet, "Telling Fortunes with Foods," with important new supplement, containing interesting information on *all* vitamins and explaining, simply and clearly, the part foods play in health and body-building.

© 1930 C. F. G. E.

Good Rules for Good Teeth

1. Have these foods in your daily diet:



Two 8 oz. glasses of fresh orange juice with the juice of half a lemon in each.

One to two eggs.

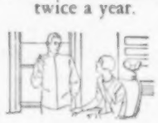
One to two pints milk.

½ to ⅔ head of lettuce or equivalent in cabbage or celery.

In addition to these essentials, eat other fresh fruits and vegetables, meats and cereals as desired.

2. Brush your teeth twice a day.

3. See your dentist twice a year.



As assurance of dependable quality, ask for Sunkist Oranges and Lemons. They are fresh in your market every day in the year. Look for the trademark "Sunkist" on the skin and tissue wrapper of oranges and on the tissue wrapper of lemons.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE,
Dept. 112, Box 530, Station C,
Los Angeles, California.

Please send me your free booklet, *Telling Fortunes with Foods*, with important new supplement on vitamins.

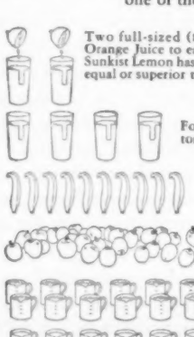
*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

How Much Vitamin C You Need

Everyone receives *some* vitamin C every day, but few people receive an amount adequate to protect teeth and general health. Authorities now say *you need every day* the amount contained in the indicated quantity of one of these foods:



Two full-sized (8 oz.) glasses of fresh Sunkist Orange Juice to each of which the juice of half a Sunkist Lemon has been added. (Note: Lemons are equal or superior to oranges in vitamin C potency.)

Four full-sized (8 oz.) glasses of tomato juice.

Ten average-sized bananas.

Three dozen average-sized apples.

Twelve cups shredded pineapple.

Six cups canned *or* fifteen cups home-cooked spinach.

More complete table of vitamin C foods in free booklet. See coupon.

(Continued from Page 86)

The most conspicuous example is Italy. In 1927, thanks to the Fascist stimulation of productive effort, industry was in a fairly good position. The depreciation of the lira was an aid rather than a handicap to business. All output was adjusted to its rate. Mussolini insisted upon a stabilization of the currency. Stabilization would not have invoked great hardship if it had been made in line with the French franc, which was twenty-five to the dollar. These two moneys march together in the markets of the world.

Against the advice of his Finance Minister, Count Volpi, and the leading industrialists of the country, the Duce forced stabilization at nineteen to the dollar. Pride rather than good business judgment dictated a disastrous procedure.

Industry had to readjust itself to an excessive stabilization rate, and the result was widespread hardship. When a government fixes gold-equivalent values on an arbitrary basis differing from the bullion value per ounce, that act likewise becomes an artificial fixing of price and value by government opinion. In the case of Italy, the consequences were serious because, from the industrial producer's point of view, you cannot dissociate wage scales and home purchasing power from the traditional value which attaches to any unit. Manufacturers found themselves with stocks of material which they bought at one price facing the necessity of shipping exports to compete in the outside world at a different price. Mussolini's act put a serious crimp in Italian exports, especially of motor cars.

A third instance of the effect of change to the gold standard is India, which was put on a gold basis in April, 1927. It had a far-reaching effect on silver, which has diminished in price within a few years from $1.40 an ounce to thirty-four cents. The usual overproduction prevails, because the output for 1929 was 261,265,718 ounces as compared with 173,296,000 ounces in 1920.

The silver slump means much more than mere price decline. This metal has been for centuries the generally accepted evidence of wealth and standard of value for half the people of the world. Unaccustomed to the modern devices of savings and investment, they—and particularly the populations of India and China—have regarded the hoarding of silver as an incentive to thrift and the evidence of individual resource. The change to a single standard in India has alone directly affected the purchasing power of 400,000,000 people and indirectly influenced that of nearly as many more.

Reviving an Old Issue

So much for nationalistic stimulation of production. If this kind of interference began and ended with commodities, we could conclude the story here. The trouble is that it has gone further and deeper, this time to affect international financial arrangements, and through it the tranquillity of international relationship.

I refer to the revived agitation over the Allied war debts provoked by the German political impasse which carries increasingly the threat of a moratorium on the Young Plan. Our debtors—notably the French—still insist that debts and reparations are related. They see in the existing crisis and its possibilities a heaven-born chance to stand from under, for a time at least, by contending that payments to us depend upon annuities from Germany. A situation full of significance to every American who owns Liberty Bonds and who pays taxes is therefore developing.

Because most people have short memories and, furthermore, since a new crop of readers, so to speak, grows up every year, let us first briefly review the outstanding facts. When the World War broke, the public debt of the United States was less than $1,000,000,000. On the day the Armistice was signed, and despite drastic increases in taxation, it aggregated, from all sources, approximately $27,000,000,000. A huge portion of this obligation was in Liberty Bonds representing money which our citizens of all social and financial stations had surrendered in varying degrees of sacrifice. These were principally the funds which we loaned the Allies. The debts, therefore, are not due to the American Government, but to the American people.

How the Loans Were Spent

Moreover, all sentimental contention of the cancellation advocates to the contrary notwithstanding, these debts were not incurred in a common cause. Great Britain, for example, employed a considerable portion of the proceeds of her borrowing from us for commercial purposes as distinguished from war uses. The money was spent to meet obligations maturing in the United States, to furnish India with silver with which to buy food to be resold to the civilian population, and to maintain exchange. In a word, the Allied obligations embody a definite business transaction for value received. They are governed, therefore, by the same conditions that govern any other business performance. In no sense were the war loans ever made as gifts.

Our debtors have persistently linked the debts with the reparations, maintaining that the fulfillment of one obligation is contingent upon the fulfillment of the other. We have never recognized this connection. The reparations are the price of war damage. Article 232 of the Versailles Treaty defines the indemnity as the compensation that Germany must make "for all damage done to the civilian population of the Allied and associated powers and to their property during the period of belligerency . . . by . . . aggression by land, by sea, and from the air."

Thus these two responsibilities have different origins and rest upon entirely different bases. The Versailles Treaty was the mandate for reparations. The Debt-Funding Commission, authorized by Congress, governed the debt settlements. The debt to the United States was funded with many reductions—we cut the French portion to 61 per cent and the British by more than 25 per cent—upon the capacity of the Allies to pay us. The reparations—finally fixed by the Young Plan and representing a scaling down from the original fantastic total of $37,000,000,000 to $9,000,000,000—are grounded in Germany's ability to pay. Hence, one is a debt by the Allies to the United States and the other a debt by Germany to the Allies.

Because we did not desire the remotest relation with the Allied stake in reparations, we made a special agreement with Germany in December, 1929, providing for a separate settlement of our share of the indemnity. We agreed to a 10 per cent reduction during the Young conference. Germany's war debt to us is for Army of Occupation costs and the mixed claims growing out of war damage. This arrangement placed Germany on the same basis as our other debtors with regard to their debt-funding settlements.

There is no need of rehearsing in detail the persistent effort made by our debtors to make the United States the universal bill collector and to accept Germany as a debtor in lieu of the Allies. One point must be reaffirmed, however. At every stage of negotiations France has sought to impose a safeguard clause which would connect debt payments with reparation receipts. The French Chamber of Deputies ratified the Mellon-Bérenger agreement in 1929, without reservation, but adopted a separate resolution declaring that the payments imposed upon France should be covered by reparations. It implied that default of annuities under the Young Plan would automatically bring about a revision of the debt settlement.

I cite this resolution because it has a definite bearing upon the effort to dislodge the United States from its debt position. We can now see just how the matter shapes up. The new offensive against the debt settlements began with the making of the Young Plan. This historic document, which definitely fixed the amount of the reparations, and put the whole proposition finally on a business basis and established the Bank for International Settlements, did three other things not so good. The first two were embodied in the Plan itself. One made the duration of German annuity payments correspond with the period of the war-debt payments. The other stipulated that the amount of German annuities should practically equal the debt installments of the Allies.

The third was more subtle. It was embodied in a neat little joker, otherwise called the concurrent memorandum, an annex to the Plan, which revived the cancellation idea. Under it, Germany is to benefit by two-thirds of the relief which any debtor power of the United States might receive through reduction or cancellation on our part for the first thirty-seven years. For the remaining years of the life of the Plan she gets all the benefit.

Side-Stepping a New Debtor

There was still another feature of the Young Plan which at the moment played into the hands of the debt-reparations liaisonists. As tentatively projected, the Bank for International Settlements was to be a clearing house for both obligations. Had we allied ourselves officially with the institution at the start, it would have meant that we accepted Germany as debtor, and not the nations to whom we had loaned vast sums. Our aloofness was subsequently justified by the statutes of the bank, which quashed any community of interest between debts and reparations so far as it was concerned.

The Young Plan also provided that in the event that Germany's exchange and economic life are seriously endangered, the German Government has the right, by giving at least ninety days' notice, to suspend transfer of the postponable portion of the annuities, subject to the approval of the special advisory committee of the Bank for International Settlements.

This moratorium clause, or rather the potentialities that lie in its enforcement, brings us to the situation in process of development at the time I write.

The German general election held on September fourteenth, which put 107 Fascists and 76 Communists into the Reichstag, precipitated a situation full of menace to the Young Plan. Both the Right and the Left extremists at once launched a campaign for immediate cessation of reparations and a revision of the Versailles Treaty. The demands were incorporated in resolutions the moment the new parliament assembled. With the aid of a coalition, made possible by Socialist coöperation, Chancellor Bruening was able to stave off immediate action largely because of a $125,000,000 credit raised by an American syndicate which will meet the big deficit in the budget.

This credit is merely a financial stop-gap. All signs indicate that when the legislative mill grinds again, a revived effort will be made to obtain a moratorium. If achieved, it would be a sop to the extremists who demand complete reparation abrogation, and would likewise give a precarious government a new lease on life.

German Foes of the Young Plan

Though official German sentiment, largely for the sake of past foreign financial favors, principally American, and in anticipation of those to come, shies for the moment at the moratorium project, there is no doubt that German feeling against the Young Plan is becoming crystallized. It was more than a coincidence that Dr. H. Schacht, former head of the Reichsbank and the sworn foe of the Plan—he resigned his bank post because of hostility to it—should have arrived in the United States just about the time that the indemnity caldron in Germany began to boil again. Every utterance that he made in public carried a demand for reparation respite. These and kindred gestures made by German spokesmen elsewhere indicate that a definite program for relief has again been set in motion. Whether the show-down comes in two months or six months, the issue is on the cards and must be met.

With the merits of the German case for a moratorium we are not concerned. Our stake in actual reparations is so trivial, comparatively, as to make it a negligible factor for us. It is interesting, however, to note in passing that despite widespread unemployment, largely due to the intensive rationalization of industry, Germany's economic position is fundamentally sound. In June of this year the Reich superseded Great Britain, taking second place among world exporters. It is estimated that during the past five years, Germans, whether corporations or individuals, have loaned abroad not less than $2,000,000,000, or one-third of the amount they had invested outside of Germany at the outbreak of the war.

What does vitally concern us are the consequences, once a reparations armistice is declared. The moment Germany gave even a hint of a moratorium the debt-revision propaganda machine was oiled up and set to work, nowhere else with such vigor as in France. Paris sat back on the rider to the Mellon-Bérenger ratification and asserted unofficially that if German indemnity payments ceased, a new debt deal was imperative. The familiar cry of poverty was raised.

Any contention that present-day France is unable to meet her debt service to us because of reparations stoppage is not borne out by the facts. To begin with, all factors considered, the French today are the most prosperous people in the world. As against unemployed in Great Britain, Germany and Italy, France has less than 1000 on the dole. While the rest of the industrial world

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In the second place, France and gold have almost become synonymous terms. Between May, 1927, and June, 1928, we lost $600,000,000 of gold. Nearly two-thirds of it went to France, following a unique episode in international finance. In 1926, when France was anxiously considering an attempt to stabilize its depreciated currency—the franc was forty to the dollar—it was reported that the French Government might seek a $100,000,000 loan here. Just about that time Caillaux, who came over here to try to effect a debt settlement, pleaded that his country could not pay the $30,000,000 fixed for the service on the obligations for 1926. Within a year, because of repatriation of French capital and the rush to buy French exchange, France had gained from abroad in gold and exchange more than $1,000,000,000. From the beginning of 1928 up to the end of October of this year, France had imported officially $800,000,000 of gold. The Bank of France, on November 1, 1930, held approximately $2,000,000,000 of the precious metal and owned foreign-exchange notes and bills abroad to the value of another $1,000,000,000.

Compare this with a gold stock of around $750,000,000 in Great Britain and $600,000,000 for Germany, and you see the strength of the French position. Relative to wealth, income and trade, the present gold holdings of France are four or five times the large holdings of the United States.

Thirdly, France gets about four-fifths of the nonpostponable portion of the reparations—the sponge cake, as Philip Snowden, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, called it—the payment of which Germany cannot escape in any contingency short of complete repudiation. This is more than ample to pay the 1931 and 1932 installments on the debt, which are $40,000,000 and $50,000,000 respectively. The service for 1933 is $60,000,000. Furthermore, should a moratorium be declared, it would represent merely postponement of reparation payments. In the end France would get her installments, unless Germany went absolutely to pot.

Leaders and Misleaders

The lack of logic in French contention of inability to pay in view of reparations cessation is evident in the contrast in her attitude toward the Versailles Treaty and our debt-funding settlement. The French insist upon a strict observance of the peace treaty, yet raise a new agitation about revision of the debt agreement, which was also a covenant solemnly entered into.

It is only fair to say that a considerable element in France sees and seeks no relief in a reparations moratorium. It holds that once Germany slips a coin in reparations she may acquire a permanent habit in that direction and all is lost. As Henry Bérenger, who negotiated the Mellon-Bérenger Agreement, stated in the Agence Economique et Financier:

We must not confuse the irresponsible Government at Washington with half a dozen irresponsible economists and bankers in New York who have never changed and have never ceased to mislead France and inspire the imagination of some of our politicians contrary to realities.

False hope has been the motif in the debt-revision song from the start. Our debtors are not to be blamed, perhaps, for chasing rainbows painted by some of our business-seeking international bankers and misinformed professors.

Let us now assume for the sake of argument that a reparations moratorium is followed by a debt-payment moratorium. Although we have made great progress in liquidating the war bonds, the First and Fourth Liberty Loan issues, aggregating $8,217,508,450, are still outstanding. The present capital value of the war debts to us, at 5 per cent, is $5,873,000,000, as compared with the original principal of $11,582,000,000. Thus the war debts are less than half the amount of money that we still owe our own citizens for their patriotic contribution to the conflict. Either we must let them down, or collect what is legitimately due us from abroad. The total annual payment of all our war debtors for 1931 will be $233,703,335; for 1932, $243,713,865; for 1933, $266,989,795. Take any of these amounts out of our yearly treasury revenues and an increase in deficit is inevitable. It would only mean added taxation for our people.

Sentiment Versus Sense

The conclusion is obvious. The time is past when Europe can point to our prosperity as a reason for revision of obligations. We are having our own unemployment and other business troubles. Moreover, the national fiscal well-being is involved in the collection of this just and equitable debt.

The one and only change in debt settlements sanctioned by American policy can grow out of clauses in both the British and French agreements which provide for postponement of the payment of principal upon not less than ninety days' advance notice, and for a period not exceeding two years. This temporary relief does not extend to interest. The deferred principal payment becomes precisely like a cumulative dividend.

On October thirtieth Secretary of State Stimson announced that there would be no change in the Administration attitude toward the debt settlement. This means, as I have pointed out, that so far as we are concerned, the war obligations and the reparations remain separate and distinct.

Our reaction to the latest offensive for revision is best expressed by an eminent American whose knowledge and contact with world affairs are exceptional. This is what he said:

"The new agitation to amend the debt settlements, in view of the situation that would grow out of a reparations moratorium, is in line with European tactics from the beginning of the debt negotiations. Every effort has been made to capitalize sentiment or event to bring about a change. Even transatlantic flights have been exploited. This propaganda effort has invariably camouflaged the merits of the case. We made the debt settlements after a fair appraisal of Allied ability to pay. In some cases—notably that of France—the debtor has increased his capacity to pay. The fresh discussion for revision, therefore, will merely serve to try American patience and reëmphasize our position.

"Sentimental and ill-informed Americans are again raising the plea of cancellation as a means of solving the world-wide economic depression. Economically and otherwise, nothing could be more absurd. I fail to see any movement in Britain, France or Italy to cancel commereial obligations owing them by foreign debtors. To write off the debts would not bring about the millennium that cancellationists vision. On the contrary, the entire war-cost

(Continued on Page 92)

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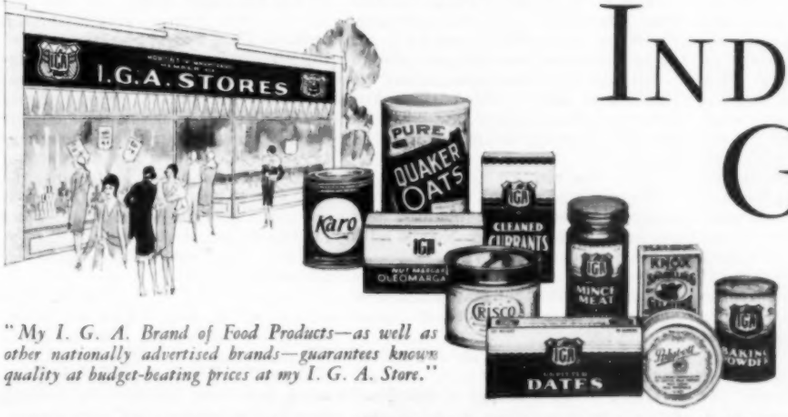

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(Continued from Page 90)

burden would be merely shifted to the shoulders of the American people.

"What would be the effect if the Administration went to Congress with a proposition to cancel or reduce the debts? Little short of an earthquake of opposition would develop. We already have a deficit in our budget. This deficit is bound to be increased because the unemployment-relief program calls for the absorption of the entire public-works appropriation. If we reduce the debts we will be obliged to make up the shortage through increased taxation. If we were foolish enough to assent to any such program, the United States, and not Germany, would pay the reparations.

"The movement for a reshuffling of the debts is just so much wasted effort. Justice dictates that the United States stand unalterably on the arrangements which are signed and sealed. We entered into them in good faith and we expect the same good faith from our debtors. This decision will doubtless increase our unpopularity abroad, but, happily, sane American action has long since passed the point where it is influenced by European opinion dictated by self-interest."

This article was inspired by commodity overproduction. In the end you find that solution of the surplus problem lies in rationalized curtailment of output—a process that applies no less to debt-revision propaganda than to rubber, coffee, copper and sugar. What this distracted world needs more than anything else is a moratorium on nationalistic interference.

MISTER NOODLE

(Continued from Page 26)

she was my mother or something. Of course she was pretty decent to me when I was sick, so I don't want to hurt her feelings, but she's certainly getting on my nerves. Coming around at all hours, checking up on me; sometimes she brings me things like cold chicken and stuff like that she cops from the Hot-Cha-Cha kitchen, but she gets on my nerves. Always nagging. "Why don't you do this? Why don't you do that? Why don't you get any kind of a job till you get on your feet?" What does she know about business? That would be a nice how-do-you-do—Chic Kiley taking any kind of job. Why, my name would be mud in this town. You've got to put up a front in little old New York. It's all front in New York. Nice, smooth, starched front. They've got a saying down here, "If you lose your shirt you can wear a dickey."

How are you, anyway? You didn't look so good when you was down here. Don't forget the money.

Your loving son,
CHIC.

(From Variety)

LITERATI

Is there anything more washed up in this town than somebody who's washed up and doesn't know it? Six months ago Mister Noodle was the Amos 'n' Andy of the newspaper world, and now, almost any hour of the day and night, you can see Chic Kiley moping up and down the Hardened Artery, hiding behind a three days' beard and playing touch and go with the boys he used to wine and dine with sound and effects. The same gang is throwing bottles, now, out of somebody else's windows, pouring licker into somebody else's piano, patting somebody else on the back, looking for the vital spot, to stab 'em.

Well, they come and go, but mostly they go.

Next?

ON BOARD THE
TWENTIETH CENTURY

DEAR BETTY: I guess you'll be surprised to get this and see where it's written. I am on board the Century going to Chicago, and will arrive there tomorrow morning, go right over to the Chicago Star office and see Mason, the big boss, and put straight up to him a bunch of ideas I've got, which he can't help but fall for one of them. I was going to tell you yesterday, but you was out all day looking for a job, I guess, and last night I had a farewell party with some of the gang, who were sure sorry to see me go, and I didn't get in till almost morning, and then, what with this and that and the other, I just had time to catch the train, and here I am. So this is good-by, and many thanks for past favors.

I'm sure sorry they padlocked the Hot-Cha-Cha, but a good hoofer like you won't be out of work very long. About the money I owe you, don't worry about it, as I will soon be making it hand over fist again and will send you all I owe you, plus interest. All my worries are over now. Chicago was always my oyster, and you can imagine, if I was a big shot in New York, what I will be back in that one-horse town.

Would you mind taking care of the rent and the laundry and a few odds and ends like that? I needed all I had for my fare and to tide me over for a couple of weeks in Chicago, until I begin to collect.

Well, good-by again, and good luck, and let me hear from you sometime. I don't suppose I'll be seeing you soon, but don't forget the name, Chic Kiley, and the address, which will be The Chicago Star until further notice.

CHIC.

CHIC KILEY
C/O CHICAGO STAR
CHICAGO ILL
BOBBIE WAS RIGHT STOP ONE MORE SAP AND ONE MORE BEATING STOP I GUESS I WILL NEVER LEARN
BETTY

Office of James P. Mason, Editor, Chicago Star.

SECRETARY: Mr. Kiley is here to see you.

MASON: Kiley? Who's that? What does he want?

SECRETARY: You know—Chic Kiley—Mister Noodle?

MASON: Noodle? I thought he was in jail. Send him in. . . . Tell Bamburger to hold up on those new presses and ask the architect what he means by blocking the corner windows on the twenty fourth and fifth and sixth floors of the new addition. Wait a minute. Tell him he'll have to open them up again at his own expense. . . . Hello, Kiley. . . . And get the London offices on the phone. . . . Sit down. What's on your mind?

CHIC: I thought I'd come in and see you.

MASON: So I see. Last I heard of you, you were in jail or something. Throwing wild parties, wasn't it?

CHIC: It wasn't so wild, Mr. Mason.

MASON: They never are. All my life I've heard about wild parties, and never saw one. At least, not what I'd call wild. Some gal fell off the balcony, wasn't it?

CHIC: Yes, sir.

MASON: And a great wave of moral indignation swept the country and covered you and Mister Noodle with mud a foot deep.

CHIC: Yes, sir. But I've got some new ideas. I thought maybe I'd come and see you about starting Mister Noodle again.

MASON: Don't want it. It's a dead horse.

CHIC: Well, I've got a couple of brand-new ideas for strips, Mr. Mason.

MASON: That's bad.

CHIC: But one of them has never been done before.

MASON: Worse. Doomed to failure. The most successful strips running today were always successful, long before they were strips. Same ideas. Big dumb guy picking on a little smart guy. German dialect, colored dialect, Brooklyn dialect—same thing. Has anything ever happened in any of 'em that hasn't happened a million times in a million homes?

CHIC: I know, but they aren't funny.

MASON: They don't have to be funny. Did you ever watch anyone read a comic page? Did you ever see him laugh? People don't want to laugh so much as they want to feel superior to somebody else. They want to be taller, or richer, or better-looking, than the people they associate with, and the only places most newspaper readers can find such people to gloat over are in comic strips. Even if the character is rich, he's so filthy rich it's incredible, so it doesn't make them envious. So they accept him and take a vicarious delight in helping him spend his money foolishly, buying all the luxuries they can never have.

CHIC: But I think, with my experience now, Mr. Mason, I can make a more successful strip than Mister Noodle even.

MASON: What of it? I can take a layout artist out of the Sunday room, just like I took you, and have him drawing comic strips in a week. And with enough promotion back of it, I can plant it in every big city in the United States. And with enough publicity back of the promotion, I can make two-thirds of those editors think it's good. That's half of it. The rest is just running it. Run it and run it and run it. A successful strip is any old strip that's been kept running long enough. Stop any of 'em today and it wouldn't make any difference to the public. Or the papers either. When you came to me for more money, I told you to take your Mister Noodle and run with it. That was two years ago, and the circulation of the Star has increased a hundred thousand since then; but that wasn't the real reason I let you go. You were getting enough money—more than you had sense enough to take care of. I knew any more would ruin you. And it did. You know, the only way to keep any kind of an artist good is to keep him poor. And that goes for writers too. And editors.

CHIC: Oh, I don't think that, Mr. Mason.

MASON: No? Well, tell me one successful artist who didn't do better work five years ago. Take yourself. What happened to you in New York? The best stuff you did was right here, when you were instinctively putting into it the human stuff you remembered from down in the country. Then

you went to New York, and you were too busy playing golf and studying human nature in night clubs to remember anything that happened further back than last week. And then, to finish the job, some log-roller slapped you on the back and right away you were full of cosmic significance. You were interpreting the real soul of the American people. In New York! There aren't any Americans in New York. And not many in Chicago. There aren't many left anywhere. You can still find some in the small towns, and more in the country, but it's a vanishing race. The flivvers made imitation small-towners out of the country people, and the movies made imitation city people out of the small-towners, and the radio is rapidly making imitation cosmopolites out of these imitation Americans. So I'd say, if you still want to interpret the soul of the American people—and why you should want to, I don't know—you'd better try to find some part of the country where there are no movies, radios or flivvers.

CHIC: Well, there sure ain't many where I was raised, Mr. Mason.

MASON: Where was that?

CHIC: Gum Springs, Illinois. Down near Herrin.

MASON: Perfect. Go back there and stay till you get some fresh air in your lungs and a good long look at yourself. And then, if you still want to do comic strips, try something you really know something about. By this time you ought to know more about yourself than anything else. For instance, here's an idea. I'll give it to you for nothing. The character's a country boy, raised in the country, dissatisfied, comes to the city; equipment consists principally of not liking the country, doesn't know really what he likes, tries a lot of things, hits on something more or less accidentally; it goes over with a bang; he's surprised, everybody's surprised; it keeps on going, gets bigger, gets enormous; he gets rich, famous overnight. Lots of people do; they'll recognize it as true. Something happens and the big balloon that was taking him for a ride blows up. He falls right back on the ground where he was—where he belonged in the first place. That also happens to lots of people. So he squawks and bellyaches for a while, and finally decides the world is against him and everybody has it in for him. Spends the rest of his life reminding everybody of the time when he was a big shot, firmly convinced that tomorrow his luck will turn and the big break will come, and he'll be bigger and better than ever. Call it anything. Call it Mister Whosis. There are millions of them, and every one of them will think it's the other guy.

CHIC: You know, that's a pretty good idea, Mr. Mason.

MASON: I knew you'd like it. . . . Well, good-by. Good luck. As you go out tell my secretary to come in here.

CHIC: Good-by, Mr. Mason.

SECRETARY: That was Mister Noodle, wasn't it?

MASON: No, Mister Whosis.

MRS. MARY KILEY
GUM SPRINGS ILL
ARRIVING MORNING TRAIN TOMORROW STOP HOW ARE YOU CHIC

[No. 9 chuckles into Gum Springs in a shower of sparks and a rain of ashes, and CHIC KILEY, *yellow gloves, stick and suitcase to match, stumbles out on the cinder platform to be greeted by* OLD DOC NOONAN, *whittling in solitary grandeur, on the same box where* CHIC *left him years before.*

CHIC *(heartily):* Hullo, Doc. Fancy meeting you here. How's tricks?

DOC *(placidly):* Mornin', Charlie. Been away, Charlie?

CHIC *(nettled):* Of course I've been away.

DOC: Up to th' big city, Charlie?

CHIC: Well, for Gawd's—certainly. New York, Chicago—oh, everywhere, Doc.

DOC *(studying freshly carved initials with professional pride):* Been doin' pieces for th' paper, I hear tell. Eh, Charlie?

CHIC *(exasperated):* Say, haven't you ever heard of Mister Noodle?

DOC *(mildly):* Can't say as I have, Charlie. *(Long thoughtful pause.)* Nope. Can't seem t' place him hereabouts. *(Dismisses subject as unimportant and gives morning sky a friendly, but critical examination.)* The corn is goin' t' get more rain, Charlie, and it's most drowned out now in th' bottoms. So you been away? Well, well; I guess you're glad t' get back t' good ol' Gum Springs, eh, Charlie?

I'm going to make you a nice breakfast, son; you must be all tuckered out after that night on the train. I got your wire yesterday evening after sundown. Isn't it a great relief to you now to be down here in the nice, quiet country? There's nothing like Nature, is there? But then you folks in the city don't know much about Nature, or God either, for that matter. You're very far from God, but we down here in the country—we know what God is like. We can see His hand everywhere. We can collect our thoughts here. We're not all the time running around and gadding about, coming here and going there. What you ever saw in it, beats me. But then, you was always the restless one, even when you was a little boy here at home. If I took my eyes off of you for a minute, you'd light out some place. That time I visited you in Chicago, and after I came back from New York, I thought I'd never get the roar and racket out of my ears, and I was so glad to come back here and lie down on that bed and rest.

How anybody can ever sleep on a train beats me—what with the racketing and the pounding. I'd rather sit up all night. I sat up coming back from New York.

I had quite a spell after I got back from New York—change of water, I guess—and I've just been able to get up and around on my feet. You knew Brother John was dead since you was here last, didn't you? And his Mary and Cora? They all died within a few weeks. . . . I'll fry you some bacon too. . . . Mary went first. I guess she's better off, poor girl, but she died a beautiful death. You know she wasn't very happy, Mary wasn't. . . . Shall I warm you over some of these potatoes?

I was telling you about my spell. It was a kind of flu, I guess. . . . Would you rather I opened the peaches or the cherries? You can have either one. The cherries are good with the biscuits.

I get that upset when you come to see me. It's the excitement, I guess. I'm not used to it. Nothing exciting ever happens down here. Everything's so quiet and peaceful, I always say, if you want to know what God is like, you want to live in the country.

What did you do with all your money? Well, easy come, easy go. You should have to work hard for your money, like we do down here, to know the value of a dollar. There's Mollie with those five little mouths to feed and Ed hardly ever sending anything

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home and the oldest not able to take care of the youngest. He hasn't been home now for six months, working off and on in Indianapolis. Remember, I asked you once to get him something steady to do in Chicago. He's quite handy.

Here's little Annie now. Wipe your feet before you come in, darling. Don't come in so noisy. Come in quiet. This is Charlie. You remember my always talking to you about my boy Charlie, in the city. He was smaller than you. It seems just like yesterday. Well, I'm directing her footsteps in the path of righteousness, just the way I tried to direct you. What doth it profit a man if he gains the whole world and loses his soul? You've learned that lesson, Charlie. . . . She's a bright little girl, Annie is, but she has a lot to learn. As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined.

I suppose you can notice from where you're sitting that Brother John's barn fell down. He was always propping it up, poor John was. The very day before he got so weak he had to go to bed, he was out there propping up that old barn. . . . Did I tell you how Mary sang hymns all night before she died? It was beautiful. Very inspiring. She was always very religious, Mary was.

And Cora: she was always a beautiful girl, Cora was. Do you remember how blue her eyes were, and she had hair like a raven's wing? An Irish beauty, Cora was, and she used to send money home from St. Louis where she was clerking in a big store. Men were always crazy about her. They'd follow her with their eyes, but she came home to die. I think all children should do that—and Margaret laid her away in grand shape too. She was a beautiful corpse. But so thin she was under her dress. Maybe Margaret would have done better to have spent more on her when she was sick at home and less when she was dead. And John went soon after his daughters. He was always peaked, John was. Margaret and the girls had no use for him. Many's the time I've seen him driving a load of hay home, and he'd have to climb down off the wagon and open the gate himself, and there was that woman and those grown girls who wouldn't open that gate for their father. Then he'd have to climb back up on the load and drive around to that old barn that he was always propping up.

Well, he's gone now, and the barn too. It fell down the night he died, for all his propping. I've heard of clocks' stopping. My mother's clock stopped when she died—ten o'clock, it was—but I never heard of a barn tailing down before. Well, I guess we don't know everything. God moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform. Poor Brother John is dead now, and the girls are dead, and Margaret will be the next, I guess, for all her money and tight-fisted way. She's a queer one. Always was. They had a bad drop in them, those McCanns, and a stiff-necked lot they were. . . .

Annie, you shouldn't sit around and listen to grown-ups talking. Go out and play, or bring me some more wood and take some of these potatoes over to your mother. . . . I can tell you, I gave Margaret a piece of my mind. I went over there when I heard poor John was ill and they had him in the back room where there wasn't any fire and it was freezing cold, and I said, "You're not going to have my brother in the back room. He's going to be right up there in the front room in that bed near the hearth." And then she wouldn't put him in that bed. She said it was her best bed, and she put him on a cot, and you know a sick man can't sleep on a cot, and he was so weak he had to be carried.

So I said right there, I said to her, "He's my brother, and I'm going to see he gets justice, and he's going to lie in that bed in the front room, even if I have to carry him in there myself," and I could have done it, too, he was that thin and wasted away—seventy-one years old, he was—I was sixty-nine in April. So finally Margaret let them carry him in front, and I sat up with him for five nights, every night except one, and of course that was the night he died. So I always say the ways of God are mysterious to behold. But she did put him away beautiful. She had the hearse up the hard road for him too. And now they're all in a row up there on the hill—John, Mary and Cora—and a place for Margaret all ready there too. . . . Have some more potatoes. I suppose you cook them in butter in the city, but butter is hard to get down here in the country. We have to sell it in order to get sugar and coffee. We raise everything else down here, but we can't raise our own sugar and coffee. I guess if we could, we would.

I suppose you get lots better things than this to eat in the city, but you were raised on food like this, and I bet there's lots of times you'd be glad to have some of your mother's biscuits. Many a good meal's been cooked on this stove.

Mollie is coming over now. I can see her coming across the lot. I guess her Annie told her you're back. Doesn't she look bad? It's that man she married. Why doesn't he stay away from home when he goes? Oh, I pulled him down a peg or two, I can tell you. "Don't you ever let me catch you laying a finger on Mollie," I said. "I hear tell you beat her," I said. "I've known her since she was knee-high to a gosling and she's a good girl. Too good for you, so she is. She's my sister's child, and I raised her, and that she should go and marry a good-for-nothing omadhaun like you, drinking your wages away."

Come in, Mollie. Wipe your feet. Don't you think Charlie is looking fine? A gay time he's been having in the city. I tell him he doesn't know the value of a dollar. And now, I wish you would look at these biscuits. I forgot to put sody in them and they're as flat as a pancake. . . . Did you make biscuits this morning, Mollie? Send Annie back to bring me some and I'll warm them over. . . . You can be having more hot coffee, Charlie, and eat your eggs and bacon, and tell Mollie all about New York. . . . A sorry place the city is, Mollie, with its crime and corruption and what not. I get so I'm afraid to look at the papers. I don't wonder you came home, Charlie, down here in the country where all is calm and peaceful and you can see the hand of God everywhere.

Office of the Meteor Syndicate, Times Building, New York City.

SECRETARY: I've got a surprise for you, Mr. MacAdam.

MACADAM: I can't be surprised any more.

SECRETARY: I think this will surprise you. Mister Noodle is coming to life again. Here's a letter from him.

MACADAM: No fooling! Let's hear it.

SECRETARY: "*Dear Charlie:* Well, Charlie, I guess I got a cuckoo for you this time. A real comic-strip idea that'll make Mister Noodle look like a plugged nickel. I guess you thought I'd died or something, but all the time I was laying low, I was thinking things over pretty serious. You know, there's a lot more to this comic-strip racket than appears on the surface. The trouble with most of these comic-strip artists is that they don't think. Why, the only reason their strips are successful is because they've been run long enough. You know yourself you can take a poor strip and run it long enough and it'll be a success. And another thing—even the good ones are just old ideas, you might say.

"You see, I've been thinking things over down here in the country and I hit upon a real sock idea. I call it Mister Whosis. Is that a name, or isn't it? I can see it now, all over the country in newspapers and billboards and electric lights. It will be not only about the city but about the country, too, so it will have appeal for all classes of readers. I am giving you the first crack at it, instead of Mason, although I had an opportunity to sell the idea to Mason when I passed through Chicago a couple of weeks ago. Since then I've done six of the strips as samples and am sending them to you in this mail, special delivery. Let me hear from you by wire. I am prepared to hop the next train and come on to New York to talk business. Say hello for me to all my playmates along the Big Stem and tell them I'll be seeing them soon. "CHIC KILEY,
"Creator of Mister Whosis."

MACADAM: Well, well, did the strips come?

SECRETARY: Yes, here they are. Not bad.

MACADAM: Let's see. . . . No, they ain't half bad. You know, he might do a comeback if he stays down there in the alfalfa long enough. There's some pretty good country stuff in this—human stuff. It's the city that ruins these guys. That and big dough and a lot of back-slappers. Take the Muddle Family. Great, ain't it?

SECRETARY: I'll say. We put on ten more papers last week.

MACADAM: There you are. You know why? Because that guy Willie Timmerman is out there in Kansas doing his stuff under a silo. He's wiggling his bare toes in the plowed ground. Why, you can smell the horse sweat on that stuff. And when I signed him up I says, "Listen: you stay out here. If you start East, I'll have you shot before you get to St. Louis." I wish now I'd put it in his contract.

Door flies open and in bursts a lanky, nut-brown lad with a freckle for every light on Broadway.

STRANGER: Hello, Charlie! Where's Grover Whalen? Where's the brass band?

MACADAM: Willie Timmerman!

TIMMERMAN: Willie Timmerman, the boy genius from the great open spaces. Creator of Mister Muddle, Missus Muddle and all the little Muddles. . . . Just got in. Boy, what a town! How long has this been going on? Oh, you little old New York! Look! There's the Chrysler Building with all that shiny stuff on top. Seen it in the movies. I'm gonna have a penthouse studio right up there near the sky. Look! What street is that way down there? Sort of runs crooked ——

MACADAM *(sadly)*: Broadway.

TIMMERMAN: Whee! Broadway! Good old Broadway! Whoopee!

(From Vanity Fair, 1932)

We nominate for the Hall of Fame, Willie Timmerman, because ——

(THE END)

"GIVE CANDY AT CHRISTMAS - - - - as much of it and to as many as you can!"

SAYS EMILY POST

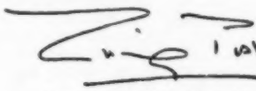
SHUT your eyes and think of Christmas—what do you see? Children's stockings bulging with toys and candy! Christmas trees glittering with chains and balls and clear-candy animals and peppermint canes and cornucopias weighing down the boughs with their loads of candy.

You see dinner tables embellished with flowers and pink-cheeked fruits and dishes piled high with Christmas-mixture candy!

You see very young girls hurriedly undoing the wrappings of candy boxes from their boy friends; older sisters arranging this candy evidence of many beaux, in frank array.

You see mothers, grandmothers and aunts proffering opened boxes delectably displaying candy of every variety!

In short, a box of candy is a gift of affection, of appreciation, or of neighborly friendliness. And since candy is to Christmas what firecrackers are to the Fourth of July, by all means send candy at Christmas—as much of it and to as many as you can!



EMILY POST is the author of *Etiquette: The Blue Book of Social Usage* and *The Personality of a House*, etc.

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EARLE AUTOMATIC ANTI-FREEZE VALVE

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POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 22)

"What I meant was it would be better not to care for a girl like that, because it would be too expensive."

"Yes? Well, gimme a few of these stockings here. I haven't got all day."

"Don't rush me, big boy—don't rush me. What size?"

"Come to think of it, I don't know exactly what size she wears."

"Well, would you say her foot was around the same size as mine?"

"Gosh, no! They're much smaller than yours! Ah—er—ahem, I didn't mean that the way it sounded, but, you see, this girl has awfully small feet. They're really too small."

"Oh, is zat so? Well, listen, big boy. I can't sell you a pair of stockings until you make up your mind what size you want."

"Just give me a pair that would fit a girl that comes to the top button of my vest. Use your head, sister."

"I'll give you Size 8, and if they don't fit, don't blame me. Chiffon or service weight?"

"Huh? What's that?"

"I said: Chiffon or service weight? Are you deaf?"

"Which do most of the girls wear?"

"The sensible girls wear the service weight. I imagine your girl would prefer chiffon."

"With your imagination, sister, it's a crime to see you wasting your talents in back of a counter. Give me some of those. I don't care what they are, so long as it isn't burlap."

"No fooling! Do you want the Cleopatra model at $5.95, or the Lucrezia Borgia number at $7.50, or the ——"

"Say, you! Here's twenty dollars and my card. Use that great big wonderful imagination of yours, and if you can get around to it, send some stockings out to Miss Joan Little, 3045 Persimmon Street." —MARGE.

Suggestion

WHY do we catch a criminal
Whose guilt ascends to heaven
And sentence him to fifty years,
Then let him out in seven?

I've just thought up a brand-new plan
Which strikes me as a nifty:
Let's sentence him to seven years
And let him out in fifty.

—Lowell Otus Reese.

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How long do you service it?
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There are two other steps in this Warren Program: First—a plan of simplification that reduces the number of paper sizes formerly thought necessary, and concentrates on sizes that make the most economical use of printing machinery.

Second—actual help in the planning of printed pieces through a series of mailings which we send to users of printing.

Our own coupon, if filled in and mailed, will bring complete details of the Warren Program of Simplification and mailings on the preparation of direct advertising.

TITLES OF BOOKLETS OFFERED IN ADVERTISEMENTS IN CURRENT MAGAZINES

"Selling Abroad"
"Reducing the Cost of Power Transmission"
"More Business Through Envelope Enclosures"
"Office Planning Studies"
"$1,000 Worth of Information on Motor Oil"
"How to Renew Old Roofs"

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding.

S. D. WARREN COMPANY, 89-R Broad St., Boston, Mass.

Check one: PRINTER ☐ USER OF PRINTING ☐

Send details of Warren Simplification Program showing how to save time and money in planning printing.

NAME _____

FIRM NAME _____

FIRM ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

MEN WHO KNOW STEEL PREFER THE VALET—MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT

Scientists Agree

VALET IS A BETTER BLADE

METALLURGISTS and dermatologists —authorities whose opinions are eagerly sought and highly valued —outspokenly praise the superiority of the new Valet blade.

Scores of scientific tests conducted in famous laboratories, universities and medical clinics have revealed a striking contrast between the Valet and ordinary safety razor blades.

Steel experts say the new Valet is a triumph of modern metallurgical skill—and an outstanding example of fine precision workmanship.

Skin specialists who have conducted comparative clinical shaving tests have proved that this blade is easier on the face—a valuable aid in the prevention, relief and correction of serious skin disorders commonly caused or aggravated by harsh and incorrect shaving.

The Valet blade and Valet AutoStrop Razor are designed exclusively for each other. The blade is triple-hardened by Valetite process—then honed and stropped to a micro-perfect edge.

The Valet AutoStrop Razor holds this super-keen blade at a friendly shaving angle. You clean and *strop* the blade in split-second time—without removing it from the razor.

Give it a thorough trial and you'll agree with steel experts and skin specialists the world over that this is the ideal modern shaving combination. It will help keep your face young—your skin clear.

Get your new Valet blades today with a Valet AutoStrop Razor —and make the test for yourself. Enjoy the luxury of easier, quicker, smoother shaving.

The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel.

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, INC., 656 First Avenue, New York
Also Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Rio de Janeiro

The NEW VALET *Auto-Strop* BLADE

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than 2,850,000 Net Paid Circulation Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy. Persons canceling their subscriptions will receive a proportionate refund.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of the *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 10c the copy, $1.00 the year, 2 years for $1.50, 3 years for $2.00; and of *The Country Gentlemen* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00. Foreign prices on editorial or title page, or quoted on request.

NEXT WEEK

MAKE-BELIEVE

By Ben Ames Williams

St. Anne's Isle, off the coast of Georgia, was once the haunt of pirates, and there were old tales that Blackbeard had buried treasure thereabouts. Mr. Williams has used this setting for his five-part serial of modern pirates and adventurers and treasure hunters.

THROUGH ONE BANKER'S EYES

By Thomas R. Preston

The leading banker in a medium sized American city—Chattanooga—looks at business. He tells of men who did not let the 1930 depression extend to their spirits, but were spurred on to added aggressiveness and new efficiency, and concludes that it is difficult to remain pessimistic in the face of all the signs.

YOU GOT TO LIVE

By Susan Ertz

The story of Johann Liebl, an artist who could not sell his paintings, and of his son Fritz, who was a genius.

A WOMAN AT THE WHEEL

By Nunnally Johnson

If you agree with the heroine of this story that most women are born drivers, read it and boil. On the other hand, if you feel, as the author apparently does, that woman's place is almost anywhere rather than behind the wheel of an automobile, read it and laugh!

OTHER STORIES AND ARTICLES by Edwin Lefèvre, Agnes Burke Hale, C. E. Scoggins, Joseph Hergesheimer, Eve Garrette Grady and J. Solis-Cohen, Jr.

Oh what I'd do to a Milky Way right now!

JUST IMAGINE turning back that waxed paper and grabbing a good hearty bite of Milky Way! Think of that marvelous, flavory center .... that layer of soft creamy caramel (made with real butter fat from fresh cows' milk) .... and that rich brown coating of *real milk chocolate.* They all blend together into one wonderful flavor, a *satisfying,* never to be forgotten taste .... the exact answer to candy hunger.

Maybe you like Milky Way just because it tastes so good, and never have thought much about any other good points it may have. Your liking for it certainly will be no less when you know how wonderfully wholesome it is, how full of whole milk, how high the quality of every ingredient and how carefully it is made in the spotless, sunlit kitchens of "the Community of Candy Makers."

You must realize too that those things have a great deal to do with the flavor; for you actually recognize *wholesomeness* and *quality* in every single bite.

People of all ages, of all occupations, are partial to Milky Way; but no one is louder in its praise than Mothers, who want to be sure of a candy suitable for their children. Milky Way is a true energy food and is *especially* appropriate for children because of its large milk content, its purity and its general wholesomeness. Everything about it is healthful; easily and quickly digested.

Getting back again to how good it tastes .... wouldn't one go great right now?

MARS, INCORPORATED

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

RIDE A BIKE

Hey, Skinney! Look what I got for Christmas!

The kick of kicks! A new bicycle under the tree on Christmas morning! No wonder he dashes out to tell the world. Already there crowds into his imagination scores of things that this one thoughtful gift brings to him ... things he has wanted for years. Hikes into the country. Picnics. Cruising around with the kids of the neighborhood. Sport of a dozen kinds. Quick, easy transportation to school, to ball games, the movies. Earning money. Running errands. Delivering papers. A trusty steed for every happy adventure.

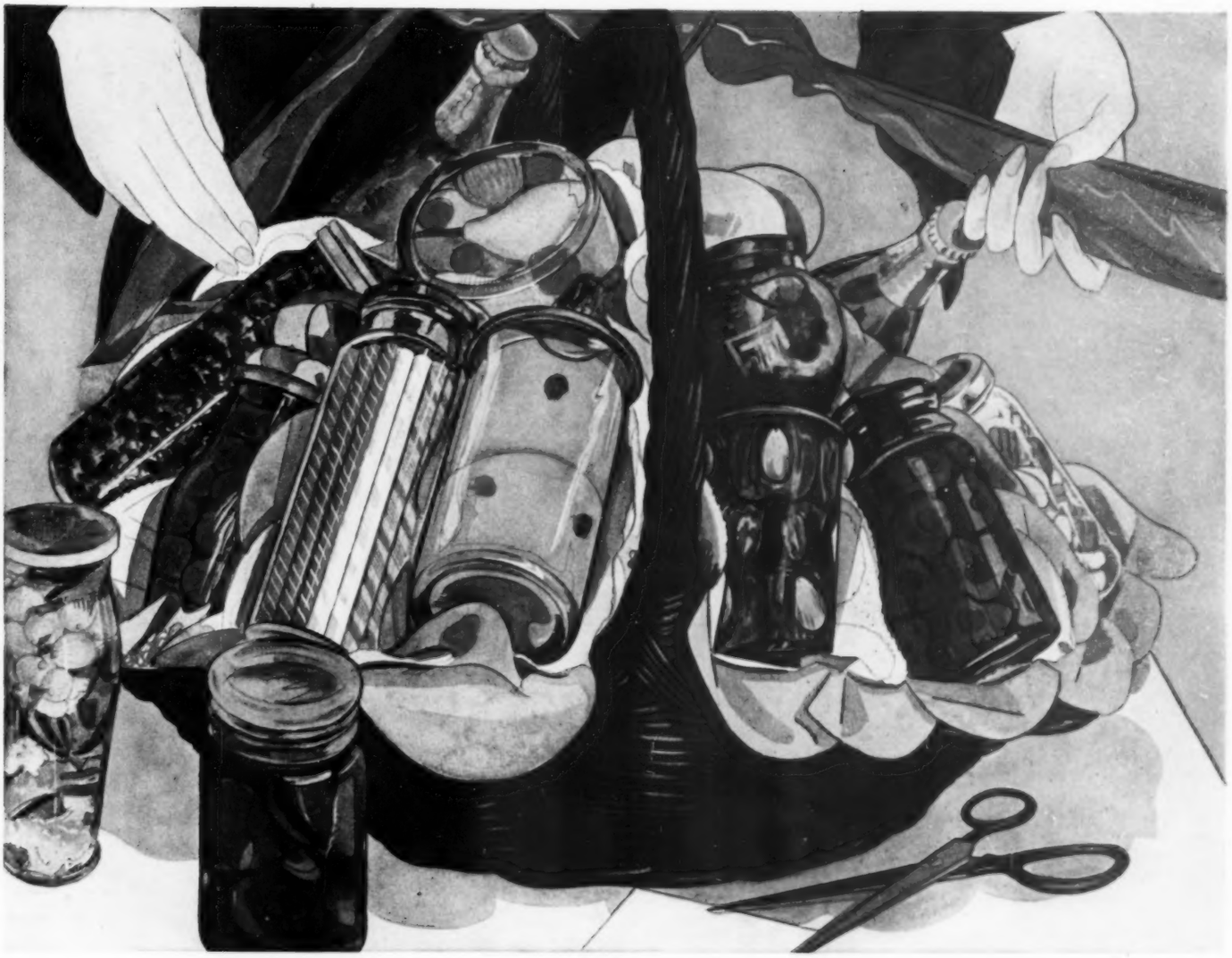
With all the world's treasures to choose from ... no gift like a bicycle. It costs so little (half what his dad's did) and yet gives so much of health, help and happiness. The bicycle, and the scooter bike for the younger tots, can well replace a lot of short-lived knick-knacks—or be the gift of the whole family. But, however you figure it, the bike is every boy's birthright. The father who remembers his own boyhood joys, the mother who values her children's health ... will not begrudge the son or daughter a bicycle for Christmas.

Write for FREE Book

Read what doctors, coaches and great athletic champions say about cycling for health. See their pictures. Just write your name and address on a postal and say: Send me "Cycle-logical Ways to Happier Days." Mail to

The Cycle Trades of America
270 North Main Street
Bristol,
Connecticut

Your local DEALER will show latest models



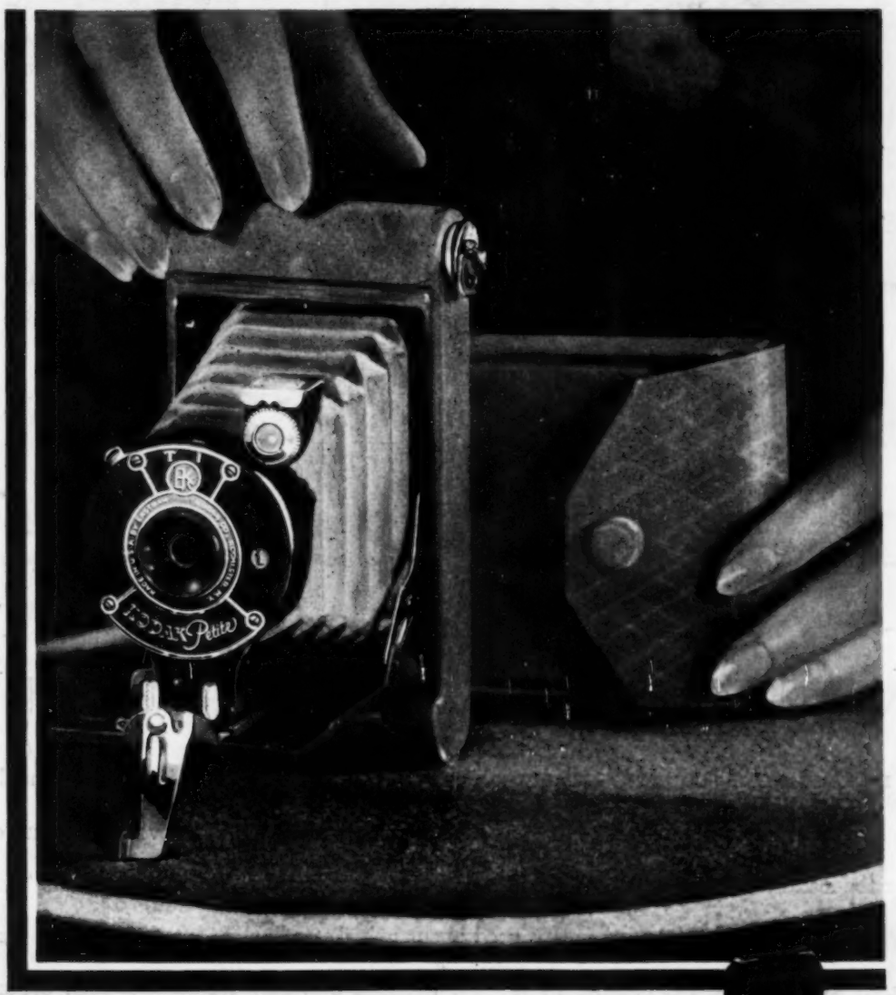
MAKE UP GAY GIFT BASKETS OF GLASS-PACKED DELICACIES

When it comes to merry gifts . . . and who'd give any other kind for Christmas? . . . you'll find few as gay and attractive as holly-decked baskets brimming with glistening and colorful glass-packed foods and beverages. What could be more acceptable to the bachelor uncle or the maiden aunt, a favorite neighbor or an unfortunate shut-in, than such delightful "extras" for their midnight or between-meal snacks? In fact who wouldn't feel pretty good about a basket of unusual and toothsome luxuries? (And they're really dead-easy to make up.) ● Leaving the decorations to your æsthetic eye, may we suggest such delicacies as jars of piquantly tasty assorted pickles, wine-red jelly, red-pitted cherries, stuffed figs, mixed salted nuts and sparkling ginger ale. ● And we repeat the "glass-packed" specification, not only because they're so much more attractive, but also because the glass containers will give assurance to both giver and "givee" that all those foods are of the choicest and most superior quality . . . the sort of foods a packer's proud to have you judge *before* you buy. And besides, you can be perfectly sure that glass will preserve intact all the *original* luscious flavor, ready to attest, with each bite, your superior Christmas judgment. . . . Glass Container Association of America, 19 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

SEE WHAT YOU BUY
BUY IN GLASS

A special **Christmas showing** *of the new 1931 Kodaks*

For Christmas shoppers, new model Kodaks, Brownies, Ciné-Kodaks . . . Ready now at Kodak dealers'



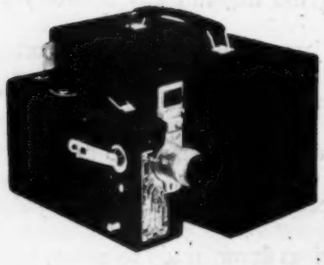
WHAT perfect Christmas gifts! New Kodaks . . . in smart Parisian styles. Always favorites at Christmastime . . . especially attractive this year in their exquisite new colors and modern designs.

You'll find them waiting for you at your nearest Kodak dealer's. They are really advance numbers from the 1931 Kodak line . . . newly created by Eastman stylists, announced now for the special convenience of Christmas shoppers.

At whatever price you have in mind, you'll find an Eastman camera, from the inexpensive Brownie to the finest Ciné-Kodak for home movies.

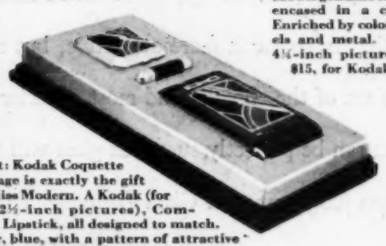
See these colorful new Kodaks. See what handsome gifts they make. And remember . . . *a Kodak is always many gifts in one.* For it's a gift of countless pictures that keep happy memories alive forever. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

At Right: Kodak Petite. Charming for any woman. Colors . . . lavender, blue, gray, green, old rose. A camera that's almost tiny. Picture size, 1⅛ x 2½ inches. Price $7.50, with pouch-type case to match.



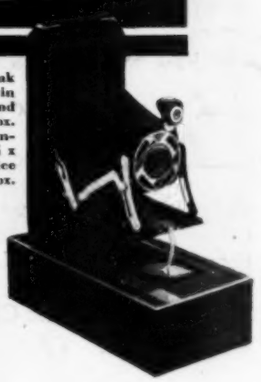
Ciné-Kodak, the gift that thrills the family. New Model M is only $75, with case. New Model K (shown above) is in blue, gray, black, brown. Case included, price $110 to $150. Kodascope projectors, as low as $60.

Below: Beau Brownie, a new, small, gaily dressed camera, with Doublet lens. Blue, green, rose, black, tan. No. 2, for 2¼ x 3¼-inch pictures, $4. No. 2A, for 2½ x 4¼-inch pictures, $5.



Right: Kodak Coquette Package is exactly the gift for Miss Modern. A Kodak (for 1⅛ x 2½-inch pictures), Compact, Lipstick, all designed to match. Color, blue, with a pattern of attractive enamels. Beautifully boxed. $12.50.

Right: No. 1A Gift Kodak is handsomely done in brown genuine leather and encased in a cedar box. Enriched by colored enamels and metal. For 2½ x 4¼-inch pictures. Price $15, for Kodak *and* box.



Give a **KODAK**